The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry

From April 19, 1861 to July 7, 1865 : : : :

BY
William H. Beach, A. M.
First Lieutenant and Adjutant
Aid-de-Camp to Commander-in-Chief G. A. R. '95
Teacher of History and Civics, High School, Milwaukee

TYLER STATE COLLEGE LIBRARY

Published by
THE LINCOLN CAVALRY ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK
1902

SETON HALL UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PATERSON, N. J.

Copyright, 1902
by
William H. Beach

E4
523.6
1st
B36

Burdick & Allen
Printers
Milwaukee, Wis.

C 03385

Clifford Thomson

523.6
1st
.B36
UASC

PREFACE.

THE writing of the records of the first, and for a time the only, volunteer cavalry authorized to be raised, was undertaken at the request of the association of the survivors of the regiment, expressed in a formal resolution. The work has been done in intervals of leisure in an almost constant occupation.

The material has been taken from the diary of the writer, regularly kept during the entire four years; from letters written home, and from diaries and communications of comrades. For the details of related events all available authorities have been freely consulted.

It is an attempt to do justice, no more and no less, to worthy men and boys who promptly responded to the President's first call for volunteers, or who rather anticipated a call for volunteer cavalry.

It has not been the purpose to make a conventional or pretentious book. The purpose has been to represent as nearly as possible the men and conditions of the regiment as they actually were, and to narrate events as they actually took place. The career of the regiment was not an unbroken succession of brilliant charges. Nor were the officers and enlisted men all knights "without fear and without reproach." But they did good service to the country, and the record of what they did, though imperfectly made up, deserves to be preserved.

The minor incidents may not be of historical importance. Some of them are given as showing the characters of the men, and the nature of their experiences.

Acknowledgments are due to many comrades for their assistance and encouragement, and especially to C. T. Williamson of Company F, and his daughter, Miss Kate B. Williamson, for a vast amount of work in copying and compiling.

There are undoubtedly many mistakes and important omissions. A few blank pages are inserted at the end of the book, on which comrades can correct mistakes and make additional entries.

CONTENTS.

Page

CHAPTER I.
The Beginning of the War, ... 1

CHAPTER II.
The Call for Cavalry, ... 9

CHAPTER III.
Mustered in, ... 19

CHAPTER IV.
Elm Park and Bellevue Garden, ... 29

CHAPTER V.
Company C at the Front—The First Fight, ... 34

CHAPTER VI.
Off for Washington, ... 38

CHAPTER VII.
In and Around Washington, ... 44

CHAPTER VIII.
Camp Kearney, ... 64

CHAPTER IX.
The First Advance, ... 84

CHAPTER X.
The Peninsula, ... 98

CHAPTER XI.
Before Richmond, ... 118

CHAPTER XII.
Beaver Dam to Malvern Hill, ... 129

CHAPTER XIII.
Harrison's Landing, ... 153

CHAPTER XIV.
Fredericksburg, ... 162

CHAPTER XV.
In Maryland, ... 167

Page

CHAPTER XVI.
Among the Mountains, ... 177

CHAPTER XVII.
North Mountain Station, ... 198

CHAPTER XVIII.
Winchester, ... 205

CHAPTER XIX.
Berryville, ... 215

CHAPTER XX.
The Gettysburg Campaign: Fighting with the Advance of Lee's Army, ... 231

CHAPTER XXI
The Gettysburg Campaign: The Wagon Train and Captain Boyd, ... 246

CHAPTER XXII.
Gettysburg: West of Lee's Army, ... 254

CHAPTER XXIII.
Gettysburg: East of Lee's Army, ... 267

CHAPTER XXIV.
Shepherdstown Ford: Martinsburg, ... 272

CHAPTER XXV.
Charlestown, ... 286

CHAPTER XXVI.
The Fifteen Days' Scout, ... 295

CHAPTER XXVII.
Charlestown—Various Scouts, ... 303

CHAPTER XXVIII.
On Veteran Furlough, ... 312

CHAPTER XXIX.
Advancing with Sigel, ... 317

CHAPTER XXX.
New Market Gap, ... 322

CHAPTER XXXI.
Charles R. Peterson's Prison Diary, ... 331

CHAPTER XXXII.
New Market, ... 343

CHAPTER XXXIII.
Up the Valley: Piedmont, ... 353

Page

CHAPTER XXXIV.
Lynchburg, ... 367

CHAPTER XXXV.
The Retreat Across the Mountains, ... 377

CHAPTER XXXVI.
East of the Blue Ridge, ... 384

CHAPTER XXXVII.
The Lower Valley, ... 391

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
The Pursuit of McCausland, ... 402

CHAPTER XXXIX.
The Lower Valley 411

CHAPTER XL.
Winchester, ... 422

CHAPTER XLI.
Fisher's Hill to Front Royal, ... 431

CHAPTER XLII.
The Front Royal Road, ... 447

CHAPTER XLIII.
Winter Camp—Retrospects and Prospects, ... 456

CHAPTER XLIV.
To Grant's Army, ... 473

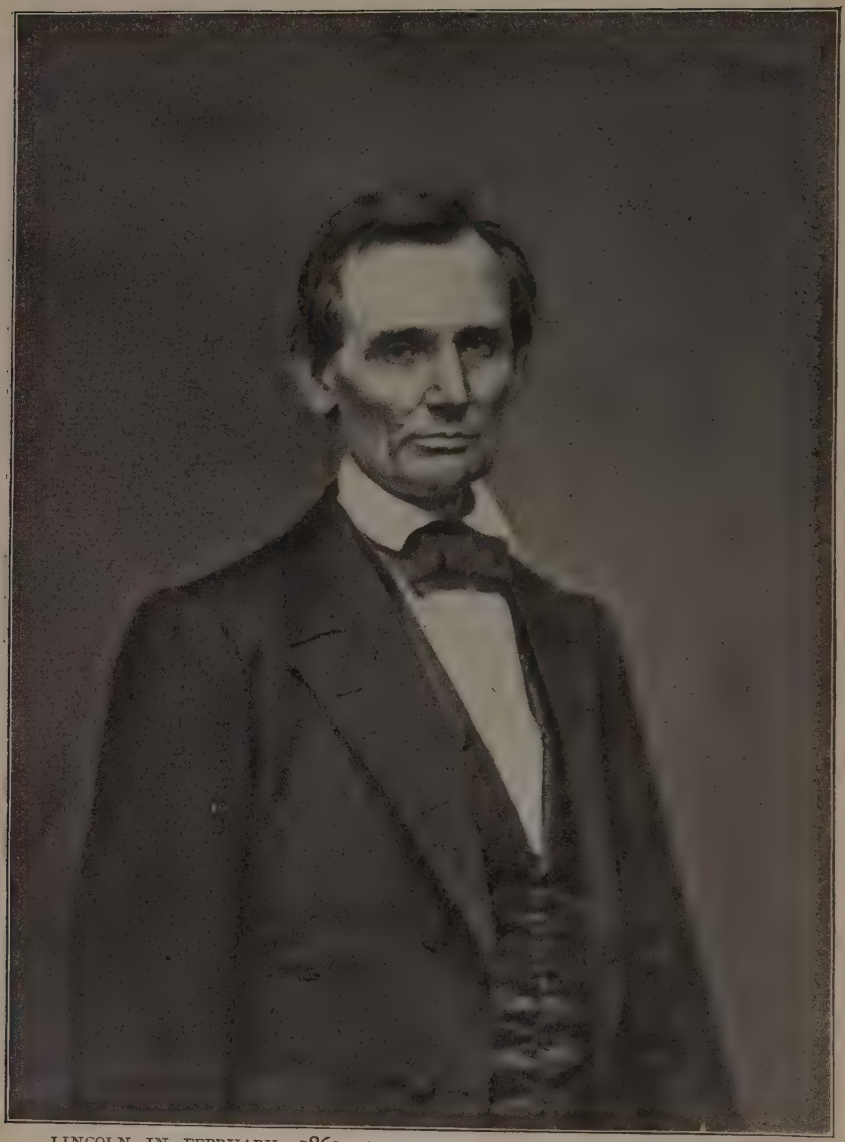
CHAPTER XLV.
The Last Raid up the Valley, ... 479

CHAPTER XLVI.
The Fall of Richmond. 484

CHAPTER XLVII.
Appomattox: The Death of Lincoln, ... 494

CHAPTER XLVIII.
Annandale, ... 513

CHAPTER XLIX.
Mustered out, ... 524



LINCOLN IN FEBRUARY, 1860, AT THE TIME OF THE COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH.

From photograph by Brady. The debate with Douglas in 1858 had given Lincoln a national reputation, and the following year he received many invitations to lecture. One came from a young men's Republican club in New York. Lincoln consented, and in February, 1860 (about three months before his nomination for the presidency), delivered what is known, from the hall in which it was delivered, as the "Cooper Institute speech." While in New York he was taken by the committee of entertainment to Brady's gallery, and sat for the portrait reproduced above. It was a frequent remark with Lincoln that this portrait and the Cooper Institute speech made him President.

Abraham Lincoln

FROM TARBELL'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.

Courtesy of McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Lincoln Cavalry.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

SEVERAL thousand militia, well-drilled and impatient to fight, had been brought together at Charleston. South Carolina, claiming to have seceded from the Union, demanded the possession of Fort Sumter. Major Anderson with a garrison of eighty-four men represented the authority of the national government. Virginia had not seceded. A large part of the people of that state were loyal. A leader of the secession movement had said,—"We must sprinkle blood in the faces of the people."

For thirty-four hours had the little garrison in Fort Sumter been subjected to a terrific bombardment. From nineteen batteries more than three thousand shells and solid shot had been hurled at the fort. The afternoon of Sunday, April 14, according to terms that had been granted him, Major Anderson taking with him his arms and his flag which he saluted with fifty guns, evacuated the fort, and embarking on the relief squadron, sailed for the North. The inevitable crisis had come.

The morning of Monday, April 15, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand militia, and appealing to all loyal citizens "to aid this

effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government; and to redress wrongs already long enough endured."

The heartiness of the response was proof that the examples and traditions of the fathers of the Republic had not been forgotten. In every city, village and hamlet of the North, young men, elderly men and boys came forward and enrolled themselves in military organizations.

The militia were quickly on their way toward the capital. But sympathizers with secession in Maryland cut the telegraph wires and obstructed the railroads. For a few days Washington was cut off from all communication with the North. The city was full of secessionists, but the loyal residents, visitors, and applicants for office waiting for their appointments, were vigilant. From among these were organized the Clay Battalion, by Cassius M. Clay, and the Frontier Guards by Senator Lane, of Indiana. These were armed for the defence of the public buildings in case of emergency. General Charles P. Stone quietly but efficiently had been organizing some militia companies.

The anxiety of Mr. Lincoln must have been intense, but his self-possession was remarkable. Once, after some busy hours with his private secretaries, he rose from his desk and walked slowly to the window, saying to himself, unconscious that anyone heard him,—"Why don't they come? Why don't they come?" But soon came the Washington Artillery from Reading, Pa., and other companies from that state. Then came the Sixth Massachusetts, and the news of the loyal uprising all over the North. The immense meetings in the great cities were characterized by the greatest enthusiasm and the most intense earnestness.

As one of a thousand similar instances we mention the

City of Auburn, N. Y., the home of Senator Wm. H. Seward.

Mr. Seward had been Mr. Lincoln's most formidable competitor for the presidential nomination. While the Chicago convention was balloting for its candidate the population of Auburn was in the streets. On the first ballot Mr. Seward was in the lead with Mr. Lincoln second. On the second ballot each had gained at the expense of the other candidates, and the telegraph announced that Mr. Seward would be nominated on the next ballot. All the people of Auburn held Mr. Seward in high honor, and now they were waiting in the highest pitch of excitement, with cannon and cartridges in readiness to fire a "presidential salute" of one hundred guns. In various places in the city they had collected material for immense bonfires for a night celebration. With eager expectation they waited to hear the result of the third ballot. Soon the clicking of the telegraph announced that the ballot had been taken and the nominee was,—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. Without a cheer they sullenly wheeled their cannon back to the armory. That afternoon was like a Sunday in Auburn. No business was done. In their grievous disappointment men did not feel like talking. The darkness of the night was not relieved by any bonfires. Mr. Seward in the afternoon of the day of the nomination invited a number of his friends to his house, and after a light lunch spoke freely of his and their disappointment, but expressed his belief that in the condition of the country and in the probability of a conflict over the slavery question, the nomination of Mr. Lincoln was probably the best that could have been made. He proposed to do all he could to insure Mr. Lincoln's election and to support him if elected, and he urged his friends to do the same. In the campaign that followed Mr. Seward made some of his ablest speeches. The evening before the

election he made his final and greatest speech to his own neighbors, whose enthusiasm attested their devotion to the statesman and patriot who could forget his own disappointment in his zeal to serve the best interests of his country.

And now, in April, 1861, these neighbors of Mr. Seward answered the call of the President with the utmost promptness. The Sunday following the issue of the proclamation was a memorable one. The professors in the Theological Seminary assisted the pastors of the churches in the services of the day. Some of them venerable, with hoary heads, descended from New England ancestry, seemed young again in the fervor of their loyalty. The appeals of these ministers thrilled the hearts of the listeners. One of them, recognizing the duty of fighting now as well as in the times of David, the warrior king, prayed fervently for the Lieutenant General of the United States. "Thou hast given him victory in times past; grant him victory now in the cause of the Union." In the Catholic church the priest had an enrollment paper already prepared. He appealed to the men of his congregation to sign their names before leaving the church. He reminded them of the oppression they had endured in their native land, and of the freedom they had enjoyed in this home of their adoption, telling them they were not worthy of their privileges under this free government unless they were willing to fight in maintaining it. As he pronounced the benediction, stalwart men, enough to form a company, stepped forward to the altar and were enrolled. In the Protestant Episcopal church the first lesson in the morning service was from Joel III., 9, 10,—"Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles; Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up. Beat your plowshares into swords and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong." This passage from the Prophet occur-

ring in the lesson of the day was regarded as a significant coincidence, pointing to the duty of the hour.

Public meetings were held at which liberal contributions were made for the equipment of the volunteers and for the support of families that might be left in need. During the period of uncertainty there had been varying opinions and much discussion.

A young lawyer in Auburn, a man of some ability, but no principle, had noisily declaimed against any attempt on the part of the government to restrain by force the seceding states. But when he saw the unanimity of feeling in the opposite direction he took advantage of a subsequent meeting to have himself called for, and entirely ignoring his previous utterances, harangued the people in a painful effort to make himself one of them.

In Wisconsin was an honest and well-to-do business man, whose sympathies had not been anti-slavery, but were with the South. He had been in favor of the enforcement of the fugitive slave law. Some fugitive slaves were in town, cared for and concealed by friends. Their master was also in town hunting for them. A friend of the slaves went frankly to this sympathiser with the South, telling him that there were runaway slaves in town and their master was there looking for them. "We want to get them away; can you help us any?" Without a word he took out his pocketbook and handed out a ten dollar bill.

He was shrewd in business, but was not learned in the technical language of the professions. He had heard the peace men of his party argue against "coercion." In a warm discussion upon the President's call for men, he still stoutly contended that we should not resort to "coercion." He was asked, "Mr. B, what *would you* do with the seceding states?" "What would I do? I'd whip them back into the Union!"

There were great differences in opinion as to the nature and duration of the struggle that was to come. Some thought that a show of authority on the part of the government would effect the disbanding of the forces that had been raised in the South and that the whole affair would be over in ninety, perhaps in thirty days. President Lincoln made no predictions publicly. But to a young friend he said privately, "We shall beat them, my boy, we shall beat them."

Most men in his position would have called congress to meet in extra session at once. He named the time nearly three months in the future. This would give time for the people to form definite opinions. He never lost his faith in the people, if only the time were given for frothy fermentation to work itself off and public opinion to crystallize about the axial principles involved.

A brief retrospect will help one to understand the situation and the character of the marvelous man who was to guide the affairs of the nation.

The presidential campaign of 1860 was conducted with more than ordinary earnestness. The lines had been clearly drawn. There were to be no more temporary compromises over the vexing question of slavery. Compromises had served their purpose. Party leaders and party followers were guided by settled convictions, and the only remaining thing to do was to "meet at Philippi." There were those who forsaw the coming crisis, and were preparing to meet it.

Lincoln had made a brief and happy response to the delegation from the Chicago convention that had come to inform him of his nomination. He had published his letter of acceptance pledging himself to support the principles of the party that had chosen him as its standard bearer. Further than this he had made no public utterances. While at

all times accessible to his friends he remained quietly at his home. Once indeed on the occasion of an immense outdoor mass meeting at Springfield he was compelled to appear before the assembled thousands. His presence excited uncontrollable enthusiasm. Briefly expressing his pleasure at seeing so many of his friends he endeavored quietly to withdraw. But it was with the greatest difficulty, aided by strong friendly hands, that he escaped through the cheering, surging multitudes.

One of the opposing candidates traversed the entire country endeavoring to persuade the people to a policy which he claimed was the only one that promised the peace and safety of the Union. The other party leaders appeared more or less in public, but Lincoln remained silent. His opinions, carefully considered and candidly stated, had become the well understood principles of his supporters. There were those who cherished serious apprehensions, but with these there was a purpose to stand by what was believed to be right.

The election over, Lincoln received the congratulations of his friends, but refrained from saying anything of a public character. The government was to remain yet four months in the hands of the outgoing administration. By December 20, South Carolina, by the action of a convention called for the purpose, seceded. Before the result of the presidential election had been formally announced, other southern states had followed the example of South Carolina. These acts of secession were boldly proclaimed and approved by the southern representatives in congress. Disloyal members of the cabinet had planned for this movement. Government arms had been transferred to southern states. Ships of the navy had been sent beyond the immediate call of the government. The President was perplexed. He denied the right of secession, but could find in

the constitution no power to prevent it. There were disgraceful scenes in congress. People began to wonder if Mr. Lincoln fully comprehended the seriousness of the situation. Fearful ones urged him to speak—to give some assurance that he would so act as to insure safety and peace. Business interests were disturbed—almost paralyzed,—by the uncertainty. Still he kept silent. His few words of farewell to his friends and neighbors as he was leaving his home for Washington, were telegraphed over the country and convinced all that he understood the magnitude of the work before him. Then followed the succession of remarkable speeches on his way to Washington. An anxious nation watched his every word and motion. The inauguration came. There was no uncertainty of purpose in the inaugural address. Though subjected to the severest ordeals he had thus far maintained his self-possession. He asserted that the Union was intended to be perpetual. He would not assail the South, but he would defend and maintain the Union. In this he had no choice. His duty was prescribed in the constitution. Insurgent forces were being raised in the seceding states. There was impatience at the delay of the government to act. But Lincoln bided his time. The days for concessions and compromises were past.

GENERAL CARL SCHURZ.

COLONEL A. T. McREYNOLDS.

LIEUT. COL. FREDERICK VON SCHICKFUSS.

MAJOR EZRA H. BAILEY.

CHAPTER II.

THE CALL FOR CAVALRY.

THE President's call for 75,000 men was issued April 15th. The next morning the New York Tribune contained the following:

WANTED: A Captain of Cavalry.

The Cavalry department of the Northern army is, without a doubt, the one most lacking in efficiency. To supply this flagrant need is the desire of several gentlemen of this city, two of whom have in their handsomest manner offered to supply horses and equipments for the first fifty volunteers who shall be unable to mount and equip themselves. All that is needed now to effect an organization is a competent leader, and to any one sufficiently well versed in tactics to command such a troop, a superb horse, half brother of the celebrated Patchen, and a full suit of regimentals will be guaranteed. Those desirous of joining will please call upon G. W. Richardson, 21 Maiden Lane.

So many responded to this call that it was decided to publish a notice of a meeting to be held on the evening of the 19th, at 765 Broadway. At this meeting one hundred and fifty were present. Mr. Richardson was chairman of this meeting and Ezra H. Bailey secretary. Mr. Bailey was a young man of much ability, quick to think and act, always speaking to the point in few words, prepossessing in appearance and agreeable in manners, always self-possessed and never losing heart. In the organization of the regiment and through the war he was efficient and reliable. Rich-

ardson, Bailey and H. B. Todd were appointed a committee to take general charge of the affairs of the organization. Generous friends were found. Mr. De Forest, proprietor of "Palace Garden", offered the free use of his hall. This hall was made headquarters and recruiting was begun. Men connected with wealthy and prominent families were active in the movement. Men who had seen active service in the armies of the United States or of Europe were anxious to serve again. The success in recruiting was such that it was deemed practicable to form four companies. Canvassing for the offices became active. The American tendency to push to the front manifested itself, and some disappointed aspirants for office withdrew.

So far the movement had been without authority or encouragement from the government at Washington. Expenses had been met by voluntary contributions. The officers elected now took steps to secure acceptance. For this purpose Bayard Clark, formerly a colonel in the U. S. Cavalry, and later a member of Congress, went to Washington in behalf of the organization, but met with no encouragement. Others were sent on the same mission with no better success. The administration was new. Some of the departments under the late administration had been in confusion, if not quite paralyzed. The secretary of war was not a military man, only a politician. It took time to bring about a condition of order, and find the right man for each kind of work. The President had many vexing questions waiting for his decision. He had petitions for office innumerable. He was obliged to assume responsibilities of the gravest character. A prominent citizen who went to see him on a special errand said that he seemed like a man worn out with anxiety and want of rest, as one who had watched day and night for weeks by the bedside of a sick

friend. It is not to be wondered at that a matter of acceptance of a voluntary military organization did not receive special attention. While regiments of infantry were being raised all through the North, there were many young men, farmers' sons and others, who had been used to riding horses and "breaking colts," who had a strong desire to know something of the dash and excitement of the cavalry service. And now many wrote, and some came from a distance to make inquiries, and, if possible, to join one of these cavalry companies. It was understood that only those would be accepted who could furnish their own horses and equipments.

In some places there had been mounted companies in the uniformed militia, and efforts were made to organize these for the volunteer service. The 75,000 men first called for were from the militia of the several states, and these were to serve for the period of three months.

This was the limit of the time for which the militia of the states could be called into service of the General Government. It was supposed by many that the designated term of service indicated a belief on the part of the authorities that the rebellion could be suppressed within that time. In reply to those who asked for authority to raise cavalry regiments, General Scott had expressed the hope that the war would be over before a cavalry regiment could be equipped and properly drilled. Another objection was the great expense of raising and supporting cavalry. Furthermore, his plan for putting down the rebellion would not require cavalry.

But the President, closely watching the course of events and discerning clearly the spirit of the leaders of the secession, soon called for additional forces of volunteers for three years, or during the war, and of this force one regiment was to be of cavalry. This regiment was to be made up

of volunteers from all the states, as shown by the following circular:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 1, 1861.

To the Governors of the several states, and all whom it may concern:—I have authorized Colonel Carl Schurz to raise and organize a volunteer regiment of cavalry. For the purpose of rendering it as efficient as possible, he is instructed to enlist principally such men as have served in the same arm before. The government will provide the regiment with the arms, but cannot provide the horses and equipments. For these necessaries we rely upon the patriotism of the states and the citizens, and for this purpose I take the liberty of requesting you to afford Colonel Schurz your aid in the execution of this plan.

(Signed) SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

In connection with this circular it is interesting to note that during the war there were called into active service about three hundred regiments of cavalry, and nearly three thousand regiments of infantry.

Colonel Schurz for a man of thirty-two years had had an eventful life. In his own land he had been a student, a journalist, and an officer in the army. For his participation in the attempted revolution of 1848 he had been forced to flee from his country, but secretly had returned and effected the escape of an associate who had been kept in prison. He had come to America and had become a citizen of Wisconsin, first at Watertown and then at Milwaukee. He was an able lawyer. His innate love of liberty had led him into the ranks of the Republican party, that was making its determined fight against the extension of slavery. He had been a delegate to the Chicago convention of 1860, and had led the Wisconsin delegation in the support of Lincoln. He was a brilliant speaker, and by one of his speeches had aroused the greatest enthusiasm in the convention.

He had now been authorized to raise the one cavalry

regiment included in the call for volunteers for three years, or during the war. On his way to New York to begin the work of recruiting he stopped at Philadelphia. Here he found parts of several light horse companies that were trying to organize. He invited them to become part of his regiment, assuring them that it was the only regiment that would be called for. William H. Boyd who held the position of lieutenant in one of these partly formed companies, was the only officer who was disposed to accept this invitation. He was requested to raise a company, and this, known as Company C, was the first company of volunteer cavalry that was duly authorized to be raised.

There were many other attempts to raise companies, but the leaders in these efforts could get no encouragement, and the attempts were abandoned. Later these rejected men found abundant opportunities of doing good service to the country and credit to themselves, many of them rising to high positions. In a little more than a year the calls for men were such that local authorities in order to fill their quotas offered the inducement of bounties. One of the earliest instances was that of a man who enlisted under the special inducement of "one hundred and fifty dollars and a cow!"

In Jersey City lived Frederick Von Schickfuss who had an honorable record as a cavalry officer in the German army. He was a genial man, of commanding personal presence, well educated, and thoroughly acquainted with cavalry tactics. The colonel gave him authority to enlist the Germans and he soon had four companies partly formed. Many in these companies were capable men who had seen service and had been prominent in their own land. They were educated, hearty, fond of music, liberty-loving, and anxious for service. There were some from other countries than Germany. One was said to be closely connected with the

royal family of Russia. For some misdemeanor he had been obliged to leave his own country. Under an assumed name he enlisted as a private in Company E.

The colonel invited those who were meeting around their headquarters at Palace Garden, to unite their forces with his. They held a meeting to discuss this proposition. Many were at first opposed to this uniting with the Germans. But there had been so much delay that several who had been active in the first efforts had decided to accept commissions in infantry or artillery. One of these was J. Howard Kitchen who became colonel of the Sixth N. Y. Artillery, and was mortally wounded at Cedar Creek. After fully considering the matter it seemed to these men that this would be the quickest way of getting into the service, and the proposition of Col. Schurz was accepted.

And now everything was progressing favorably. But at this time Mr. Schurz was appointed Minister to Spain. While accepting this commission, he wished to see the organization of the regiment completed, and placed under a competent commander. A man of excellent reputation was Captain Bayard, an instructor at West Point. Mr. Bailey was sent to see him, but Captain Bayard could not then accept the proffered colonelcy. But he recommended another instructor at the Academy, Captain Owen. This officer was willing to accept, provided he could be relieved from duty in the regular army. Mr. Bailey was sent to Washington to obtain from the authorities this release for Captain Owen. Mr. Schurz gave a letter of introduction to Montgomery Blair. Mr. Blair interested himself in the matter and went with Mr. Bailey to see Secretary Cameron.

The secretary could do nothing without the approval of General Scott, or the adjutant general of the army. The latter officer was too busy to be seen. So was General Scott. But after office hours Mr. Bailey called at the gen-

eral's residence. An armed sentinel would have turned him away, but the general having noticed him, directed that he come in. The general did not favor the plan of allowing officers of the regular army to leave their positions for the purpose of commanding volunteers. He had little faith in volunteer cavalry. He repeated his belief that the war would probably be over before cavalry could be raised and drilled into a condition for efficient service. Mr. Bailey took his leave and, somewhat depressed, walked away. He had no very definite idea what he should do next. It did not occur to him at first to appeal to the President, but after a while he found himself in the vicinity of the White House. It was a reception day. Being one of the people, Mr. Bailey felt that he had as good a right as any one to join the democratic multitude that was passing into the mansion. The genial manner of the President, so free from repelling formality, as he greeted each one of the hundreds that came, one after another, to speak to him, encouraged Mr. Bailey to mention the case of his regiment.

"What can I do for you, General?"

"Not General yet, Mr. President, but if the war lasts long enough I hope to be."

The President referred him to the secretary of war and General Scott. Mr. Bailey said he had seen both and neither would give him any encouragement. The President assured him that, while he did not like to interfere in matters that particularly belonged to the war department, yet he would give orders for the acceptance of the regiment as soon as it was ready. Mr. Bailey returned to New York and renewed the hopes of the men anxious to get into the service as soon as possible. They continued their search for a colonel. A Mr. Merrill had been an officer in the army, but he had offered his services and his offer had been declined.

Philip Kearney was the nephew of Gen. Stephen W. Kearney who had distinguished himself at Queenstown Heights, in 1812, had made his famous overland march to the South Pass in 1845, had been military governor of California, had been with Gen. Scott on his campaign of 1847, and governor of Mexico upon its occupation by the U. S. forces. Philip was a native of New York, was a graduate of Columbia College, a student of law and an officer in the First dragoons. In 1839 he was sent by the war department to study the French cavalry tactics. He volunteered with the French in the campaign in Algiers, and by his fearlessness in every fight that he could get into, he attracted the notice of all the French army. He returned to this country, and after various services was appointed on the staff of Gen. Scott. He went with his uncle on the expedition to the South Pass. He operated with the cavalry along the Rio Grande. In the campaign of 1847 from Vera Cruz to the Mexican capital he was captain of a company of cavalry, one company of the squadron that formed the body guard of Gen. Scott. After the battle of Churubusco, Aug. 20, at the head of his cavalry he charged the retreating enemy along the causeway into the very gate of the City of Mexico. In this affair he received a wound whereby he lost his left arm. A month later Scott with his army entered the capital. Kearney was brevetted major. He afterward went to California, and on around the world and to New York. In 1859 he again went to France and volunteered in the campaign in Italy. At Solferino, "holding his reins in his teeth," with reckless daring he charged in the forefront of the massed cavalry that broke the Austrian centre. He received from France the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In 1861, seeing the signs of war, he returned to the United States and offered his services to the war depart-

ment. His offers were declined. He sought service of the state of New York. Here, too, his offers were declined. The man of whom Gen. Scott had said, "He was the bravest man I ever knew, and the most perfect soldier," was at length suggested as the right man to succeed Col. Schurz in the command of the first volunteer cavalry. But the suggestion came just too late. The governor of New Jersey had found a place for him, and he was soon in command of a brigade made up of New Jersey regiments. Both this brigade and the First cavalry were in Franklin's division. The cavalry never lost sight of Gen. Kearney. Some of its best work was done under his direction. Its first winter camp was Camp Kearney, next to the grounds of Fairfax Seminary on the east, and the general's headquarters were on the hill to the south. He was a conspicuous figure on his iron gray horse, with his armless sleeve, his severe features, and prominent gray moustache and beard covering his chin. He was given to emphatic speech as well in commending a daring deed, as in expressing his impatience at delay. At Williamsburg and all through the Peninsula campaign he was an inspiration to his men. In strong language he denounced McClellan's order to retreat after the victory of Malvern Hill. At Chantilly, Sept. 1, while placing his division in the evening he rode forward to the enemy's line. He was ordered to surrender. Seeing his mistake he wheeled his horse and riding back was shot. His body was sent by flag of truce into his own lines.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
That story of Kearney, who knew not to yield.
'Twas a day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thickets was surest and nighest—
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war cry leapt up with a bound.
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of our powder—
His sword waved us on and we answered his sign;
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder!
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along whole line."

How he strode his gray steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left, and the reins in his teeth.
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath!
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, colonel!
"You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line."

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried.
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride.
Yet we dream that he still in that shadowy region
Where the dead form the ranks of the war drummer's sign,
Rides on as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is "Forward! along the whole line."

E. C. STEDMAN.

CHAPTER III.

MUSTERED IN.

TO the delegation that waited upon Philip Kearney to offer him the command of the regiment he stated that the governor of New Jersey had called for his aid in organizing the troops of that state. He recommended Andrew T. McReynolds whom he had known as a captain of cavalry in the Mexican war, whose company with his own had formed the body guard of Gen. Scott. He had participated in the charge at the gate of the city of Mexico and for his gallantry had been brevetted major. His bridle arm had been partially disabled by a wound received at that time. He was now residing at Grand Rapids, Mich., practicing law. The regiment was in haste to have a colonel. In response to an invitation by telegraph, Mr. McReynolds came at once to New York.

He was an Irishman by birth, and was now fifty-five years of age. In early life he had come to this country where relatives of his family had become prominent. Andrew Jackson was his mother's cousin. He had become a citizen of Michigan. He had become interested in politics, and had been a member of the legislature. In the Mexican war President Polk had given him a commission as captain of cavalry.

He was a little below the medium stature, and solidly built, with a broad, smooth face, and hair reaching to his

coat collar. His appearance formed quite a contrast to that of Col. Schurz with his spare form and quick, nervous speech and manner. He did not impress one as having the soldierly promptness of Philip Kearney, but his record was good. At a meeting of the officers and many of the men, Carl Schurz presiding, the command of the regiment was formally tendered to Mr. McReynolds. But this action must be sanctioned by the war department at Washington. Thither proceeded a delegation of officers taking with them the official appointment of Col. Schurz, on which he had written the following endorsement:

NEW YORK, June 5, 1861.

Maj. A. T. McReynolds.

DEAR SIR: Being ordered by the President to leave for my diplomatic position at Madrid, I am obliged to dissolve my connection with the cavalry regiment within referred to. Having satisfied myself that you are eminently fit to stand at the head of this organization, and having obtained the consent of the officers within my reach, I take the liberty of respectfully requesting you to take my place in this matter. I would invite you to see the authorities at Washington for the purpose of inducing them to ratify this transfer of authority.

Yours very truly,

(Signed CARL SCHURZ.

Arriving at Washington the officers called upon the President. He referred them to the secretary of war. The secretary was disposed to retain the paper, saying that the authority to raise this regiment was given to Col. Schurz as a political favor rather than as an indication of the need of any regiment of cavalry, and now that he had received the appointment as minister to Spain, there was no need of proceeding further in the raising of a regiment, or of raising any cavalry whatever, as the war would be over in ninety days. Seeing that the secretary was intending to keep the paper, one of the officers, for the reason that he had a personal interest in Carl Schurz's indorsement, asked

for the document. With this they went again to see the President. He was more accessible than the head of the war department had been, who had not realized that the country was entering into a struggle in arms, and was most interested in looking after the interests of his political friends in his own state.

The officers on their way to see the President found a friend in the person of ex-Governor Newell, of New Jersey, who went with them and interceded in their behalf. The President listened to the statement of their affairs and then endorsed the papers:

Hon. Secretary of War:

Please say to Col. A. T. McReynolds that when he will present the cavalry regiment according to the within authority, they will be received under him as they would have been under Col. Schurz.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

June 13.

With this the delegation returned to the secretary. As they showed it to him he lost his temper, and commented severely on the manner in which they had induced him to return the paper when he had proposed to retain it, and had secured the endorsement of the President, and expressed the wish that the latter would remember there was a war department. He undoubtedly thought that he, and not Mr. Lincoln, ought to be president. But, however much he would have liked to ignore the President's action, he could not quite do so. But he declined to do anything more in the matter without the approval of General Scott. The general was so pressed with business that it was difficult to see him. But one of the delegation had been prominent in New York politics, and in an emergency seemed full of resources and had learned how to make use of them. He always seemed to find an influential friend when he was in special need. There were times when his own assurance,

while it astonished those who knew him best, carried him through. Just now the delegation were determined to get the best of the reluctant secretary, and the politico-military officer bethought himself that he knew Schuyler Hamilton, one of the general's staff, and through his intercession he obtained an audience long enough to secure a brief note from the general approving the acceptance of this regiment. Apparently the secretary had not expected this. But he could not disregard it, and he gave a qualified approval.

"Approved, on the condition that the whole regiment be at Washington, or wherever ordered to be, by the first day of August next, and portions of it before the 15th of July next."

(Signed) SIMON CAMERON.

June 15.

"Of such difficulty was it to found the Roman nation," wrote the poet Virgil, as he described the wanderings of Aeneas, and the interference of the deities. And of such difficulty was it to organize the first cavalry volunteers, THE LINCOLN CAVALRY, for so was the regiment now named out of respect to the President who had personally interested himself in its behalf.

With full authority the officers now made every effort to complete the organization of the Lincoln cavalry. Headquarters were at Disbrow's Riding Academy, Fifth Avenue and 59th street, on the ground now occupied by the Union League Club building. The large circular riding room with its floor covered with tan bark, became a drill room. Recruiting stations were established at Palace Garden, at 600 Broadway, and at 43 Courtland street. Privates as well as those who expected to be officers were active in looking for recruits. Captain Hayman of the regular army was ready to muster in companies as soon as they had the regulation number of men. Young men and boys from the

neighboring states came to the city to join this regiment. There were young men of the best families, educated, and of the highest social position, anxious to enter the ranks, not seeking commissions until they could win them by faithful service. Their first purpose was to serve the country in its time of need. The consciousness of not having done their part would be a cause of regret to them in after life.

A boy of nineteen, the son of a well-to-do farmer in an interior county of the state, inherited the spirit of Revolutionary ancestors. The thought of staying home in these stirring times was intolerable. But he could not get his father's consent to enlist. His services in the army were not needed yet, and there was too much work to be done on the farm. He could not be spared. His father was a positive man used to having his own way. His word was law. There was no use in arguing the question. The boy thought he knew a better way. He lost all interest in the affairs of the farm. Sent to the field he would climb the fence and sit perched on the top rail in a fit of abstraction, forgetful of his team that stood meanwhile idle in the furrow. He would not work. His father gave up the case, and told him he might as well go. He appeared at headquarters, bringing a cousin with him.

In Philadelphia a light horse company under Captain William R. Wister had started early and made strenuous efforts to get into the service. In response to an application the captain received the following:

WAR DEPARTMENT, June 14, 1861.

Captain William Rotch Wister, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR: This Department, I am instructed by the secretary to say to you, will accept your light horse company, to be attached to the regiment of cavalry being formed to serve for three years or

during the war, if ready to be so mustered, and will, in that event, furnish the holsters, pistols, and swords, but not the uniforms, horses or equipments. Very respectfully,

(Signed) J. P. SANDERSON,
Chief Clerk.

It was understood that each man furnishing his own horse and equipments was to be allowed forty cents a day for their use. But the efforts to find enough men who could provide themselves with these were not successful, and Captain Wister's company disbanded. The most of the men enrolled themselves with Captain Boyd.

It was no longer required that men should furnish their own horses and equipments.

There were men who had passed the age limit, but they put on their youngest looks as they presented themselves for muster. Boys under age looked as mature as possible and felt that they were not required to tell unnecessary truths about their birthdays. There were odd characters among the men in the ranks, and it will be interesting to follow them in their later careers.

There was some political maneuvering for the offices. One capable young man who had done good work in promoting enlistments was obliged to be absent at the time of the mustering in of the company in which it was expected that he would be an officer. An active little man with nothing martial in his appearance, who was on hand, managed to wiggle into the second lieutenantcy. The capable man was left out. But his ability was recognized elsewhere. He distinguished himself, and became a colonel and brevet brigadier general. In the hurly burly of active campaigns the little lieutenant was lost sight of.

One candidate was willing to sacrifice a friend in order to save himself. The friend, though feeling keenly the treatment he had received, quietly took his place in the

ranks and was mustered in. But the wheel of fortune turned. In a few months he was a lieutenant and officer of the guard, while the other was in his charge, under arrest for drunkenness and disgraceful conduct for which he was compelled to resign.

There were generous acts, too. One, who for his work in securing enlistments and organizing a company, was thought to be entitled to be its captain, waived all claims and insisted that a man who had served in the regular army, and was competent to command, should be chosen, while he himself went into the ranks. He rose to be a captain and was brevetted major.

There were some who were dissatisfied because things did not move fast enough. A few of these after they were mustered in deserted, and under other names joined other regiments where they served with distinction and won positions. One capable but reckless fellow went to the "Wild West" where he organized a regiment of rough riders, wild fellows who were known as "The Lost Souls." He led them in some rough fighting.

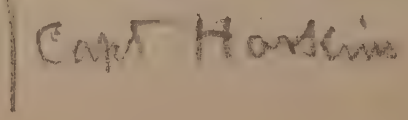
Company D was the first to be mustered in, July 16. The 19th two were mustered, B in New York, and C in Philadelphia; two on the 20th, and others on different dates, the last of the twelve companies, September 9. Delays were occasioned on account of the rejection of men by the examining surgeon. A company would be ready, as supposed, when, on calling the roll, a man or two would be wanting, and there would be lively hunting for men to make up the required number. There were instances where a few men would be borrowed for the purpose of standing in the ranks and answering to invented names until the muster could be completed, when they would be allowed to return to their own companies. It was reported that in a few cases good wages were to be paid to out-siders for

taking part in this brief service, when they would be permitted to go their ways. On the muster out of the three months' regiments, many of these men re-enlisted in the cavalry, filling the companies to the maximum.

The four German companies formed one of the three battalions. They were hearty, stalwart men, cheerful under almost all conditions. In one of Sheridan's midwinter marches it was necessary for a body of cavalry to cross a swollen stream full of floating ice and nearly up to the horses' backs; possibly they would have to swim. Those first selected for this work hesitated and shrank from the cold bath. Some of these German companies were ordered forward, when unhesitatingly, lustily singing a German song, they plunged in. From that time on they were favorites with Sheridan. Most of their officers were experienced soldiers, capable, willing and efficient, some of them titled men in their own country.

Company C, as has already been stated, was a Philadelphia company. Company F was raised in and around Syracuse, and K at Grand Rapids, Michigan, the home of the colonel.

The expectant officers were objects of scrutiny and speculation. There were those who had been in the regular army, well-informed as to their duties and capable to command, but whose unfortunate habits led them into difficulties. There were those who had served as enlisted men in the regular cavalry, efficient in drill, quiet in speech and manner, careful of their men, steady and unflinching in fight, in whom their men had perfect confidence. There were those who considered an enlisted man a proper subject for abuse and profanity, and who were slow to learn that civility and modesty were not inconsistent with courage and efficiency in the heat of battle. There were boasters who never fulfilled their promises. At the muster in of one of the com-



panies the excitable expectant captain made an eloquent dramatic speech to his men, advising them to "elect as officers those who would lead them to victory or death!" It did not occur to them that in less than a year he would again address those same men, proposing that they go into hostile lines and surrender, when as yet there was no enemy in sight!

There were differences among the officers. One man of large physical proportions, given to talking about the political influence that he could bring to his support and to the aid of his fellow officers should they ever stand in need of such aid, and of the valiant deeds that he would perform with his command, if he should get one, had rendered himself obnoxious. He was the victim of many a joke that would have induced a sensitive man to return to private life. But he was like a man of vulcanized rubber, of such elasticity that the hardest blows were followed by an instant rebound, leaving no visible or permanent impression. A paper numerously signed, and not expressed in the most elegant and courteous phraseology, was presented to him, informing him that his presence was a detriment, and citing past words and actions that rendered him unfit to associate with loyal officers and gentlemen. The chaplain was supposed to be, on all moral questions, adviser of all who were in difficulties. He was a man after the style of Friar Tuck in Scott's Ivanhoe, at times somewhat convivial and facetious. By him the aggrieved officer was advised that the affront he had received made it necessary for him to challenge to mortal combat the one who had been foremost in offering this insult; it was the only way in which he could maintain his honor and standing in the regiment. But he argued that he had entered the service to put down the rebellion, and he must not let anything interfere with this purpose. Clothing himself with his assurance, he ignored charges and

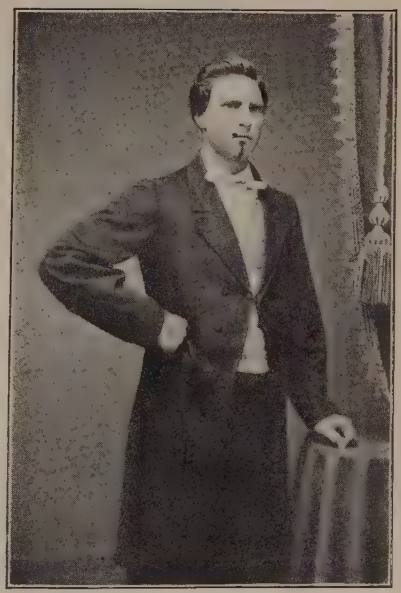
ridicule, and kept himself in the front. In later experiences he was repeatedly under arrest, but he would always manage to shake himself out of his predicaments. Placed in conditions in which an exceedingly sensitive man would think himself submerged, he would rise to the surface seemingly refreshed from his immersion. He would manage to have frequent favorable notices of himself appear in the public journals. But it is only justice to say that in some severe encounters with the enemy, his assurance did not even then fail him, but contributed to the winning of victory.

There were officers who could be on easy, familiar terms with their men without losing their respect or impairing their own authority, gentlemen of highest honor, irreproachable in every act.

JOHN F. KENT.

ELIAS BURR.

WILLIAM VERRINDER.



JEROME BELL.

CHAPTER IV.

ELM PARK AND BELLEVUE GARDEN.

BETWEEN what are now Columbus and Amsterdam avenues, and between Seventy-eighth and Eightieth streets, just west of the grounds of the Museum of Natural History, was Elm Park. These spacious grounds, now occupied by blocks of stately homes, were then in their natural state, well shaded, a resort where the busy people from down town would betake themselves to enjoy something of the country. There were restaurants and halls for their entertainment. In these grounds the Germans and four American companies, as fast as mustered, went into camp. Sleeping in a tent, on a little straw spread on the ground, and covered with a blanket, was a new experience. At long tables in the halls the men were fed, the work of feeding being let by contract. No uniforms or arms had yet been provided. The drills were only in marching. This manner of life in these shady grounds was not at all unpleasant; it was a big picnic. The families and other friends of officers and men were frequent visitors.

But one day a misunderstanding arose between some of the Germans and Americans over a supposed discourteous remark said to have been made by one of the latter. The supposed affront was magnified as the story was repeated, until the matter grew exciting. As the Germans could not understand much English, and the Americans

could not readily speak or understand German, it was not easy to make explanations. The excitement grew until the tumult became a veritable babel of confused tongues. The surging crowd would be moved toward one corner of the grounds, and then would be swayed in some other direction. It seemed for awhile as if it would become a serious affair. But the colonel, aided by some of the other officers, at last succeeded in securing partial quiet. Explanations were made and all became peaceful. In one part of the grounds was the camp of an organization of German riflemen known as the "Lincoln Greens," so called from the color of their uniform. Some disputes arose between these and the cavalrymen as to which was first entitled to the name "Lincoln." Perhaps the too frequent drinking of beer had something to do with these disputes.

It was deemed best that the English speaking companies should occupy another camp, and Bellevue Garden was chosen. This was a semi-rural resort on East river between Sixty-third and Sixty-fifth streets and opposite Blackwell's Island. It was a very favorable location. The tents were pitched according to regulations, and the routine of camp life, with the regular calls, guard mount and drill, was begun. The drill soon showed progress in facing, marching and wheeling. After a little some sabres were furnished and drill with these was regular. The men, as at Elm Park were fed at "public tables" furnished by contract.

There were many amusing incidents growing out of ignorance of what the regulations required. Officers as well as privates had much to learn. An Englishman, Corporal John Ferguson, who had served in the British army, was the best authority in the camp on the proper way to salute an officer. He also gave instructions as to what was required while on guard. Sergeant John J. O'Brien had served in the regular infantry. A huge moustache was sup-

posed to contribute to his soldierly appearance. He was fluent and plausible in speech. He was detailed to drill the awkward squads. He was conspicuous for insisting on the rear rank observing the proper distance of exactly "thirteen inches from back to breast." When off duty, with a little encouragement he would entertain his tent mates with stories and dialect songs.

Until those having authority had learned the best way of exercising it over intelligent men, the "guard house," was a frequent menace for minor offences against discipline, and once when there was a little too much noise after "taps," Sergeant McCormick, armed with a huge club, like a veritable Hercules, strode down the line of Company F, threatening dire punishment unless there was instant silence. Ill timed as it may seem, there was loud and irrepressible laughter when Captain Harkins, attempting an exhibition of superior horsemanship, rode a powerful charger full tilt at a low hurdle, and in the act of leaping, fell off and rolled in the dust almost beneath the horse's feet.

The man of large proportions and large assurance, whom no company wanted as a lieutenant, had become a major. He was not at first an expert in executing maneuvers. But he supposed he could do it, as he thought he had noticed how others did it. In aligning his battalion he commanded, "Right dress. Front *dress*"(!) It took time for him to discriminate between proper orders and orders that were impossible of execution. In time he became noted for the stentorian voice in which he was accustomed to give the prolonged command—"M-a-a-a-r-c-h!"

To those who were not residents of the city, the time spent in army camps of instruction was in many ways full of interesting experiences. Some of them had been careful students in history, and they were interested in looking up localities where had taken place important events. One,

while on his way from the central part of the state, had stopped for a day at West Point. The story of the place was familiar to him. He climbed the mountain to old Fort Putnam. He went along the margin of the water batteries where the river is narrowest. It was somewhere near here that the great chain was stretched across to prevent the British ships from ascending the river. A young woman of eighteen or twenty years was gathering flowers along the water's edge. Approaching and greeting her with respect, he asked her if she could tell him where the chain was fastened here in the Revolutionary war. With an air of perfect frankness she replied, "I don't know, sir; I was not living here at that time." Such want of interest in local history would not have been suspected. In the city it was easy to find where Washington at different times had his headquarters, and the site of the old Federal Hall where he was inaugurated president. A horse-back ride to Harlem, or up the Bloomingdale road, would take one over the ground where the opposing armies confronted each other. On the Harlem plains the American militia had fled in confusion, and Washington had recklessly exposed himself in trying to rally them. Here and there, above and below camp, batteries had been placed along the river bank to prevent the British troops from landing. At the house of Robert Murray, then his country seat, near the site of the present Murray Hill hotel, Washington gave his instructions to Captain Nathan Hale when the latter volunteered to go into the enemy's camp for information.

It was at this same house that Lord Howe was detained by the hospitality of Mrs. Murray, while Gen. Putnam on the west side of the island was hurrying his command out of danger up the Bloomingdale road. The son of this hostess of Lord Howe became the author of the noted Murray's English Grammar. On 52nd street just east of First

avenue, at the Beekman House, Howe had his headquarters, and here in the garden house Hale was kept a prisoner for a night. The next morning he was handed over to the provost marshal, and hanged to the limb of an apple tree in Rutger's orchard, near the intersection of East Broadway and Market street. On the 9th of July, on the site of the City Hall and the park in front, Washington had the Declaration of Independence read to the army. The reading was followed by the most enthusiastic cheering.

As these historic places were visited and these scenes recalled, the question suggested itself, "Are the best periods in the Nation's history in the past, or are they yet to come?"

Daily there would pass down the river in front of the camp, the great Sound steamers loaded with patriotic men from New England bound for the seat of war, and the cheers from the camp were answered from crowded steamers. The kindly interest and encouragement of the people of the city were manifested by frequent visits to the camp and by the giving of many things for the comfort and convenience of the men.

The cry of the newspapers—"On to Richmond!"—that voiced the impatience of the people, stimulated the authorities at the capital. McDowell's army was preparing to advance. Lieutenant Tomkins with a small detachment of regular cavalry had dashed out into the country between the two armies. But there was felt the need of sufficient cavalry to picket the outposts and scout along the whole front, and orders were given to hurry forward the regiment.

CHAPTER V.

COMPANY C AT THE FRONT. THE FIRST FIGHT.

JULY 22nd Company C, Captain Wm. H. Boyd, left Philadelphia for Washington. When they arrived at the capital the city was full of fugitives from the disastrous field of Bull Run. Each of the fugitives had his story to tell of the victory almost won, and the cause of the stampede. There were stories of heroism and of hardship. It seemed as if a little thing might turn the tide of battle. There were those who thought that the stampede began when it was reported that the Virginia Black Horse Cavalry were coming, prepared to charge, and the lack of cavalry on the Union side was noted as a fatal defect.

There were multitudes of people, visitors in Washington, civilians, members of congress, employes in the departments, and even women who went out in carriages that Sunday morning to witness the battle. The gay equipages went out filled with occupants prepared for a holiday. They came back in the confused rout of a defeated army.

Captain William H. Boyd, was a man of ability and indomitable energy and perseverance. He and his Lieutenants, Wm. W. Hanson and James H. Stevenson, had made every effort to get to the front as soon as possible. Reaching Washington on the afternoon of July 22nd, they were quartered for the night in a building on E street, between 14th and 15th streets. The captain was in the habit of

looking after things himself, and as soon as his men were in quarters he set out to find rations and cooking utensils. Lieutenant Stevenson had served in the First U. S. Dragoons, and his experience proved valuable. He found among the men two who had been, one a soldier, the other a sailor, and were presumed to be competent to act as cooks. They were detailed for that duty. The captain was prompt in securing blankets and clothing. It can well be supposed that events of the past few days furnished abundant topics for conversation among the men their first night in the center of military operations. These events suggested, too, what might be in store for them. But the quickly acquired buoyancy of spirits, peculiar to the life of the soldier, was manifest when the officers looked in upon them late in the evening. Among them were young men from the best families of Philadelphia, and their high personal character had its influence on the entire company. The next day camp equipage was procured, and Camp Meigs on the East Capital Hill was established, in the neighborhood of a number of infantry camps. The following day, the 24th, horses, horse equipments and arms were provided. The work of preparation proceeded rapidly. August 7th, in compliance with orders, the company struck tents, crossed the Potomac on Long Bridge, and marched to Alexandria, the first volunteer cavalry in the field.

Gen. William B. Franklin was commanding here, and to him the captain reported. In Peyton Grove, on the western side of the town the company pitched their tents in Camp Elizabeth. Details for orderlies at headquarters were made daily, and those detailed took pains to make a neat and soldierly appearance. A few men in charge of a sergeant were frequently sent out to note the condition of the country.

The army of McDowell, with frequent additions of

fresh troops, extended from Arlington Heights to Alexandria. The line of the pickets was not at that time very far advanced. The Confederates wandered about in the vicinity of Falls Church and Bailey's Cross Roads, and for a long time their flag could be seen from the capitol, raised above their strong fort on Munson's Hill.

On Sunday morning, the 18th of August, the Captain was directed to take out the entire company. Lieutenant Gibson of Gen. Franklin's staff accompanied him and also Dr. Herrick, a surgeon. The reconnoissance was in the direction of Pohick Church, a few miles southwest of Mt. Vernon. Three men as an advance guard preceded the marching column, and small parties were thrown out on either flank. The road led through a piece of thick woods. As the advance reached a point where they could see the open country beyond the woods, they caught sight of a number of Confederates.

A little trepidation was natural, and one of the advance came riding back in haste announcing in his excitement that a whole regiment of rebels was waiting for them beyond the woods. Suddenly, and probably without any word of command, the company wheeled and began to move rapidly and in some confusion in the backward direction. Another of the advance came on, and his excited manner tended to quicken the pace of the retreating men. The captain was now riding in the rear of his company. The third one of the advance was Oliver B. Knowles, who on many later occasions proved himself cool, self-possessed and apparently without fear. He overtook the captain and said he had been near enough the rebels to see them all. There were no more of them than there were in their own company, and he felt sure that our men could whip them. The captain rode on to the head of the retreating column, halted it, and repeated what Knowles had told him, and declared his purpose to

fight. His manner imparted courage to his men, and they declared their willingness to obey orders and follow him. He headed the column the other way and himself, with his cousin, Sergeant W. H. Boyd, and Knowles at the head, moved forward. The men drew their revolvers, and, advancing until they caught sight of the enemy and heard their challenge, at the captain's word dashed forward with loud shouts and rapid firing of their revolvers. The enemy fired one volley and fled. With the greatest eagerness the captain and his men pursued the fleeing Confederates for a few miles when the recall was sounded. No prisoners were taken, as the Confederates had fleet horses. *This was the first charge by Union volunteer cavalry.* One of the Union men was killed, Jacob Erwin, the first Union volunteer cavalryman killed in the Army of the Potomac.

The men of this company never in the four years that followed forgot the lesson of their first fight. In a fight of cavalry against cavalry the advantage is with the party that moves first. It is difficult to withstand the impetus and momentum of a well-directed cavalry charge. There was always a stimulus in a lusty and hearty cheer. The men of the regiment learned that in a charge, the sabre was more effective than the revolver or the carbine. The men of the company were highly complimented by Gen. McClellan at a review of Franklin's command on the 22nd. Oliver B. Knowles, before the war was over, rose to the rank of brevet brigadier general.

CHAPTER VI.

OFF FOR WASHINGTON.

WHILE Captain Boyd's company was thus engaged in active service in Virginia, nine companies were in New York. There had been delay in providing uniforms. Then there were unsettled obligations on account of subsistence. The officers wished to have these accounts settled before going to the front. The German officers absolutely refused to go until these matters were adjusted. The cost of raising and subsisting these companies had been about $8,000. The Union Defense Committee had raised and disbursed large sums. Voluntary subscriptions had been liberal. The state had appropriated many thousands of dollars. But the calls had been large and continual, for many regiments had been raised. Many of the officers of this regiment had personally expended large sums.

In the latter part of Buchanan's administration it had been necessary for the government to borrow largely. This had been done by the sale of bonds. As an indication of the credit of the government at this time, the bids for these bonds ranged from 90 down to 75 cents on the dollar. The government refused to accept less than 90. The money thus raised had carried the late administration, with something remaining in the treasury. Congress would not meet in special session till July 4th. President Lincoln without authority, but justified by the emergency, had taken more

than a million of dollars from the treasury, and sent it to New York. This had been intrusted to a few reliable men, one of whom was John A. Dix, to be used according to their judgment in equipping the forces that were being raised. But such had been the expenses incurred that there were no available funds for meeting the obligations of this regiment.

Captain F. C. Adams, who later held a staff office appointment, but was not connected with the regiment, was sent to Washington to see what could be done in regard to these unpaid bills. This was August 19th. Congress had appropriated $20,000,000 for this work of equipment. Mr. Adams carried a letter to Secretary Seward. The secretary endorsed the letter and referred Mr. Adams to Quartermaster General Meigs. There was so much confusion in the department owing to the increased amount of business, and the inexperience of new appointees, that it was difficult to get business promptly attended to. Mr. Adams thought, that, to make a sure thing of the matter, he would go to the President. In the midst of all the cares of his great office the President gave his attention to the condition of the regiment, and gave Mr. Adams a note to the Secretary of War:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, August 19th, 1861.

Will the Secretary of War see Mr. Adams, and take measure to have the regiment come forward at once.

A. LINCOLN.

The secretary issued the order for the regiment to come, but he did not see clearly how to dispose of the matter of the indebtedness that had been incurred. Mr. Adams went to see General Meigs, who at once wrote an order directing that the bills for supplies furnished be presented to him, certified by the quartermaster and colonel, promising to see that they were paid. Mr. Adams who had thus acted as negotiator returned at once to New York and reported.

The 25th of August was an eventful day. We were to

start for Washington. The morning was bright and beautiful and everything was propitious. The men were in high spirits as they struck and folded tents, and loaded the wagons with equipage and baggage. Personal effects had accumulated, and many of the men chose to have their effects, even their blankets, transported, rather than carry them. Finally, all was ready and the command,—"Fall in," was given. From Elm Park the four German companies, and from Bellevue Garden the five English companies marched to Union Square.

Here the colonel was to be presented with a horse and set of equipments. "Lightfoot" was a magnificent horse, light, dappled gray, with a full flowing mane and tail, clean-limbed, perfectly formed, powerful, intelligent and gentle. He was a conspicuous feature in every parade and on the march. When the colonel left the service in 1864 he left the horse with his son, Lieutenant B. F. McReynolds. After the war "Lightfoot" was bought for $1,000, it was said, by a Philadelphia merchant as a riding horse for the ladies of his family.

In and around Union Square a vast multitude had assembled. In parading a regiment the adjutant is a conspicuous officer. The adjutant at this time had been a captain in the preliminary organization, but objections had been made, and at the muster in another had been chosen in his place. But he had done what he could in raising the regiment, and was deemed entitled to a position, and had been given the very responsible position of adjutant. He had served in the English army, and it was supposed that his experience would be valuable. He was a man of fine physique, tall, with broad shoulders, small waist and hips, erect, straight, dark, with a black moustache waxed and twisted to sharp points reaching far out to either side, like the wings of a flying sparrow. He wore cavalier-like boots, square toed,

with wide, funnel-shaped tops reaching to his thighs, and large steel spurs with rowels the size of a silver dollar. He wore a wide-bladed sabre, an heirloom in his family. He was an accomplished horseman, and was not entirely unconscious of his good points. Consciousness of one's abilities imparts confidence, and, mixed in proper proportions with other qualities, is an element of military success. But the adjutant was lacking in quickness of perception of opportunities and facility in adapting himself to emergencies and possibilities. Exert himself as he would, the lines of the companies, squadrons and battalions that should have swung around easily to their positions on the sides of a hollow square, as at the motion of a magic hand, would get in each other's way. Finally the lines were formed and Mr. Richard Busteed, a prominent citizen, in behalf of several liberal gentlemen, made a speech presenting the horse and equipments to Col. McReynolds. To this speech the colonel fittingly replied. The ceremonies over, the companies formed in compact column marched down Broadway. They presented a fine appearance, and were greeted with hearty cheers by the mass of people that crowded the street and waved their flags from every window. They had come to know the regiment well, and sent it off with best wishes, for in its ranks and among its officers were men well known and esteemed in the best social life of the city. Sad leave-takings were mingled with the high hopes that were cherished.

The march down Broadway was an ovation. At the foot of Courtland street the companies embarked on a steamer for Perth Amboy, by the channel between Staten Island and the Jersey shore. After the long standing in line during the speech-making at Union Square, and the march, which together had taken more than the forenoon, the men were in condition to do full justice to an ample

lunch of sandwiches dealt out by Quartermaster Bailey himself, during the passage by boat. At Perth Amboy a train was in readiness. Box cars had been fitted up with plain board seats arranged to hold as many men as possible. For ventilation big holes had been made in the sides and ends of the cars. The train was a slow one. At every house along the line of the road flags were displayed, and everywhere groups of people cheered the passing train. A night lunch was waiting in Philadelphia. There were then no sleeping cars with luxurious berths provided for the all-night ride, and the men made themselves as comfortable as possible on the board seats. A bright morning followed. While crossing the open country in the northern part of Delaware there was an accident to the engine, and the train stopped. Immediately the men were out of their close and cramped quarters and spreading themselves in every direction over the fields. The chance to exercise was a relief. At some distance across the fields was a fine country mansion, and soon four or five of the men were there—for what they had come they could hardly tell. It was a wealthy and hospitable family, and they insisted on supplying their unexpected morning callers with a quickly prepared lunch of bread, ham and coffee. Their sociable presence added to the pleasure of the breakfast. Proffered payment was declined. Hearty thanks were returned for the generous entertainment. But our friend O'Brien could never be outdone in his sweeping and gracious bows and profusion of compliments. This was our first acquaintance in a home on the southern soil—a home of culture, refinement and hospitality. But the repeated and prolonged whistle of the repaired engine sounded the recall, and soon the loaded train moved on.

Engines were not allowed to pass through the city of Baltimore. On the arrival of a passenger train at either

station, the engine was detached, then to each coach, one after another, six powerful horses were hitched, tandem, and quickly driven to the other station, on the opposite side of the city. The box cars of our train were not transferred in this way. The companies were unloaded, and forming in column, marched across the city. The mob element had remembered the lesson taught by the Sixth Massachusetts regiment on the 19th of April, and there were no open signs of disloyalty. Boarding another train of box cars we were on our way to Washington, noting along the way the defences that had been made by the Seventh New York, during its month's service, for the protection of the road. Early in the night we reached Washington, and stayed the best we could in the depot and freight buildings, sleeping on the floor with a newspaper for a blanket.

In the morning of August 27 the men awoke to look upon the capitol. There the great building stood, with its unfinished dome surrounded by a mass of scaffolding, a type of the uncompleted condition of the Republic. The doors were open and soon the men were wandering through its long halls and corridors. They were allowed the privilege of resting in the chambers of congress, as the houses were not in session. Many of the rooms in the basement were used as bakeries for supplying the camps with bread. Sight seeing had to be postponed, when, the arrival of the regiment having been reported at the proper headquarters and orders received, the companies formed and took up their march on Pennsylvania avenue to Seventh street, and up that street a mile and a half to a part of the city now known as Le Droit Park. This section, now well built up, was then open country, the farm of Mr. Moore. In a grove of scattering scrub oaks near the present intersection of Fourth and Wilson streets, the camp was established and named Camp Meigs.

CHAPTER VII.

IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.

MR. and Mrs. Moore and their two daughters, with two or three colored servants, were well-to-do and hospitable people of Union sympathies. Some of the officers messed in the house, and a few, averse to living in a tent, had rooms here. On a recent visit the writer found Mrs. Moore still living, about eighty-five years of age, and her two daughters with her. Her mind was clear, and her memory of the officers and some of the men very accurate, and not unkind, although there were at that time many things that were annoying to the family.

On the 3rd of September the Grand Rapids Company (K) joined those encamped on Moore's farm. They were mostly stalwart Western men. They had come direct from home. With many of them it was their first experience away from home, and soon there were cases of homesickness among them, stalwart and patriotic though they were. It became a serious thing, until one of their number, Erastus Noble, gifted with an ability to write rhymes, composed a number of stanzas touching in a humorous way on the traits of officers and men, and the peculiarities of their new conditions, closing with the refrain

"And every time you face about
You turn upon your heel."

He soon had the men heartily singing his stanzas and making merry over their hardships. "Music hath charms." This was better than a surgeon's prescription, and they soon

proved to be some of the best men in the regiment. On the 10th of September Company M, that had remained in New York to fill up its ranks came on, and the regiment with its twelve companies was complete.

The following were the officers:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel—ANDREW T. MCREYNOLDS.
Lieutenant Colonel—FREDERICK VON SCHICKFUSS.
First Major—CHARLES H. OGLE.
Second Major—ALONZO W. ADAMS.
Third Major—AUGUST HAURAND.
Adjutant—JENYNS C. BATTERSBY.
Quartermaster—EZRA H. BAILEY.
Surgeon—FREDERICK ELLIOTT.
Assistant Surgeon—GEORGE M. BEAKS.
Chaplain—REV. CHARLES M. RIGHLY.

COMPANY OR LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.
Captain—Abram Jones.
First Lieut.—Thomas R. Leavitt.
Second Lieut.—Cliff. Thomson.

COMPANY B.
Captain—Henry B. Todd.
First Lieut.—John Ennis.
Second Lieut.—Richard H. Lee.

COMPANY C.
Captain—Wm. H. Boyd.
First Lieut.—Wm. W. Hanson.
Second Lieut.—Jas. H. Stevenson.

COMPANY D.
Captain—Daniel H. Harkins.
First Lieut.—Samuel C. Sprague.
Second Lieut.—James A. Duffy.

COMPANY E.
Captain—Lambert J. Simons.
First Lieut.—J. D. Kryniski.
Second Lieut.—Adolph Schmidt.

COMPANY F.
Captain—David A. Bennett.
First Lieut.—Richard P. Thomas.
Second Lieut.—Charles Woodruff.

COMPANY G.
Captain—Frederick Hendricks.
First Lieut.—Emil Coenen.
Second Lieut.—F. F. Schmidt.

COMPANY H.
Captain—Joseph H. Stearns.
First Lieut.—Harry B. Hidden.
Second Lieut.—David R. Disbrow.

COMPANY I.
Captain—Count Ferdinand Stosch.
First Lieut.—Robert H. O. Hertzog.
Second Lieut.—A. Von Lengerki.

COMPANY K.
Captain—Anson N. Norton.
First Lieut.—Henry W. Granger.
Second Lieut.—Frank G. Martindale.

COMPANY L.
Captain—Gustav Otto.
First Lieut.—Franz Passegger.
Second Lieut.—Frederick Daber.

COMPANY M.
Captain—Thomas J. Lord.
First Lieut.—Rich'd G. Prendergast.
Second Lieut.—Frederick A. Nims.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
E Pluribus Unum.

To all who shall see these presents greeting:

Know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Andrew T. McReynolds, I do appoint him Colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry Volunteers in the service of the United States; to rank as such from the thirteenth day of September, eighteen hundred and sixty-one. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Colonel by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge, and require all officers and soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Colonel, and he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or of the General, or other superior officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of war. This commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

Given under my hand at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and in the eighty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

This was the colonel's commission.

The raising of this regiment had been authorized directly by the President, and was not under the authority of any state. The colonel received his commission from the President of the United States, and he was the only colonel of volunteers so commissioned. When the subject of commissioning the officers was brought before the secretary of war, it was decided that officers of the volunteers must be commissioned by the governor of the state from which they came. As ten companies were raised in New York, the entire regiment was assigned to that state, although Pennsylvania had furnished one company and Michigan another. It was thereafter known as the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry.

General Stoneman was chief of cavalry on the staff of General McClellan. It was no easy work that he had to do. Horses, horse equipments and arms were to be supplied. These were not all readily obtainable. They were furnished in installments.

The papers of the time were full of complaints as to the quality of various supplies, and the way in which contracts were filled. Possibly a few contractors were influenced by the predictions that the war would be over in three months, and were led to believe that it would answer all purposes if the clothing furnished should wear that length of time. Possibly some of those who purchased, and some of the inspectors who "passed" inferior horses thought these would do well enough for "breaking" purposes. Some of the men as well as the horses had to be "broken in," for it was suspected that a few of them had never mounted a horse before.

While there were few high bred horses among those furnished, yet the most of them were good, serviceable animals. Some of them well cared for were kept in the service till near the close of the war. Quite a number of the men preferred to own their horses. The proper care of his horse is an important part of the cavalryman's duty, and there were many in the ranks who needed instruction. The officers who had seen service were of advantage, and while there were occasional unpleasant experiences, the men made good progress in mounted drill.

The ground first selected for the camp was not well adapted for mounted drill, and on the 19th of September, the camp was moved to Meridian Hill,—high, wide grounds in the neighborhood of Fifteenth street, and not far from the present Zoological Park. Rock Creek afforded a convenient watering place.

Lieutenant Colonel Von Schickfuss established schools

of instruction for the officers. He understood his business, and he devoted himself to the promotion of thorough drill and discipline throughout the regiment.

Occasionally a detail was ordered to cross the river and take a ride out in Virginia beyond the pickets. To be allowed to go was considered a privilege. Such a detail one day was to be made up from Company K,—all who had received horses and arms. Some of the arms furnished were old and out of order.

One of the company was Edwin F. Savacool, a slight-built boy with sandy hair and complexion. He had lived at Marshall, Mich. His widowed mother and the rest of the family begged him not to enlist. It was not easy for him to resist their entreaties, but it was harder to resist the inclination to go. With others he found his way to Grand Rapids where Captain Norton was raising his company of cavalry. When he presented himself for enlistment the captain is said to have laughed at him. It was ridiculous,—so young and slender a boy for a cavalryman. He was rejected,—too young and small. But he found friends, Warren, Bentley, and Martindale, who interceded for him. He was smuggled into the rear rank and mustered in,—the happiest fellow among them all. It did not occur to any one that he would yet be captain of the company.

He made himself useful in every possible way. He was quiet, cheerful, observing and modest as a girl of ten. He wanted to go on this detail into Virginia. He tried to get some one of those detailed to stay home and let him go in his place. No one would change with him. He managed to get a horse; now if he only could find some arms. Among the discarded arms he found an empty scabbard and improvised a belt. Then he found the rusty stub end of an old broken sabre,—the hilt and six or eight inches of the blade. Now he could show a hilt, at least. As

happy as could be he reported himself mounted, armed and equipped, and took his place in line with the rest. But he had not counted on an inspection. Every detail must be inspected before going on duty. The order was,—"Draw,—" and "Present sabres." The "presented" stub provoked roars of laughter. That poor fellow was almost overwhelmed. But everybody begged that he might be allowed to go along, and go he did.

While located here the men were allowed many privileges in visiting the places of interest in the city. In the two houses of congress were many eminent men, and it was a privilege to look in upon the sessions. Important questions were being considered. These questions were ably debated. The machinery of government was observed. Notice was taken of the gradual change of opinion among the people throughout the country. A single utterance of some clear, strong-minded statesman would exert wide influence throughout the country, as it suggested discussion in the journals of the day. And the army was not a mass of unthinking men. Much correspondence from the camp appeared in the newspapers. The New York Tribune generously offered to send a number of copies of its semi-weekly edition to the regiment, and these were passed along from tent to tent, and closely read. It was something worth recording when one had the opportunity to see the President, perhaps to shake hands with him, and he greeted everyone who came into his presence with unaffected cordiality.

The defeat at Bull Run had a somewhat demoralizing effect on McDowell's army. It was only temporary, however. The men as individuals quickly recovered their spirit. Horace Greeley who in the columns of the Tribune had sounded the cry, "On to Richmond," more loudly than any one else—now wrote to President Lincoln, speaking of the

hundreds of brave men who were "lying yet unburied on the field of Bull Run," and urging him to make peace with the rebels on the best terms obtainable. This was not the feeling among the men, even in the defeated army. The event seemed to strengthen the people in their purpose to put down the rebellion. New forces of volunteers gathered around Washington. They kept coming. The secretary of war had evidently awakened from his belief that the war would be over in ninety days, and while he was not at all efficient himself, he was not interfering with others who were trying to do effective service.

General McClellan was commander-in-chief. His success in his brief campaign in West Virginia, although a large part of the credit was due to his subordinates, gave him a prestige that was regarded as an assurance of victory in the conflict that was to come. To make an organized and disciplined army out of the zealous but untrained volunteers was the purpose of the new commander, and to this object he devoted all his energies. Confidence in the ability to win is an important element in winning. An officer in one of the regiments had publicly expressed the opinion that the government would not succeed in suppressing the rebellion. This came to the knowledge of President Lincoln who promptly dismissed the officer in disgrace from the service. There must be no doubting, half-hearted way of doing the work that had to be done. The spirit of the commander becomes the spirit of the army.

As a means of inspiring confidence among the men General McClellan visited the camps, took notice of the drills, and commended a thing well done. He held a succession of great reviews. The first of these was held on the 8th of October in a wide level plain east of the capitol. The forces reviewed were mostly artillery and cavalry. These were arranged in long lines, and the general, followed

by his brilliant staff and a number of invited general officers mounted on superb horses, and his body guard of cavalry, rode rapidly along in front of each line. The general with his quick, nervous, graceful manner, seeming to notice each soldier as he rode past, recognizing the compliment of a cheer by lifting his cap, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Then after he had taken his place on one side of the field a little in advance of the line of his staff and other attendants, the batteries of artillery and squadrons of cavalry, wheeling from the right of the lines, marched in review before him. The batteries with their burnished guns, each gun carriage and caisson drawn by six horses, the squadrons of cavalry with bright sabres, fluttering guidons, and waving flags, made an imposing appearance. A vast multitude in carriages, on horseback and on foot had assembled to witness the review. Each man felt that he was a part of a mighty host, and that upon this host the eyes of the nation were resting with high hopes and expectations. But even here the inefficiency because of the want of thorough drill and discipline could be observed. There was some lack of order in wheeling and marching. In one instance there was so much confusion and the officers were so wanting in the ability to quietly restore order, that an aide on the general's staff was sent to order the regiment off the field of review and back to its camp. The men felt the humiliation deeply. Every man had a feeling of pride in the discipline and good name of the organization to which he belonged. Even the horses seemed to understand the differences between strict discipline and the lack of it. The presence of a master made itself felt in promptness in speech and action, and in the ability to see, without apparent effort, all that was going on. It was not the blustering, threatening captain, but the quiet, observing one that had the best company.

On the 10th of October we broke camp, marched across

Long Bridge, and made a new camp in an open field near Ball's Cross Roads, back of Arlington Heights.

That part of Virginia opposite Washington was a pleasant land to look upon. There were many creeks, tributaries to larger streams that flowed into the Potomac. There were prominent broad-topped, rounded hills, and wide open fields. Portions were covered with heavy forests of oak, chestnut and pine. The soil was generally a yellowish or reddish clay, in places gravelly. This soil under good cultivation had once borne good crops. Many of the farms that had once been parts of large estates, had become exhausted by the raising of tobacco, and on these neglected lands there had grown up thickets of second growth pines, so dense that a horseman could not ride through them, and even men on foot could with difficulty work their way through. One could not see beyond a short distance into these young forests. Here and there was a fine residence, but many of the houses were small and old, and their occupants poor people.

The location of the camp was four or five miles from Washington, and in this direction the outmost camp. Some strong earth forts had been built in a semi-circle from above Arlington to a point south of Alexandria. How far away the enemy was we did not know. But the Union picket line was supposed to be two or three miles beyond, and from some picket posts on high hills the posts of the enemy on distant hills could be seen. No collision was considered probable except between hostile scouting parties. But hardly had the men made themselves comfortable for the night in their new camp when it was reported that an attack was expected; a body of Confederates was approaching. The alarm spread quickly through the camp. Orders were given to "turn out and saddle up." The orders were promptly obeyed amid considerable excitement. The cause

of the alarm was afterward understood. One of the majors was a man of large physical proportions, with an assurance of at least equal proportions. On his large head was a mass of thick bushy hair that he was in the habit of combing upwards with his fingers, and he wore a moderately large "bay window" in front. He had aspired to the captaincy of Company A, but that company had preferred another. Disappointed elsewhere he had sought a lieutenantcy in one of the German companies, but the proposition had been met with a vehement "Nein! Nein!" from the ranks. By plausible representations that he wanted the office only for a short time and as a means of securing a higher position elsewhere, the Germans were persuaded to consent to the arrangement. On the announcement of the field and staff, to the surprise of the officers and men he was named one of the majors. This announcement was met by a vigorous and formal protest from the other officers, but without avail. An appeal was made to higher authorities, but he succeeded in holding his position. He spoke often and much of his acquaintance and influence with high officials, and seemed to have some means of a political nature of advancing himself, not generally known. He lacked judgment and common sense, and was the object of many a joke and much ridicule.

On the start from Meridian Hill he was not on hand, and the senior captain commanded his battalion. Later, followed by an orderly and a colored servant, he had overtaken the column and was greeted with loud laughter as he rode forward and back trying to find his proper place. Finally, the colonel, in order to stop these unseemly doings, sent him forward to the camp to look after matters there. But the major, disliking the idea of sleeping on the cold ground, sought other quarters, and had found, some distance beyond the camp, a lowly house occupied by a poor woman

whose husband was in the Confederate army. Sometime after nightfall some officers and men had gone out as a patrol, and as an after thought, concluded to look for the missing major. Seeing him through the lighted window they planned a joke. While the main body remained in the road, a few knocked vigorously at the door, representing themselves as Confederates and demanding the surrender of the Union officer who was hiding there, for the major and his attendants had quickly concealed themselves. The poor woman welcomed the supposed companions of her husband. The major was compelled to come out of his uncomfortable hiding place, when, recognizing the members of his own regiment he protested against such "disrespectful treatment of a superior officer." This was the supposed Confederate party that was threatening an attack on the camp. Like the Rumor of the Aeneid, the report had traveled fast and had grown as it traveled.

The locality of this camp was found unfavorable, and on the 21st of October a new place was selected about two miles to the northwest, in a wide meadow land on what was known as Brown's farm.

A sergeant with an assistant was sent on in advance to lay out the camp. He had set stakes to mark the company lines and the tents of the field and staff, and had roughly drawn on paper the plan of the camp. Major Charles H. Ogle rode upon the ground at the head of his battalion. He was a West Point graduate, a trained and competent soldier, but given to drinking habits. As the companies had arrived the sergeant had directed each to its place, and had received a respectful "Thank you," especially from the German officers. But Major Ogle was in no condition to be civil. In response to his question as to where his companies were to go, the sergeant, referring to his plan of the camp, pointed to a tree and some stakes that marked

the place for his companies. With a perfect torrent of oaths and abuse, and with a violent motion of his arm that indicated the way in which he would have liked to take off the sergeant's head if he had had his sabre in his hand, said, "I don't want anything of your—paper! Mount your horse and show me where to go!" The sergeant mounted his horse, and rode to the head of one of the lines and called to the major that there was the line of his first company. After another storm of abuse from the major the sergeant went to locate the others.

With the camp well pitched there came a long, cold, drizzling rain, and the men kept themselves in their small A tents. The rain tightened up the canvas so that it made a good shelter. But with only a little straw on the damp, cold ground and a few blankets, the quarters were anything but comfortable. There could be no drilling. Sufficient supplies could not be had. The horses had to stand tied to the picket ropes without shelter, shivering, and part of the time without forage. The camp became a field of mud.

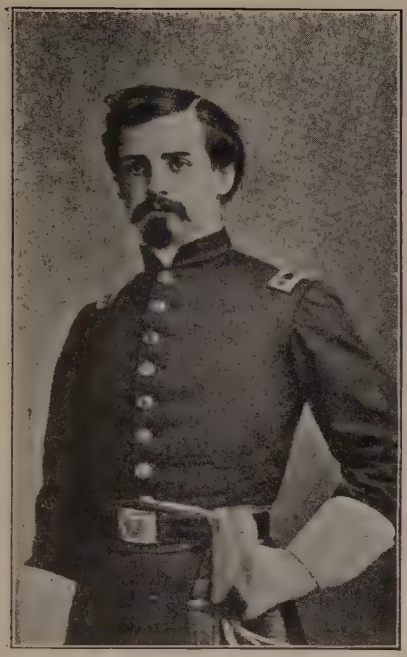
October 24th orders were received to move the camp to some gravelly hill sides on Four Mile Run, near Arlington Mills, the headquarters of General Palmer, chief of cavalry. Again the engineer sergeant with his assistant was sent on to lay out the camp. He made up his mind to take philosophically whatever abuse was offered him.

Captain Thomas J. Lord of Company M was a gentleman whose appearance and manner would indicate that he was a personage of very considerable importance, but not a man of robust, martial vigor. He wore heavy, long, pendent side whiskers, with his lower middle face smooth shaven. He seemed little inclined to hold familiar intercourse with enlisted men. After some months of service he was discharged for disability. It fell to the lot of Richard G. Prendergast to meet the men when necessary.

He was a young Englishman, tall and slim, with sandy complexion, hair and mustache. He had a peculiar obliquity of speech. He pronounced the letter *d* as *g*, and *r* as *w*. He was much given to the use of expletives, and seemed to think some distance should be observed between the officers and men in the ranks.

The line of his company was pointed out to the lieutenant, but it did not quite suit him, and he changed it and also the place for his own tent. The sergeant politely informed him that he was not pitching his tent in the right place, and again pointed out the company line. As he was moving away the lieutenant followed him with a number of emphatic expressions, wishing that "that gam sergeant would ming his own business." The sergeant understanding that it was "his business" to see that the camp was properly arranged, soon returned and informed the lieutenant that according to the plan of a camp prescribed by the army regulations his tent was to go *there,* and *there* was to be the company line. One could afford to be good natured when backed by such authority. The lieutenant was somewhat surprised, but gracefully yielded, and even came afterward to the sergeant to ask for some more specific directions that he had not at first understood. He proved a good fighter, and near the end of the war was killed while leading a daring charge.

Company C, Captain Boyd, after crossing the Potomac August 7th, had remained at Alexandria attached to the command of Gen. Franklin. August 18th they had their first fight, and won their first victory. Franklin's command was made up of the 15th, 18th, 31st and 32nd regiments of N. Y. infantry, Arnold's battery of regular artillery, and Boyd's company of cavalry. August 28th these forces moved out about three miles from Alexandria and encamped near Fairfax Seminary, an Episcopal theological



HENRY B. HIDDEN.

ABRAM JONES.

CHARLES R. PETERSON.

PETERSON'S SABRE CLASP.

school. In the vicinity were the brigades of Slocum, Newton and Kearney. The four brigades were combined into the Alexandria division with Franklin in command. The cavalry company was attached to division headquarters, with details reporting regularly as mounted orderlies to the brigade commanders.

The Union out-post on the Leesburg turnpike was at Bailey's Cross Roads. Mason's, Upton's, and Munson's Hills were occupied by the Confederates who had constructed upon them earth works. The Confederate flag over the fort on Munson's Hill was a conspicuous object easily seen from the dome of the capitol. The opposing picket lines were at no great distance apart. The pickets could call to each other, and there was occasionally an exchange of shots. A cannon ball shattered the corner of the house at Bailey's Cross Roads. An entire brigade would go out to the front for two or three days. The men were becoming well drilled and accustomed to skirmish firing. Gen. McClellan's frequent appearance was greeted with enthusiasm, and inspired confidence. After awhile the Confederates abandoned their line of forts, and our picket line was advanced.

Thus far Company C had been detached from the rest of the companies. But on the 28th of October the regiment at Arlington Mills broke camp. Colonel McReynolds with five companies joined Gen. Franklin, and with Company C, established Camp Kearney. Lieut. Col. Von Schickfuss with the other six,—B, F, and the four German companies—reported to Gen. Heintzelman at Fort Lyon, below Alexandria.

This fort was on the brow of a high table land. Between the high bluff on which the fort was built and the city, lay the wide valley of Hunter's Run into which flowed Cameron Run. The fort was one of the largest and strong-

est in the semi-circle of defences, and was equipped with many heavy guns that commanded the valley and a wide range of the country to the south and west. Beyond the fort were lines of lower earthworks and rifle pits.

The new camp was on high, level meadow land on the farm of Mr. Gillingham, a field's width west of the road that led from Alexandria to Mt. Vernon. It was sheltered on the south and west by heavily timbered woodlands.

We were in the neighborhood of old historic families. Six miles to the south was Mt. Vernon, visited reverently by soldiers of either army. At a less distance were the ruins of an old home of Lord Fairfax, occupied by him before he built his later home beyond the Blue Ridge. The Hunters, Lewises, Grahams and Masons were other noted families which had lived in the vicinity. While living on their fine country estates members of these families had from time immemorial held official positions under the government. On the coming of the Union armies many prominent families had abandoned their homes and gone farther south.

Not far from the camp was the fine farm of George Mason who boasted that he was a descendant of the royal house of the Stuarts. He owned many slaves and had been a magistrate noted for the cruel punishments he had inflicted on accused persons whom he had adjudged guilty. He was a secessionist. When the Union army crossed into Virginia he made ready to leave for Richmond with all the valuables he could take with him. A detachment of Union troops appeared on the scene just as his loaded carriages were leaving the grounds. His grinning slaves could not repress their signs of delight as they saw the cavalcade stopped and their master placed under guard in his own house. Afterward he took the oath of allegiance as a loyal Unionist and filed a claim for damages done by the soldiers who had encamped on his estate—$20,000 for trees cut down for

fuel, $10,000 for fences destroyed, and $80 an acre for injuries done to the land itself.

Camp Schickfuss was one of the best ordered camps in the history of the regiment. The lieutenant colonel commanding was prompt, approachable and gentlemanly. He was up and out on the grounds at reveille. He supervised affairs. As often as practicable he called out the entire available command and drilled it in person, and the various evolutions skillfully performed were enjoyed by the men as well as by the commander himself. His wife, a comely, cheery woman, heartily respected, shared his life in the camp.

For supplies of hay and straw we foraged around the country, the quartermaster giving receipts for what was taken. Rations of fresh and salt meat, hard and soft bread, and beans were sufficient and good, although not always properly cooked. It was customary for the sutler to keep extras for sale, but some of these were not very digestible.

A special sutler had been appointed by the lieutenant colonel, but no sooner was the camp in order than Franklin, the regimental sutler, appeared with his loaded wagons, purposing without asking leave, to pitch his tent and open up a branch department stock of cheap stationery, tobacco, musty ginger snaps and cheese, with some kegs of beer and cases of whisky. He was a peculiar, dark-visaged man, who supposed that his appointment as regimental sutler was about the same thing as a commission, giving him rank on an equality with the staff officers. He was surprised therefore, when he found that the lieutenant colonel did not recognize the right and privileges that he claimed, but on the contrary told him to take his wagons back whence he had brought them. As sutler of the regiment he demanded the right to sell goods wherever any part of the regiment might be.

"You cannot be sutler here."

"Do I understand that you will not allow me to have my tent here?"

"You understand that I order you off these grounds."

"Will you give me that order in writing?"

"It is not necessary."

And chafing with unavailing wrath over this want of recognition, and the loss of profits from expected sales, he drove his wagons back to Camp Kearney where greater woes awaited him.

The Accotink creek flows into the Potomac below Mt. Vernon. The Occoquan, of which Bull Run is a tributary, is from two to three miles from the Accotink. The courses of the two streams are nearly parallel. The Confederates under Gen. Wigfall were beyond the Occoquan. The two streams were the picket lines of the respective armies. The region between was debatable ground. Scouting parties from either side would enter this ground. Small parties under cover of night would steal inside the opposing picket line. A few skirmishes had taken place. On the 11th of November a detachment of the Fourth Maine infantry, Col. Berry, was ordered out for a scout beyond the Accotink. As a cavalry advance for this infantry the greater part of Company B was ordered out. Captain Henry B. Todd and Lieutenant John Ennis went with the cavalry. They rested that night at Olivet Chapel. The next day they crossed the Accotink and went as far as Pohick Church, about six miles west of Mt. Vernon, making their way leisurely. On the 12th, returning, they recrossed the Accotink some distance in the rear of the infantry. Captain Todd and a few of his men had stopped at a house. Foraging for necessaries was sometimes indulged in, and convenient things for the camp found at abandoned houses were appropriated, although contrary to general orders. Bugler William Den-

ton had appropriated a side saddle which he proposed to take to camp presumably for the use of the wife of one of the officers. Charles R. Peterson had found several numbers of Harper's Magazine, which he had buckled inside his belt. The road led through some very dense second-growth woods. Here a party of Confederates had lain concealed while the infantry and the larger part of the cavalry had passed. As the small party of cavalry came along the Confederates rose from their ambush and fired at close range. The captain's horse was killed. Sergeant O'Brien's horse was shot and he was thrown violently to the ground, saying, as he was trying to rise, "Oh, Oi'm hurted, Oi'm hurted!" The few others seeing no chance to accomplish anything, dashed through the line of Confederates who had partially surrounded them and escaped.

The Confederates taking the captain and three or four other prisoners, hurried away lest a force from the column that had passed, hearing the firing, should return. Clark Stanton, escaping from the skirmish, quickly overtook the remainder of the cavalry under Lieutenant Ennis, and begged the lieutenant to return, as there were but a few of the enemy, and the company could easily defeat them and rescue their captive comrades. The lieutenant refused. Stanton asked that a dozen men might be allowed to go back with him, but the lieutenant positively commanded that not a man should leave the ranks, and gave orders to move on after the infantry. The wounded Denton, still keeping his side-saddle, rode on with the rest, until, reaching the camp of the 38th N. Y. infantry, he was left behind in the hospital of that regiment where the next day he died.

There was consternation in the camp when, late in the afternoon, Eldridge S. Mitchell galloped into the grounds and down the company line, excitedly announcing that the company had been in a fight and cut to pieces, the captain

and several men were prisoners, some were wounded, and Peterson was killed. Later Lieut. Ennis returned with what remained, when the details of the unfortunate affair were rehearsed. Peterson's loss was lamented, for he was a good, self-possessed soldier, and a cheerful comrade. It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, when the next morning he came walking into camp, as unconcerned as if nothing serious had happened, bringing his arms and a rebel bullet flattened on the clasp of his sabre belt. A Confederate standing near the head of his horse, had fired straight at him, and Peterson felt the shock. Another shot struck his horse in the nose and maddened him. He reared and plunged beyond control, and dashed sidewise against the rail fence by the roadside with such force as to throw Peterson over the fence. He was badly shaken up and stunned, but kept his senses and lay perfectly still in the thick underbush, watching events.

When the Confederates had got together their prisoners, and departed, he rose from his shelter under the fence, took a deliberate survey of the field of fight, and took up his line of march on foot. At night he reached the camp of the other part of the regiment where he was generously entertained, and the next morning came to his own camp. The magazines within his belt had broken the force of the bullet which had torn its way almost through the clasp.

The prisoners were relieved of all articles of value and marched all night and next day to Manassas. The captain tried to cheer up his fellow prisoners, but before they reached the end of their long, weary, hungry march, a few tears were observed to course down his cheeks as his changed condition occurred to him. Although not one of the most active officers, he had many excellent qualities and was well thought of. His name was the maiden name of President Lincoln's wife, and his captors gained the impres-

sion that he was a relative. He was exchanged some months later and was made provost marshal of Washington, which position he held until 1864, when for some reason, he was dismissed from the service. Adjutant J. C. Battersby became captain of Company B.

This affair was announced in large head lines in the next morning's papers. In a northern city the paper was being scanned at the breakfast table when the flaming head lines were noticed. It caused consternation. A brother was in Captain Todd's company. As soon as the head of the family could reach the telegraph office he wired an officer whom he knew to be in Fort Lyon, asking if the brother was safe. Time after time during the day and till late at night he went to the telegraph office, but no message came. After a night of anxiety he went early in the morning. The operator said "No reply yet." Then as the instrument renewed its clicking,—"Here it comes, now."

"He is all right."

CHAPTER VIII.

CAMP KEARNEY.

NOVEMBER 17th the six companies at Camp Schickfuss struck tents, loaded their baggage wagons and joined the rest of the regiment at Camp Kearney. This camp was well located on a sloping field on the north side of the road that ran in front of the extensive grounds of Fairfax Seminary. Among some large oak trees on the eastern and higher part of the grounds was a long brick house of two stories above a high brick basement, with a veranda the length of the house. This was headquarters. The house had been built in colonial days and had been the home of prominent families. General Kearney of the New Jersey brigade had his headquarters in a larger house near by. Gen. Wm. B. Franklin commanding the Alexandria division, occupied a tent pitched on the grounds of a stately mansion that had been the home of one of the faculty of the seminary.

Early in the morning of Nov. 21, in compliance with orders received the day before, provided with a few rounds of ammunition and rations for the day, with rolled blankets strapped to the saddles, the regiment was mounted and on the march on the Leesburg turnpike. Soldiers were supposed to be prepared for the execution of whatever orders might be given, and not to be surprised at anything that might happen. But there was to be no fight this day. In the neighborhood of Bailey's Cross Roads a large area had been cleared of fences and other obstructions, and made suitable for extensive military maneuvers. The whole army

of the Potomac was there. It was estimated that there were present twenty-five thousand artillery and cavalry, and seventy-five thousand infantry. The men appeared in their best condition. With their uniforms of dark or light blue with varied distinguishing colors, the bright guns of the artillery, the flashing sabres of the cavalry and the long lines of infantry with their glittering bayonets, with numberless bright flags and guidons, these gathered hosts presented an appearance that for magnificence had never been equaled on the American continent. They recalled the pictures of the great armies of Napoleon. A battery on the right fired all its guns. A battery in the center fired its guns, and this was followed by a battery on the left. Seven times was this done,—the salute of twenty-one guns fired by battery in honor of the President of the United States. The salute was followed by mighty volumes of cheers along the lines. Then from the military bands came the notes of "Hail to the Chief," and soon General McClellan and President Lincoln, followed by a brilliant retinue, came riding along the lines. The men again broke forth in cheers as proof of their devotion to him who represented the nation. The men of the regiment felt that they were specially honored in bearing his name.

The entire army by companies marched in review before the President, the commanding general, and thousands of visitors.

The spirit of the army was at its highest, and it was felt that such a vast power properly wielded could crush any force the rebellion could muster. The general-in-chief could handle that power well on the field of review, and there were high hopes that he could handle it equally well in an active and aggressive campaign. The review from early in the morning till night was a holiday.

And now the monotonous soldiering in camp was con-

tinued, relieved by daily details for picket and patrol duty and frequent scouts beyond the lines. On the 24th a battalion accompanied a force of artillery and infantry from the New Jersey brigade to Burke's station on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and to Anandale, where a body of Confederate cavalry had passed a short time before. For the purpose of gaining reliable information from the inhabitants, scouting parties would frequently represent themselves as Confederates. They would hear themselves abused, and would sometimes gather in some stores that they had found reason to suppose were intended for the use of the enemy.

On the 27th Companies C and F, Captains Boyd and Bennett, went almost to Fairfax Court House where they were challenged by hostile shots from rifle pits. A body of cavalry was seen beyond the rifle pits. Some shots were exchanged, but there was no disposition on either side to become engaged at close quarters. The purpose for which the companies had been sent out was to ascertain the location of the enemy. This having been accomplished, they were willing to retire. But in doing this, if they could lead on the enemy in pursuit and get him into a position where they could take him at a disadvantage, they would like to do it. But soon they became suspicious that the enemy might be planning to get them into just such a situation, by inducing them to delay their return until a force could be sent around to intercept them. So strong did this suspicion become that it was deemed best to return by the round-about way of Falls Church, and thus spy out more of the country while escaping the possible plots of the enemy. On the way, in the edge of some woods beyond a clearing, there suddenly confronted them a long line of infantry skirmishers prepared for a hostile demonstration. Evidently the infantry looked upon the cavalry as enemies, coming as they did from the direction of the enemy's lines. Were the infantry enemies,

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP KEARNEY.

or friends? The cavalry had often practiced deception on the Confederates. Might they be deceived themselves? Captain Boyd rode forward to ascertain. Taking some risk he rode near enough to ask who they were, and received the reply: "The Twentieth New York. Who are you?" Finally each was satisfied that the other was a friend. This possibility of a mistake led to the adoption of signals for identification.

An army in camp means occasional instances of demoralization. In spite of orders to the contrary private property was not always respected. Articles found in abandoned houses were appropriated as much by officers as by enlisted men. Valuable books found their way into the libraries of officers. Gen. Franklin is to be credited with an honest purpose to prevent all wanton plundering, and his appointment of Captain Boyd as provost marshal of the division had in view the better maintenance of good order and discipline. December 1 his company was detached from the regiment as provost guard, and they pitched their tents near division headquarters.

Duty of an unpleasant nature awaited the provost marshal. William H. Johnson of Company D, while on picket duty at Benton's Tavern, went outside the lines and was well on his way towards the enemy's lines when he met a body of infantry that he supposed to be Confederates, but which was a detachment of the New Jersey brigade under Col. Taylor, returning from a scout.

He was not undeceived until he had announced his purpose of deserting from the Union army. He found that he had betrayed himself, and was a prisoner. He was disarmed and placed under guard. A court martial was convened, of which Colonel N. J. Jackson of the 5th Maine infantry was president. Before this court Johnson was brought to trial on the charge of attempting to desert to the enemy. He here

SETON HALL UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PATERSON, N. J.

stated that he desired, not to desert, but to visit his mother and sister who lived in New Orleans. But his statements did not correspond with those he had made to the supposed Confederates into whose hands he had fallen, far outside the lines. He was a peculiar man whose actions at different times had proved him unreliable. But he was not so irresponsible as not to understand the nature of desertion. He was found guilty and condemned to be shot. The sentence was approved by the general-in-chief, who added to his approval: "For simple desertion the penalty is death. For desertion coupled with such treachery there can be no mercy." Friday, the 13th, at 3 p.m., was the time appointed for the execution. This was the first military execution in the army of the Potomac. That it might be made as impressive as possible, all the details specifically stated were published in general orders. The entire division was ordered to be present. The place designated was a wide plain north of the seminary. The brigades of Slocum, Kearney and Newton, each in two lines twenty paces apart, formed three sides of a hollow square. The open side was on the north. The cavalry and artillery, dismounted, were formed facing each other, on the right and left, respectively, of the brigades that formed the east and west sides of the square. The firing party was a detail of one man from each of the companies of the cavalry regiment to which the prisoner belonged. This detail was under the command of a sergeant. The music of the cavalry regiment, the firing party on foot, the open wagon containing the prisoner sitting on his rough pine coffin and attended by the chaplain, an escort of one company of cavalry mounted, made up the melancholy procession at the head of which was the provost marshal. The procession passed between the two lines of the entire division from right to left, the front line facing to the rear while the cortege was passing, when it faced again to the front.

The bands of each brigade, one after another, played a dirge as the long and slow procession passed. After thus passing between the lines on the three sides, the procession took its position on the fourth side of the square. The prisoner, blindfolded, sat on his coffin in front of the firing party of twelve of his own comrades. The carbines had been loaded out of sight of those who were to fire them, a single one being loaded with a blank cartridge. The chaplain spoke his last words to the condemned man. Amid the intense, sickening heart-throbbings of more than ten thousand soldiers, and many civilian spectators, who looked on in death-like silence, the marshal waved his signal. There was a crash of fire arms, and the dying deserter was lying on the ground beside his coffin.

Brigades, regiments, companies marched back to their camps. The general orders had specified that there would be "no other military exercises during the remainder of the day."

'Twas evening; on a tented field, and through the heated haze,
Flashed back from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze;
While from a sombre prison-house seen slowly to emerge
A sad procession, o'er the sward moved to a funeral dirge,
And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.
Still on before the marshalled ranks the train pursued its way,
Up to a designated place whereon a coffin lay,
His coffin! And with reeling brain, despairing, desolate,
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate!
Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air;
He saw his distant southern home, he saw his mother there.
Yet once again, in double file, advancing then he saw
Twelve comrades sternly set apart to execute the law:
But saw no more; his senses swam, deep darkness settled round,
And shuddering, he waited now the fatal volley's sound!

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

On the second of December congress met. Its proceedings were watched with interest, but it was evident that the

rebellion was to be suppressed, not by legislation, but by military force. There had been indications of a vigorous movement against the enemy entrenched at Manassas. The weather up to the last of December was mild. The roads were dry and all things seemed favorable. Great pressure was brought to bear upon McClellan to make an aggressive movement, and he gave repeated assurances that a movement would soon be made. But as the weeks passed by, the men became settled in the conviction that they would remain here, and they began to make themselves comfortable for the winter.

Camp Kearney, our long remembered first winter camp, was named in honor of our colonel's associate captain of cavalry in the Mexican war, now the one-armed, grizzled veteran general of the New Jersey brigade.

The company lines were parallel. At the head of each line of A tents were the wall tents of the company officers. Back of these were the wall tents of the field and staff officers. The brick house behind these was headquarters.

Usually in a cavalry camp the horses were tied to a rope stretched on posts in the middle of the street in front of the line of company tents. But here the stables were outside the camp. Posts were set, and on these were placed poles supporting a roof made from branches of trees, brush, pieces of old canvas and whatever other sheltering material the men could find.

Four men occupying a tent would build log foundations two or three feet high, plastered with mud, and upon these foundations stretch their tents. They would dig out the inside, making the ground floor several inches lower than the ground outside. On each side of this log-walled, canvas-roofed house was space for two narrow bunks, an upper and a lower, with the middle space for "sitting room." The bunks were filled in with hay or straw if it could be had,

and over this were spread the heavy woolen blankets, making very comfortable resting places. Hanging to the tent poles, or lying on the bunks were the arms—sabres, revolvers, carbines, sometimes the bridles and saddles, the saddle often serving as a pillow. At the back of the tent was a chimney built of sticks and mud, topped off with the headless skeleton of a barrel. The chimney was entirely outside. Inside the tent was a little square fireplace of brick or stone laid in mortar or mud. With only green wood to burn, and the wind not always blowing the right way, often more smoke came out of the fireplace than went up the chimney. These quarters were comfortable and the winter was not without its enjoyments.

Generally two men were detailed to cook for the company. The cooks' tent was at the lower end of the line, and three times a day the company would fall in line and march to the outdoor kitchen for the bean soup, stewed meat and coffee. After awhile the men of each mess would prefer to draw their own rations and cook them as they pleased, supplementing them with such extras as they could get. Supplies were generally promptly furnished and adequate. Sometimes the "blamed quartermaster" was blamed more than he deserved to be. The wonder is that the government was able to furnish supplies as well as it did, with such a multitude of men so suddenly called into service to be provided for.

The winter of 1861-62 in Virginia was wet and cold, with occasional snow falling on ground not frozen. There was mud everywhere. The Virginia mud was peculiar. It was yellowish, or light brown, in color. The roads most used by wagon trains bringing supplies were like rivers of mixed paint. Perhaps the muddiest place was the low level road between the end of Long Bridge and the foot of the hill on which stood Fort Runyan. One day a man of the

regiment was on his way to Washington, riding a strong, spirited horse that had become accustomed to the blasts of the bugle and trumpet, but was not used to the rattling of the drum. Near the end of the bridge was an old house used as the quarters of an infantry guard. As the cavalryman came directly in front of these quarters the drummer came out on the porch, and began to beat a loud and lively call to dinner. The horse became bewildered. Instead of trying to run, which would have been a difficult thing in that mud almost belly-deep, he began to dance to that lively music, at first on four feet, then on two. The drummer appeared to enjoy the sight, and quickened the time of his stirring music. The horse rose to the occasion on his hind feet, gesticulating actively with his fore legs, until he reached a little more than a vertical position. This position he was not able long to maintain with a heavy man clinging to his back, and over the two went backward together, the man encumbered with a heavy blue overcoat, beneath. They rescued themselves from their half drowned condition, and the place where they had half disappeared, as the mud flowed back to its level, seemed none the less in quantity for what was carried away on the backs of the cavalryman and the horse, the latter seeming a little ashamed of his part of the performance.

The winter was hard on foot-wear, and the wide-bottomed, scow-like shoes with which we were expected to navigate these seas of Virginia mud, would unexpectedly "gape open in cracks," like the ships of the Trojans in the Mediterranean storm, or the sides would fall out altogether.

The days in camp were filled with attending the regular "calls"—reveille, assembly, stable, breakfast, guard mount, sick call, etc., and when the weather permitted, drill, inspection and dress parades. An important part of the camp was the guard house placed near the main entrance

to the camp, a substantial structure of logs, the contribution of the woodmen of Company K. This was the headquarters of the detailed guard and the temporary abode of offenders. An imposing spectacle was the daily guard mount. At eight o'clock each morning, Walter, the sergeant major, might be seen stalking up and down the parade ground awaiting the coming of the details from the several companies. His commanding presence, soldier-like appearance and faultless dress made him a model for all to copy after. As he checked off the details he would order them into line, and then commencing at the right he would inspect the guard. Not a fault or blemish could escape his critical eye. With a wealth of expletives that would exhaust the resources of two languages he would berate the careless and ridicule the slovenly until they would make up their minds never again to report for duty unless their uniforms and accoutrements were in perfect order. He would then turn them over to the officer of the guard. The music would "sound off," the musicians marching and counter marching in front of the line, and the guard would march to its quarters and the old guard would be relieved.

There can be no doubt that much of the neat and soldierly appearance that afterward became a characteristic of the regiment was the result of Walter's strictures at guard mount at Camp Kearney. He was a typical German soldier. With all his severity when on duty, he was kind hearted, genuine, true to his friends, and all who knew him well were his friends. He served faithfully all through, and received his death wound the night before Lee's surrender.

The frequent details for pickets and scouts broke up the monotony. And there were other things. Captain Battersby was a superb horseman. He took the initiative in the steeple chase. Mounted on his powerful "General McClellan" he took "Troop B" on many a wild ride through

the country, jumping ditches, fences and hedges. He had a peculiar way of "lifting" his horse over a hurdle, directing his men to follow. Those at first timid became daring. All through the regiment were men who became bold and expert riders. There came many occasions where these "horse tamers", possibly equal to those of ancient Troy, found this training valuable.

The discipline was not at all times what it should have been. There was intemperance among some of the officers, and they neglected their duties. The percentage of intemperates among the enlisted men was less than that among the officers.

A slovenly orderly sergeant would crawl out of his ill-kept bunk after reveille had sounded. Then with clothes half on he would go down the line, opening one tent after another, and with scolding, bluster, threats and no little profanity would tell the men to "get out, here," and "fall in for roll-call." They cared little for his threats of extra duty or the guard house, but would take their time. He spoke with an accent not purely American, and to any want of respect or "talking back" his usual expression was, "Oi'll fix oo!"

Another orderly was fully and neatly dressed and at the head of the line waiting for the call, never going to a tent to wake the men, or speaking a scolding word. His men formed themselves in a well-dressed line by the last note of the assembly call.

To a timid young soldier there was something awful in the presence of the great officers in their resplendent uniforms and clothed with so much dignity and authority. One such timid fellow, a sergeant, a good scholar, systematic, and always neat in appearance, was detailed as assistant in the adjutant's office. The adjutant was sometimes gruff and impatient over trifles. On a dress parade the sergeant was

in his place in the line, neat in appearance, but wearing his undress blouse instead of his close-fitting, yellow-trimmed, chevroned jacket. The adjutant passing along the line noticed him, and savagely snarled,—"Sergeant, where's your jacket? You look like the devil!" "I-I-know it," timidly stammered the latter, when in fact he presented a very respectable appearance.

The adjutant was not possessed of much learning, but was unconscious of his deficiences. Noticing one day that the sergeant had rewritten some document that he had drawn up, he impatiently and uncivilly asked why he had done so. The sergeant replied that it was because there were so many misspelled words in the original. The adjutant dropped the subject.

A young lieutenant who possessed many of the elements of a good officer, energy, and a positive manner, was sometimes a little too positive, even arbitrary and unreasonable. At one time he grossly abused a sergeant of his company. Later, when under the influence of some evil spirit, he manifested the same disposition toward a major. He apparently failed to notice, until too late, that the major was a much larger man than he, and prompted by the same spirit. For a number of days thereafter he did not appear in public, but was reported "sick in quarters." One day the sergeant had occasion to go to the lieutenant's quarters, and found him renewing the ample bandage he had been wearing diagonally about his head. He looked sick. His left eye was closed, while around and under it was a swollen area, the color of liver, perhaps a few shades darker, the shape and size of a large man's hand doubled up. Under the ancient strict military rule, for an enlisted man to strike an officer was death to the enlisted man. The sergeant was glad he had not struck the lieutenant, although he had sufficient provocation, and was very well satisfied that a more

competent agent had done it for him. But as he saw his superior officer thus laid up for repairs, with evident compassion in his tone and manner, he kindly inquired,—"Why, lieutenant, what's the matter with your eye?" "I fell down stairs," was the sick officer's reply. How a man could accidentally fall down stairs with such visible effects only in that part of his system was not quite apparent. Evidently the falling down stairs was "all in his eye." But the sergeant did not care to ask too many questions, and again expressing his sympathy he considerately withdrew.

There were now and then rumors of convivial times in some of the officers' quarters, and after one of these the lieutenant resigned and went north.

With a few exceptions the officers were gentlemen, temperate, honorable in every respect, and efficient in the service.

The chaplain was a native of Ireland. In early life he had been a chaplain in the regular army. He had resigned to become rector of an Episcopal church. He had had a varied experience as rector of churches and head master of denominational schools. He was a man of extensive learning, and on occasions a speaker of genuine eloquence. He did not hesitate, when he felt like it, to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, and if wine was not to be had he would accept the nearest substitute obtainable. A guard walking his beat in front of the field officers' tents addressed the chaplain familiarly as the latter came from the sutler's tent carrying a bulky package under his coat. "What have we there, Dominie? A bottle of whisky?" "It might be the Hooly Boible," said the chaplain fondly tapping the hidden package. "If that is so," said the guard, "I wouldn't mind searching the Scriptures with you for a little while." A little while after as the guard walking his beat came near the chaplain's tent, the latter privately beckoned him to come

nearer, and said as he handed him a glass of the liquid, "Have something that will warm you on a cold day." He would sometimes become engaged in an animated controversy. If the other party to the controversy happened to be of his own temperament and habits, he would become heated almost to a belligerent condition, when his generous impulses would lead him to extend the hand of friendship, saying that his vocation was one of peace. In such a controversy with several companions around a refreshment table in a hotel at Washington his spirited zeal, that could hardly be called spiritual, got the better of his judgment and self-control, and he was said to have knocked three men down before he was arrested. Soon after this affair he was reported "honorably discharged," but he continued with the regiment as an uncommissioned volunteer for association's sake until the Peninsula campaign.

There were men from christian homes, trying to live consistent christian lives. These had their little social meetings for reading the Bible and prayer. The chaplain by his intemperate ways forfeited the respect of these and all others.

Like Thangbrand the missionary whom the Norse King Olaf sent to Iceland, he doubtless reported that the people to whom he was sent were hard to convert to his ways.

The sutler Franklin whom the lieutenant colonel ordered off the grounds at Camp Schickfuss, was a man who had been engaged in the brokerage business in New York. He had a pleasant home on Long Island where he had hospitably entertained some of the men connected with the regiment. Frank McReynolds, the colonel's son, then too young to be accepted in the service, but desirous of seeing what he could of life in the army, served him as clerk. The sutler considered his post one of honor as well as profit. He wore a suit much like that of the officers, with crossed sabres

on the front of a military cap. General Kearney was particular about officers wearing the signs of their rank. Attended by an orderly one day, between the camp and Alexandria, he met the sutler wearing his half-official dress and riding a horse with military trappings. The general, a little suspicious, stopped him and inquired his rank and command. On being told that he was the sutler of the Lincoln Cavalry the general, as the orderly afterward related, broke forth in emphatic denunciation of his wearing the insignia to which he was not entitled. The conclusion was that the sutler came down from his high horse and footed it home in the mud. He turned over his stock to other parties and went home.

General Kearney was gruff and hearty, berating what did not suit him, and with equal emphasis commending what did. A bugler was one day on duty at Kearney's headquarters. He was an observing man and had noted that a fine turkey was being roasted for the general's dinner. Now the bugler loved the general none the less, but he appreciated roast turkey fully as much as any one that ever wore a star. Seeing the turkey unwatched for a few moments, save by himself, and he was watching it with interest intensified by a keen appetite, the savory odor made the temptation too strong to be resisted. When the cook returned the bird had, as it were, retaken wings and disappeared.

"Crimine ab uno disce omnes," was in the general's mind, and in his haste and towering rage he characterized the entire cavalry regiment as a lot of "mounted robbers."

If there ever was a man who seemed really to enjoy a fight it was he. He had with him a detachment of the same "mounted robbers," and they acquitted themselves so magnificently in a charge upon a body of rebel infantry several times larger than their own number, that he extolled them as emphatically as he had condemned them.

Perhaps his impetuous manner and example prompted the fighting spirit in them. He never complained that they failed him in a fight.

General Franklin was a man of fine soldierly appearance, full-faced, and an officer of ability, exacting, but not always cool or judicious. He would lose his temper at trifles.

It was a muddy spot around the gate, and it was no small inconvenience for the guard to form in line for the exchange of formal civilities every time an officer above the rank of captain came in sight. The most of them would reply to the sentry calls—"Never mind the guard"—which would relieve them of all further trouble.

But one especially muddy day Gen. Franklin came riding past. The man on post either did not recognize him, or thought it unnecessary to call out the guard. The general reined up his horse for a few minutes; gave the sentry and the guard, and it would seem, the entire regiment, a lecture in such vigorous and emphatic expressions that all the atmosphere seemed charged with electricity and tinged with blue.

General Slocum was one of those to whom frequent details were ordered to report. He was a man unassuming, even in his ways, undemonstrative and capable, considerate toward those who had not yet learned all the formalities of military etiquette. He was not over-exacting as to form where he saw an honest purpose to do one's duty. He did not get into a rage if the guard did not turn at once at his approach to do him honor. Those of the regiment who were with him most never heard from him an objectionable word. His bravery and ability were proved in all the engagements in which he took part, from first Bull Run to Bentonville.

The cool and rainy weather of the fall put many on

the sick list, and the winter sifted out the weak and infirm, some seemingly robust were the first to become ill, while striplings grew strong. Many were discharged for disability.

A letter written at the time by an invalid to his home paper gives some idea of the sick soldier's experience:

CLARENS HOUSE HOSPITAL,
NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA., Feb., 1862.

You have had your correspondence from the camp of instruction, from the tented field in Rebeldom, and from the field of skirmish, if not of battle. The experience of one detailed by misfortune to occupy the hospital may be less entertaining, but is no less real.

Those not very ill remain in quarters. The first hospital improvised for a few seriously ill with fever was an old barn with a hay mow for a common cot.

One at Camp Schickfuss was given a room in the house of Mr. Gillingham and well cared for by Mrs. Gillingham, one of the kindest of women. At Camp Kearney at first some wall tents were filled with low, narrow cots, and these were soon filled. The tents were without floors, cold and comfortless.

It was a strange experience to pass a restless, sleepless night in the chilly tent, and find in the morning that my neighbor on the next cot had died during the night, and no one knew when he died.

It was a stranger thing when a delirious patient, wearing only a scant night shirt, escaped from the tent and ran barefooted over the frozen snow-covered ground, with half a dozen hospital attendants pursuing him up and down the company lines.

"Mother" Ferguson, the wife of John Ferguson of Company D, and Mrs. Britton the wife of the wagoner of Company B, have done many kind acts for the sick in camp, cooking many little things that are more relished than the prescribed boiled rice.

Better arrangements have been made. A large old house standing on a high ridge, about a quarter of a mile south of camp, abandoned by its former occupants, has been appropriated. It has at different times been the home of the Pinckneys, the Masons, and other noted southern families. There are three or four acres of yard in front of the house. From its high position we have a wide prospect far across the Potomac. Toward the south and west we look over many a slope and rounded hill full of the stumps of former woods, and covered with

wide camps. In front is a wide, open, gradual hill side, the drill ground of the New Jersey brigade. We watch the drill by the hour.

Conspicuous in these drills is the one-armed general on a horse the color of his own iron gray beard, and the fine white horse of Lt. Col. Torbert, a good mark for the enemy in battle.

On a clear, frosty morning we can hear the bugles sounding reveille in all the regiments around about, and can see numberless slender columns of smoke rising from camp fires.

During the day we hear the monotonous sound of the practicing of bugle and drum corps.

The hospital is an institution as necessary in war as a battery of artillery, but there is little glory to write of here, unless the world will consent to consider the heroism of suffering as great as that of action. This it is unwilling to do. And yet, as long as the Crimean war is remembered, the terrible suffering and mortality will be told of as often as the brilliant deeds of arms of that campaign. Death has held no such revels in our armies as he held then, where, only when compelled by the most rigorous sanitary discipline, he sullenly "gathered his black skirts about him and stepped out of camp."

Florence Nightingale will be longer and better remembered than Raglan and Pelissier. And we have our Dorothea L Dix who has done so much to better the condition of the insane—to bring those confined in living tombs back into the clear daylight of reason—and who is now devoting her time and her resources to the care of the sick in our camps and hospitals. And she has many helpers.

A strange funeral procession you would think it, when a soldier dies of sickness. Instead of a black-plumed hearse, a gun carriage bearing the plain pine coffin, followed by an escort of soldiers with arms reversed, marching to the slow beating of muffled drums. Over the grave they fire three volleys, the farewell tribute to the dead comrade who has not been permitted to fall in battle.

Our surgeons, Doctors Elliott and Beakes, are skilful and faithful. No small share of the responsibility rests upon the hospital stewards, Garrison, Bowman and Roehrer. The last, familiarly called little "Johnnie Rusher," a good natured young German, while busy filling prescriptions is always singing,

"My father he has three ships at sa-a-a-
Two are loaded with coffee and ta-a-
And one with three-square gimlets."

We are well cared for. And yet it is a weary time while we are trying with hospital diet, to tempt back the many good pounds that were frightened away by racking pains or a raging fever.

The convalescent ward is a large room in the south wing, once used for a private classical school. The room is filled with cots instead of school desks. Many books were left behind by the former occupants. We have found some entertainment in them.

There are good fellows here. My nearest neighbor is an honest, middle-aged German sergeant, with blue eyes and a full, dark brown beard flowing down upon his breast. With his broken English and my halting German we have come to understand each other well. He is an educated man, and often talks of the myths and traditions of the fatherland. When he reads his letters from home there are sometimes tears in his eyes.

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

On pleasant days we take a moderate walk down to camp for exercise and to see how things are going on. The other day they set up a new flag staff and raised a new flag. They celebrated the occasion with a sort of jollification. There was a flow of spirits and eloquence. The chaplain retired early. One of the majors with much difficulty and considerable assistance succeeded in climbing up one side of his horse, only to roll off on the other side and fall in the mud.

Some of the officers have their wives in camp, a sort of keeping house for a little while before the army moves. It looks homelike to see them.

It is said one young man has his "wife by brevet," and some of her friends visiting him.

We while away the time with an occasional game of chess, and compare the moves of the pieces to the strategic moves of the armies. The pawns are now the skirmishers, and now an advancing line of infantry. The knights are quick-moving cavalry on their raids. The rooks are the artillery that sweep long straight avenues through the ranks of the enemy. The castles are strong fortifications, the keys to important positions, serving to hold long lines of defence. At Fort Donelson Grant has taken one of the enemy's castles. We end our game, and look up to see what moves are likely to be made on our side of the great national board.

And so the long winter passed in those camps that for many miles covered the Virginia hills. With their hundred and fifty thousand men they presented the greatest spectacle of the kind in our history,—one that may not be seen again

CLARENS HOUSE HOSPITAL.

for a century. In the spirit that animated these hosts there was a mighty significance. It was the early morning after riding through these more than "a hundred circling camps" that Julia Ward Howe wrote down the words that had come to her as an inspiration in the silent watches of the night,—the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible, swift sword:
His truth is marching on!

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST ADVANCE.

THE President had published an order directing a forward movement of the armies to be made by the 22nd of February.

Before the date named the armies of the west had moved. There was no advance in the army of the Potomac until March 7. On that day General Kearney marched his brigade out along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad. He was accompanied by Companies A and H of the cavalry, Captains Jones and Stearns. On Sunday, the 9th, a working party was building a bridge near Sangster's station. It was noticed that a Confederate picket was posted in the edge of a piece of woods some distance to the front, on the farther side of a large open field. The general directed Captain Stearns to send a party of the cavalry under a competent officer to find out what he could about the enemy, and if possible, to drive them away.

Before leaving camp Lieutenant Hidden had said to some of his fellow officers, that he felt that something serious was to happen to him; either he would be wounded or taken prisoner. So strong was this feeling that he decided to leave his best horse, a high bred charger, in camp, not wishing to expose him to any danger. Now he and seventeen men from the two companies were selected. They deployed and rode forward until they had drawn the fire from

the enemy, when the lieutenant ordered his men to charge with the sabre. The horses of Corporal Eugene Lewis and Hugh McSorley were killed, but the two men hurried forward on foot. The Confederates hastened to get over a fence. The lieutenant's horse did not succeed in leaping the fence. He turned him in order to try again, when a rebel bullet struck him in the left shoulder near the neck, and passing into the neck cut the jugular vein. He fell from his horse; Corporal Lewis caught and mounted the horse. A part of the fence some of the men had torn down, and the horsemen were over the fence and using their sabres on the enemy. The fight was determined and sharp. The Confederates, estimated at a hundred and fifty, fled. Thirteen were taken prisoners, among them two commissioned officers, one of whom was a graduate of West Point. Three had been killed and a number had received severe sabre cuts.

From a high hill General Kearney and a number of other officers watched the affair. The general became excited as he saw the bold charge, and when the men came back he took each by the hand with hearty commendation.

Lieutenant William Alexander was among those who saw Lieutenant Hidden preparing to charge. He could not restrain himself, but galloped forward to have a hand in the fight. He was but a short distance from Hidden when the latter fell from his horse. He dismounted and bent over the fallen officer and called him by name, but he was already dead. He lifted the lifeless lieutenant in his arms, and bore him from the field.

The young officer was from a wealthy New York family, related to William Webb, the noted ship builder. He was of fine personal appearance, active, intelligent, a man of the highest honor, in his duties strict yet considerate, honored by officers and men. General Kearney in his re-

port spoke in the highest terms of those who had taken part in this action, "one of whom, Lieutenant Hidden, has illustrated in the sacrifice of his life, the whole cavalry service; he has introduced for it a new era." Resolutions expressing the high appreciation and deep feeling of his fellow officers were forwarded to the family. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery with military honors. The funeral procession was escorted by a battalion of the Twenty-second N. Y. S. M., and a company of the Seventy-first as a guard of honor. His favorite horse, wearing all the trappings of war, followed his dead master. A costly monument bearing a fitting representation stands over his grave, and a painting representing the charge in which he fell has been placed in the rooms of the Historical Society in New York.

Lieutenant Hidden was the first cavalry officer killed in action in the Army of the Potomac, and, it is believed, the first officer of Union volunteer cavalry killed in the war. The following lines suggested by his daring charge appeared in the N. Y. Evening Post:

"Will you follow me now?"
Cried the gallant young chief,
On the eve of a life
That was mournfully brief;
"Will you follow me now
Through a tempest of lead—
Through yon thicket of steel
And a wall of the dead,
And prove to you traitors,
Besotted and fell
That the clink of our sabres
Is slavery's knell?"
"To the death, to the death!"
Was the gallant reply;
"What boots a few hours
When all men must die?"

"Then charge!" was the mandate,
And coldly and grim,
Through the billowy smoke
His wild steed seemed to swim.
Twelve heroes they were
By a demi-god led,
At each sweep of whose sabre
A traitor lay dead.
All brief as a storm
In the summer's red heat,
Was their deadly onslaught,
And the rebel retreat;
When the foemen had fled,
And each hero had taken
A red-handed knave
By his comrades forsaken;

LIEUTENANT HENRY B. HIDDEN
BORN IN NEW YORK,
KILLED AT SANGSTER'S STATION, VIRGINIA.
MARCH 9th, 1862.
AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS,
IN A GALLANT AND SUCCESSFUL CHARGE WITH 14 DRAGOONS UPON 150 REBEL INFANTRY.

HIDDEN'S MONUMENT.

While their glad shout of triumph
Still shivered the air,
Ere its last echo died
It was changed to despair.
"What, tears? my brave fellows,
I trust not for me;
Never weep for a soldier
Who dies for the free.
Of my blood, hopes and fortune
Most freely I give,
For 'tis glorious to die
That the nation may live!"

No more in the van
Shall his bright sabre gleam,
Nor the soldierly grace
Of his figure be seen;
But oft at the shrine
Where the young hero sleeps,
While the sad whip-poor-will
Her lone ministry keeps,
Shall the child of the free
And the son of the slave
Yet mingle their tears
O'er his idolized grave!

—A. WATERS.

Those who took part in this charge with Lieutenant Hidden were Corporal Eugene Lewis, Privates John Bogert, John Cameron, Herman Cameron, Robert C. Clark, Chester C. Clark, Henry Higgins, Charles P. Ives, James Lynch, Hugh McSorley, Martin Murray, John Nugent, Michael O'Neal, Cornelius Riley, William Simonson, Albert H. Van Saun, John R. Wilson.

General Kearney highly commended the conduct of Corporal Lewis who led the men in the charge after the death of the lieutenant, and urged his appointment as an officer.

Hugh McSorley was endowed with a propensity for fighting. This had frequently led him into difficulty. He had often been in the guard house, and once had been condemned to wear an iron ball attached to his ankle by a heavy chain. He laid all his troubles to the rebels who had brought on the war, and promised to pay them off if he ever had a chance. In this first chance he redeemed his promise. He rushed right in among the enemy and laid about him right and left with all his might, till they fled into the woods.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 10th orders were

sent around to the companies remaining in camp to be in readiness to move. It proved to be a rainy morning, and the start was not made until eleven o'clock. Then in a cold, drizzling rain we moved out on the road that led past the hospital, and striking the Little River road, turned to the right toward Fairfax Court House. On different roads could be seen large bodies of infantry, each waiting to take its place in the long column that filled the Little River road. It was soon evident that the whole army was on the march. A detail of a sergeant and several men from the cavalry was ordered to report to each of the brigade commanders as orderlies.

In the afternoon the rain ceased and the rest of the march to Fairfax Court House was not unpleasant. Bayard Taylor, correspondent of the New York Tribune, rode with General Slocum's staff, and that night was allotted sleeping room on the floor of an abandoned house occupied as headquarters. Several copies of the Tribune had been sent gratuitously to be circulated through the regiment. The men, knowing that Mr. Taylor's letters would appear in the paper, were watching all the features of the day's march to see how clearly their impressions would agree with his. When the papers were received and read it was observed that the practiced eye of the eminent traveler had seen, and his ready pen had recorded, many things that our untrained eyes had failed to notice.

Before we had reached Fairfax Court House General McClellan and his staff rode on to the front, and, as usual, his appearance was greeted with hearty cheers all along the column.

Tents had been left standing in the camps. Each man had been provided with a house that he could carry with him, a piece of light canvas about six by three and a half or four feet, with means of fastening along the edges.

Two or more men by uniting these could make a low but comfortable tent.

A little before night we reached Fairfax Court House. Many of the white people had abandoned their homes and gone. Their houses made comfortable headquarters for the commanders of divisions and brigades, as well as for the general-in-chief.

The night was chilly and fires were a necessity for comfort as well as cooking. A colonel sent to General Slocum asking if it was necessary to protect an old fence that stood by the side of the field where his regiment was to stay. The reply was, "No; if you want it for fires take it." It was not the general's idea of military propriety to have his men suffer from cold, and at the same time keep guard over such convenient material for fires that had been abandoned by its owners. Some of the colonels gave orders that only the *top rail,* or board, should be taken. Wanton destruction of property was not allowed, and yet some of the first comers broke into the court house and began to scatter around the masses of documents that had been stored there from early times. They were relic hunters in the army. As soon as possible this destruction was stopped.

After the affair at Sangster's station General Kearney had pushed forward. Colonel Taylor with the Third New Jersey as an advance guard pushed on in two columns. Captain Jones with the cavalry pressed on through Centreville and reached Manassas late in the evening of the 10th. They rested there for the night, and early in the morning of the 11th saw the flag of Colonel Taylor raised over the enemy's works. On returning toward Centreville they met Colonel Averell of the Third Pennsylvania advancing with skirmishers thrown out, thinking that possibly the men whom he had seen were Confederates. There were indications that the enemy had abandoned their works in some

haste. Provisions and cooking utensils had been left behind. From what was learned afterwards, it appeared that the work of withdrawing had been decided upon, and the greater part of the army had been withdrawn deliberately, and it was the last, or rear guard, that had retired in some haste.

The defences around Centreville and Manassas were extensive, but not very formidable. They consisted mostly of lines of rifle pits and low earthworks, over which horses could be ridden without much difficulty. In some places the works were higher and would have been difficult to assail.

Some affirmed and others denied that "Quaker guns" were found in the earthworks. General Johnston himself admits that to conceal his want of artillery he had placed a number of logs to represent cannons.

From the long line of log huts that had been used for winter quarters estimates were made as to the numbers that had been there. The average of these estimates was about 60,000. Confederate reports, it was learned afterward, gave a little more than 50,000.

A ride at night among the various camps brought into view square miles, it seemed, of camp fires that shone like stars for multitude. We were favored with moonlight nights, and the scenes presented cannot easily be forgotten by those who beheld them.

It was a subject of conjecture why we had marched out here after the Confederates had gone, and why we were waiting now. The news of the Monitor's victory over the Merrimac and the battle of Pea Ridge had reached us. What were we going to do?

General McClellan called a council of his corps commanders and issued the following address to the army:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA,
March 14th, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you have had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and the confidence in your general, are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The Army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the sure prestige of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be, on the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent watches over his children, and you know that your general loves you from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care—it has ever been—to gain success with the least possible loss. But I know that if it is necessary you will willingly follow me to our graves for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us. Yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be obtained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you that you have brave foes to encounter—foemen well worthy of the steel you use so well. I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, privations perhaps. We will share all these together, and when this sad war is over we will return to our homes, and feel that we can ask no honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding."

On this same day we began our march back to our old camps, with the expectation that we were to be transported down the Potomac.

General McClellan's address to his army was intended to arouse the courage and enthusiasm of the men. The army was not wanting in courage and devotion. It was made up of men who had responded to the first call from the sense of duty, and with no extra inducements. They were ready for service.

Those who remembered McClellan's repeated promises during the fall and winter, that a movement would soon be made, were a little suspicious that he was not quite so sure in his own mind as to the vigorous campaigns that he proposed to inaugurate as was indicated in his address. The army had in one day marched to Fairfax Court House, seventeen miles, without special inconvenience. Detachments had gone on to Centreville and Manassas after the enemy had left. And now we were all ordered back. Why had we come? The men were obedient to orders, but they could not be deprived of the right to exercise their private judgment.

The morning of the 9th of March the news of the Merrimac's doings reached Washington, creating intense anxiety, and on the part of some, consternation. Late in the afternoon came the news of the Monitor's victory. At the same time came the news that the Confederate batteries on the Potomac had been abandoned, and that the army at Manassas had been withdrawn. McClellan was with the President and secretary of war when these reports came. He received the message "with incredulity, which at last gave way to stupefaction." He started at once across the river, ostensibly to verify the report, and issued an order that night for an immediate advance of the army upon Centreville and Manassas.

In his elaborate report made a year later McClellan says that the retirement of the enemy toward Richmond had been expected as the natural consequence of the movement

to the Peninsula. The statement of General Johnston and the official correspondence of the Confederate officers show that nearly a month before, the Confederate government had concluded that the position at Manassas was untenable, and that Johnston, having the same opinion, had begun his preparations to withdraw on the 22nd of February. He had not yet learned of McClellan's plan to go to the Peninsula, but was expecting an attack direct from Washington, and did not feel able to withstand such an attack. He did not feel sure as to the destination of the movement down the Chesapeake until he learned, on the 5th of April, that a landing had been made below Yorktown.

The direct distance from Washington to Richmond was about one hundred and twenty miles. Six days marching would have placed the army in front of Richmond, provided the enemy continued to fall back. It was about eighty miles from Fortress Monroe to Richmond. Yorktown was more strongly fortified than any place between Manassas and Richmond. The gathering of that great fleet of transports, at an enormous expense, with all the time consumed in delays and the transportation, could save them three days foot marching, about forty miles.

McClellan's explanation of the march to Fairfax Court House and back, after he knew that the enemy had gone, was that he wished to give the army a little exercise in marching, and to give the men a chance to get rid of their surplus baggage, which had accumulated during the winter in camp.

Lincoln urged a direct advance from Washington toward Richmond. Fredericksburg, about half way, was only thirteen miles from Acquia Creek, a convenient base of supplies. In the light of later events it would seem that Lincoln was a better general than McClellan.

The 15th the men made themselves comfortable in their

old tents at Camp Kearney. Day after day troops were marching to Alexandria and embarking on the transports. All sorts of craft were collected; Sound steamers that we had seen going up and down in front of our camps at Bellevue Garden; schooners, barges and towing tugs.

On the 18th Heintzelman's division embarked. At dress parade on this day there were read McClellan's address to the army and Kearney's report commending the conduct of those engaged in the spirited charge of the 9th. News came of Union success at New Madrid.

The 19th McClellan reviewed McDowell's corps. He was heartily cheered as he rode along the lines, the men seeming to believe that the general was able to fulfill the promises made in his address.

The 23rd a diary reads:

"Obtained a pass to go to Alexandria to church, the first day in church since we men were encamped at Bellevue Garden in New York. It was the church Washington attended. Looked at the square pew in which he used to sit. It is marked by an inscribed plate on the railing. Talked with an intelligent old colored woman who said that she was one of Washington's slaves, set free at his death, then twelve years old. She looks seventy-four. Not impossible."

The 25th another review by McClellan of McDowell's corps, about forty regiments, an imposing sight. There was a marked contrast between the two generals, the one slight built, quick, nervous, whom the men could not forbear to cheer; the other larger, slower, with little grace of manner, but evidently an officer of ability, not withstanding the accident at Bull Run, for he had planned the battle well.

At dress parade on the 26th there were read the proceedings of a court martial sentencing two men of Company M to be dishonorably discharged and to be confined for ten years in the D. C. penitentiary, the one for striking, and the other for aiming a carbine at Lieutenant Prendergast.

News was received of a battle at Winchester fought by some of Banks' command. From 10,000 to 20,000 men embarking daily at Alexandria, and the newspapers were not allowed to publish anything about it.

On the 27th was another review of McDowell's corps by McClellan. Lord Lyons rode with McClellan's staff. Some New Jersey troops brought a number of prisoners, Texan rangers, taken near Dumfries.

From March 30th to April 3rd was wet, snowy and cold. At 2 o'clock on the morning of April 4th orders were given to be ready to march. The regiment was on the way at nine and reached Centreville at five, and took possession of the comfortable huts within the Confederate earthworks. Off to the west was a wide level plain reaching to Bull Run Mountains. The country around was desolate. The morning of the 5th we started in a cold rain, crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's ford, reached Manassas, seven miles, about noon and made ourselves comfortable as possible in the huts of the enemy. The next day parties of men rode over the battlefield. Skeletons of horses and of men that had been covered thinly with earth were here and there to be seen.

General Franklin's division was part of McDowell's corps. While McClellan's plan was to transport the main part of the army to the Peninsula between the York and James rivers, McDowell's corps was to remain in the vicinity of Fredericksburg on the direct line between Washington and Richmond. This was for the purpose of protecting the capital. This corps was thus in a position where, in case of special need, it could co-operate with the main army in front of Richmond, or with that in the Shenandoah valley.

The 7th of April it rained and snowed. The storm continued all night. On the morning of the 9th it was still

storming. Possibly in the hope that the storm would soon cease, orders were given for the division to move forward. The storm continued. The roads became almost impassable for artillery. Creeks rose so that it was difficult to ford them. The storm continued during the 9th, and the men and horses suffered terribly from exposure and from the difficulty of transporting supplies.

The 10th the cavalry went on as far as Catlett's station. In trying to ford Broad Run, some of the officers were carried down the stream and were rescued with difficulty.

At Catlett's station orders were received for Franklin's division to return to Alexandria. The division was detached from McDowell's corps and was to join the main army under McClellan on the Peninsula. The 11th, marched back to Manassas.

The old Confederate huts afforded a welcome resting place. Each one would accommodate quite a number, and the men made themselves comfortable.

One had confiscated somewhere what he thought might be a prize, an unlabeled bottle of a brown colored liquid. Williamson expressed his suspicions that the Confederates had poisoned it and left it on purpose; he could tell by just tasting it. He "just tasted," made a wry face, shuddered, gave the wink to the rest and passed it around. Each in turn "just tasted", and was suspicious. It came back to the finder containing only the smell of—the choicest brandy.

They talked over the probabilities. Haggens said he thought there would be an "armystic." "Armystic! What's that?" "Why, when those carrying on war agree not to do any fighting." "Oh, you mean an armistice, don't you?" "Yes, I know people generally call it armistice, but I pronounce it armystic." He generally knew what he was talking about and may have had in mind the mystic mili-

tary movements that were being made, and which the papers were not allowed to publish.

The morning of the 12th the cavalry was early on the march. After resting at Centreville and again at Fairfax Court House, they reached Camp Kearney at dark. The next day they rested in their quarters, and posted themselves on the events that had transpired elsewhere while they had been taking part in this "grand promenade," as the Count of Paris called it, of the army of the Potomac.

The afternoon of the 14th they left Camp Kearney finally, and pitched their little shelter tents of light canvas and oil cloth along the side of a street in the outskirts of Alexandria.

The following order was published:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,
April 13, 1862.

General Order, No. 37.

It is ordered that the artillery and cavalry will commence embarking from Alexandria to-morrow morning, 9 a.m. Colonel McReynolds is directed to consult Lieutenant Ferguson about transportation. No cavalrymen will be embarked who are not mounted, and no cavalry horses that are not in good condition. Colonel McReyonlds will make requisition for full sets of intrenching tools—spades, picks, shovels and axes.

By order of General Franklin.

E. SPARROWS PURDY,
Captain and Ass't Adjt. General.

It raised the question, "Was the cavalry to fight in intrenchments?"

CHAPTER X.

THE PENINSULA.

THE 19th of April the fleet carrying Franklin's division, without any special incident, moved steadily down the Potomac and the Chesapeake. The convoy of gunboats was under the command of Captain Amos P. Foster of the Satellite. The day was pleasant and the ride enjoyable. In the lower bay the light swell gave the schooners a slight rocking motion that was a new experience to those who had never before been on so wide a water. Some distance short of its destination the fleet anchored for the night. The 20th was windy, rainy and cold. A few hours brought us into Poquosin river and all the craft came to anchor off Ship Point.

The 21st was cold and rainy. It was uncomfortable for both men and horses. The latter were arranged in long rows each side of the deck, facing inward, compelled to stand constantly, and with no shelter from the storm. The quarters of the men were in the close hold of the schooner, lying around in the softest spots they could find, some on piles of coal, or anywhere where they could lay their equipments and blankets. The roll was regularly called, the men lying here and there answering to their names, and the sergeant who, stationed at the hatchway, repeated the names as they were called by the orderly, gave the usual command as the last name was reached—"Break ranks, march."

The next day the weather brightened and the men had a chance to look around. We were in historic waters. Off the mouth of this Poqousin river the French fleet lay in the fall of 1781, to keep the British fleet from carrying assistance to Cornwallis, who was besieged by the French and Continental armies at Yorktown.

The land was generally sandy, level and low, with many pleasant places and patches of good farming land. In making explorations around the country it was found that the white men were mostly in the southern army, while the women with a few colored people were left to take care of themselves as best they could. There was a mixture of intelligent people with ignorant ones. The question was often asked, "What have you'uns come down to fight we'uns for?"

The occupation of many of the inhabitants had been fishing. The men soon learned that they were among the famous oyster waters of Virginia, and every little water craft that could be found, the boats belonging to the schooners, skiffs, and dugouts found along the shores, and improvised rafts, were put to use by the enlisted men and officers, who were busy all day "a rakin' among the oyster beds."

Some depredations among the pigs and chickens of the people led to some restrictions of the privilege of going on shore. Life became monotonous on these boats, and there was general impatience at the delay in disembarking. General Kearney, whose headquarters were on the steamer "Elm City," was unrestricted in his expressions of impatience, and General Franklin went out to the front to see what was the cause of the delay. The horses' legs were swollen and stiff from long standing, and they might become useless. Land was close by. It was rumored that we were to go to Gloucester Point and disembark under

the protection of gunboats, and we were waiting for the gunboats. It was rumored that McClellan had again changed his plan, and we were to wait here until he could get his new plan into shape.

Lieutenant Colonel B. S. Alexander, an engineer officer of the regular army, was assigned to the division staff, and he began to collect material, mostly in the shape of the old boats, for landing. Finally on the 26th and 27th the artillery and horses of the cavalry were put ashore at Cheesman's landing, some distance above Ship Point. The horses enjoyed being on land once more. As boys let loose from a day's confinement in school, they manifested the appreciation of their freedom by rolling in the sand, capering about and cutting up all the antics possible. Picket ropes were stretched in the thickets of pine, and the men pitched their tents along the banks of the creek. It was not until the 2nd of May that all the companies with all their belongings were safe on shore.

Formidable earthworks had been constructed by the Confederates. Ship Point was the left of their first line of defence, which reached across the Peninsula to the James river. Concluding that this would be untenable, they had constructed a second line at Yorktown, and along the Warwick river to the James. McClellan had advanced his forces until the opposing lines were only about a mile apart. He had placed guns in position, and was preparing for a regular siege. Ever since we had arrived off Ship Point we had heard the occasional firing of these heavy guns.

In transporting the army from Alexandria to the Peninsula there had been employed 13 steamers, 188 schooners, and 88 barges. Besides the soldiers there had been conveyed 44 batteries, 14,592 animals, 1,150 wagons, 74 ambulances, several pontoon bridges, material for telegraphs and an immense amount of equipage.

The country over which the army was to move was generally low. Small bridges had to be built, and wet roads corduroyed. The conditions for moving were worse than in front of Manassas. The position at Manassas could have been flanked. Here the left of the enemy's position rested on the York river and the right upon the James. There was no chance to get around either flank except by crossing one river or the other. What had been gained by this great movement?

A British officer, Colonel Freemantle, who spent three months with the Confederate army, says Magruder "told him the different dodges he resorted to to blind and deceive McClellan as to his strength, and was greatly amused and relieved when he saw that general with his magnificent army begin to break ground before miserable earthworks defended by only 8,000 men."

On the 17th of April, General Joseph E. Johnston, who had fallen back from the Rapidan, arrived at Yorktown and took command. He had 53,000 men. McClellan at this time had about 112,000 men, besides the 13,000 of Franklin's division, yet on board the transports.

Johnston concluded that the position at Yorktown could not be held, and on the 27th began preparations to withdraw.

There was consternation in Richmond. A rebel war clerk's diary reads:

"April 18,—The President is thin and haggard; and it has been whispered on the street that he will immediately be baptized and confirmed. April 19,—All believe we are near a crisis, involving the possession of the capital. April 26,—General Lee is doing good service in bringing forward reinforcements from the South against the day of trial—and an awful day awaits us. May 8,—Norfolk and Portsmouth are evacuated! Our army is falling back! The Merrimac is to be, or has been, blown up! May 9,—No one, scarcely, supposes that Richmond will be defended. May 10,—The President's family has departed

for Raleigh, and the families of most of the cabinet to their respective homes, or other places of refuge. The President has been baptized (at home) and privately confirmed in St. Paul's Church. May 14,—Our army has fallen back to within four miles of the city. May 16,—McClellan is intrenching—that is, at least, significant of a respite, and of apprehension of attack. May 19,—It is still believed that it is the intention of the government and the generals to evacuate the city. The archives have been sent to Columbia, S. C., and to Lynchburg. The tracks over the bridges have been covered with plank, to facilitate the passage of artillery. Mr. Randolph told his page, and cousin, 'You must go with my wife into the country, for to-morrow the enemy will be here.'

Trunks were packed in readiness—for what? The secretary of the treasury had a special locomotive and cars, constantly with steam up, in readiness to fly with the treasure."

During the evening of May 3rd as we lay in camp at Ship Point we heard heavy and continuous firing at Yorktown. This continued until about half past ten. After that time there was an ominous silence. The morning of the 4th the report reached us that Yorktown had been evacuated.

At two in the morning word was brought to McClellan that the Confederates had abandoned their works. There was a sudden and general waking up at headquarters. "There was mounting in hot haste." Aides, orderlies and special messengers were started off here and there on urgent errands. The preparations indicated a feeling that there was a necessity for doing something, but without a very definite idea as to what was the best thing to do. In fact the withdrawal of the Confederates was a surprise and something of a disappointment.

Not far from our camp at Ship Point dwelt a woman whom the soldiers named Mrs. Heavysides. She weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. She had three daughters and a few old colored people who were supposed

to look after matters on the farm. Pigs and chickens had been taken, and in various ways the old lady had been considerably annoyed. She would become talkative and irrepressible.

"Want tew get Yorktown, deou yeou? Well, Yorktown ain't much o' nothin' arter yeou deou get it. Ain't a dozen good houses there. General Magruder's thar, an' he kin drink more whisky nor enny general yeou 'uns have got, but he won't be thar when yeou git thar."

So now that we had reached Yorktown its possession did not afford the highest satisfaction. The old lady was right. It was an unsatisfying victory. The enemy was not not beaten. He had held our army in check as long as it suited his purpose, and then he had deliberately withdrawn.

Nevertheless McClellan sent to Washington a stirring announcement of the stronghold and spoils of war that he had captured, and added, "No time shall be lost; I shall push the enemy to the wall."

The Confederates who retired from Yorktown were about 50,000. McClellan's morning report of April 30th showed a total of 130,378 on the Peninsula and on transports near by: present for duty, 112,392.

The Confederates had constructed a third line of defences across the Peninsula at Williamsburg, twelve miles from Yorktown. Cavalry and artillery were sent in pursuit of the retiring enemy. About noon they overtook the rear near this line of defences. Late in the afternoon the Federal infantry arrived. There was some fighting, after which the troops bivouacked for the night. The next day was fought the battle of Williamsburg. There was no concert of action among the Union forces. There was uncertainty as to who was chief in command on the field. Each general was fighting as he thought best. McClellan was at Yorktown, twelve miles away, attending to the embarka-

tion of a part of Franklin's division. This was work that the quartermaster could have attended to.

At noon Governor Sprague and the Prince de Joinville, noticing that there was confusion in the movements of the forces engaged in battle, rode in haste back to Yorktown and urged McClellan to go immediately to the front. His reply was,—"I supposed there were enough there to attend to that little matter."

At two o'clock he was persuaded to mount his horse and start for the front. He arrived on the field at five, when the fighting was nearly over. Some determined fighting had been done by the divisions and brigades acting independently. At ten o'clock the enemy was retiring from this third line of defences in such haste that he had left his dead on the field, and 800 wounded were left behind as prisoners of war. The enemy, instead of being "pushed to the wall," had been allowed to get on the other side of it, with an open field before him all the way to Richmond.

In the meantime during the 4th, the First cavalry had lain quiet in camp at Ship Point. At dusk, orders were received to break camp and saddle up. The regiment was soon up and on the march. The men were in good spirits. John Morris Kerr, who in stature rose head and shoulders above many of the men, and whose voice was like the voice of three, started the call, "Ho! Ho! The roaring river!" and for miles that night

"The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang"

with that meaningless call repeated in chorus up and down the length of the marching column. It kept the men awake.

Our destination was Yorktown. There was some misunderstanding about the marching orders, or else the guide did not know the way, for we marched away beyond Yorktown. We halted in a piece of woods and lay down to

sleep the rest of the night. A gentle rain began to fall and pattered on the dead leaves around us. It gradually became less and less gentle, and by morning it was a pouring rain. We saddled up, mounted, and marched back to Yorktown, where, fortunately for us, the enemy had left some long and well built board structures. The horses had a hard time of it out in the beating storm. But the men built some rousing fires in the big stoves that had been left standing in the huts. Here they leisurely dried their drenched clothing and blankets. Ample stores of provisions were found and the men feasted on macaroni, bacon and pancakes.

Like the Trojans, storm-driven on the coast of Carthage, we thought, "Perhaps sometime hereafter it will afford us some pleasure to remember these things."

The day and night of the 5th of May we stayed in these comfortable quarters. The morning of the 6th the storm was over, and we enjoyed a pleasant day looking around the old town. The Confederates had constructed very formidable works. In the largest one of these on the high river bluff about seventy heavy guns were left, mounted, but spiked. One of the largest had been broken either by an explosion or by a heavy shot from a Union gunboat. Torpedoes had been planted in the roadways. A horse and his rider had been killed by the explosion of one of these. This planting of torpedoes was an objectionable way of carrying on war. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had condemned it, but it had been justified by General Magruder.

Some of the lines of earthworks that had been thrown up by the besieged and besieging armies in 1781 could still be traced. Others had been covered up by the more extensive recent works.

The spot on which General O'Hara is said to have stood when he surrendered to General Lincoln the sword

of Cornwallis, was marked by a block of granite. The place which was said to have been occupied by Washington and the commander of the allied French and their staffs at the time of the surrender was marked by a monument and enclosed by an iron fence. We looked over the Nelson house venerable with associations, and were interested in reading the inscriptions on the tombstones in the ancient cemetery that marked the last resting places of men and women eminent in Colonial times.

More than a month had passed since the army had landed on the lower end of the Peninsula. And now it had marched twenty-five miles and occupied these abandoned works. Eighty-one years before, Washington had left Philadelphia, on the 5th of September and, without the use of steam, had brought his army before Yorktown and by the 17th of October—a month and twelve days—had compelled the surrender of the British army.

The night of the 7th we embarked once more on transports. The means for embarking were not adequate or convenient. It was a tedious night's work, this loading of horses and lugging equipments on board the schooners. The historian tells us that "the army swore terribly in Flanders." There was some of this same sort of thing in this all night's loading. We wondered what was the emergency that called for it. The next day we lay idle in the stream until afternoon when the fleet was taken in tow and moved twenty-five miles up the river to West Point. We could have made the march by land with a saving of time and wear and tear, and it would have been easier both for men and horses.

Nevertheless we enjoyed the ride up this historic waterway. On both sides could be seen fine farms with old fashioned mansions surrounded by well laid out grounds, and drives, and ancient groves.

West Point is the land lying between the Pamunkey and Mattapony rivers where the two unite to form the York. This was the home of Opechancanough, the famous Indian chieftan, brother of Powhatan. It was now the terminus of the Richmond and York river railroad.

The Confederates falling back from Williamsburg had left a considerable force on a high ridge of land extending back from Brick House point, on the south side of the Pamunkey, and opposite West Point. The transports carrying part of Franklin's division arrived in front of this position on the afternoon of the 6th. These transports proved a good target for the enemy's batteries.

Preparations were at once made for landing a sufficient force to drive away the enemy. The Fifteenth N. Y. engineers made ready some stagings and started their pontoons for the shore. The batteries on the ridge concealed in the woods began to play upon the pontoons and the fleet of transports. The engineers succeeded in landing in the midst of loud cheering. The Union gunboats were soon in a position to shell the batteries in the woods, and before night Newton's brigade and most of Slocum's, with three batteries and Companies A and C of the First cavalry were on land.

During the rebel cannonading of the fleet there was excitement among the civilian seamen who managed the transports and who had not enlisted for fighting. One captain had climbed the rigging of the schooner, thinking the enemy would aim at the hull. But a shot passed so near him that he came down from his perch, almost as if he were dropping to the deck, and going over the side he got into a small boat and pulled for dear life for the further shore. Several of the transports were struck, but beyond causing excitement and some amusement no great damage was done.

During the night some prisoners were brought in. From one of these it was learned that the Confederate force was considerable, and that it would begin an attack in the morning. The morning of the 7th the firing began. The great shells from the gunboats sent after the fleeing enemy quickened their pace.

Two staff officers, while the fighting was going on, rode out too far from the right of the line, and soon found themselves prisoners. In the midst of some confusion they saw a chance to make a dash for liberty and made it. One who was yet mounted succeeded in getting back. The other who had lost his horse, did not fare so well. Seeing too many around him, he dropped upon his face and lay there as if he were dead. Some Confederate officers seeing him began a search for valuables. In rummaging his pockets in no very gentle manner they happened to touch a ticklish spot, and in spite of his efforts to appear dead, he had to laugh outright. His captors saw nothing funny in his trick to deceive them by "playing possum." But he claimed treatment due a prisoner of war. During the night he eluded them and found his way back to headquarters.

The Union loss in this engagement on the south bank of the Pamunkey opposite West Point, was about fifty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. The Confederate loss was probably not so large, but they retired in some haste towards Richmond.

About five miles from the scene of this fight was Eltham. This was a fine estate of about 2,000 acres, a typical home of the old Virginia planter. On the river front of this estate was a convenient landing. In early times it was the custom of planters having their estates on some of the many navigable rivers of Virginia, to ship their products direct to England. These products were mostly tobacco

and wheat. At first tobacco was the chief product. It was not only their chief product, but was a medium of exchange. Salaried officers were often paid in this product. Salaries of clergymen were paid entirely in tobacco.

It afterwards became known that these rich lands would raise the choicest wheat. The vessels taking these products to England would bring back a year's supply of merchandise of all sorts needed on the plantation.

A sufficient quantity of corn would be raised for the feeding of hogs. Corn and bacon, with fish from the rivers formed the largest part of the food of the families of the planters as well as the little army of colored people who tilled the soil.

There were such plantations that were the scene of plenty and contentment. They were well managed. The colored people were kindly treated and worked willingly. Many of these were trained as skilled laborers in special lines. Some were blacksmiths, others were carpenters, others were apt and intelligent in the care of animals. These were generally trusted and faithful.

They were allowed their holidays, their festivals and seasons of enjoyment. But in time the soil became impoverished through the raising of tobacco. The estates did not yield their old time, generous incomes. It was found to be profitable to raise slaves to sell for service on the cotton plantations of the Gulf states. Other industries became neglected. Greed of gain, idleness, immorality, discontent took the place of the former thrift and contentment. Cases of cruel treatment of the colored people were not infrequent. Slaves began to run away. The papers were filled with advertisements offering rewards for the arrest and return of runaways. These runaways, if found, were mercilessly sold for the markets of the extreme south.

The mansion of the Eltham estate, was a large, two

storied building of red brick, with a wide central hall, large rooms, well furnished with old fashioned, substantial furniture, high posted bedsteads, massive carved bureaus and tables. The building was appropriated as headquarters by Generals Franklin, Slocum and Newton. These officers intended that no damage should be done the property. But the pigs, chickens, turkeys and geese supplied the officers' mess tables. There were wide fields of ripening grain and clover in full blossom. The horses and mules devoured these crops. The owner of the estate had departed.

"He seed de smoke way down de riber,
Where de Linkum gunboats lay:
He took his hat and left berry sudden
And I 'spect he's runned away.
Ole massa's run, ha, ha!
De darkeys stay, ho, ho!"

The colored people, some of them at least, were remaining, not knowing what else to do.

The overseer had lost control of them. They refused to obey his orders. He talked with some of the officers about the condition of things and lamented that things on "the place" were going to ruin. When he hinted of using the whip to bring the slaves to obedience to his orders, he was informed that such things would no longer be allowed. The black people were doing about as they pleased, and the poor, lean, dried up overseer could not help himself.

There were some interesting characters among them. One man who seemed nearly a hundred years old could remember when his former master used to keep open house in the old mansion; when all the many rooms were occupied by guests, the "great people," statesmen, stately women, and gay and fashionable young folks. They were entertained with almost royal hospitality, but now

"Old times were changed,
Old manners gone."

A new word was coined that struck the popular fancy. In the west, since Grant's first heavy blows, the Confederates had been compelled to fall back all along the line. In the east they had fallen back from Manassas—and now were falling back as McClellan advanced up the Peninsula.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
When through a southern village passed
A youth who bore, not over nice,
A banner with this strange device—
Skedaddle!

His brow was sad; each toe beneath
Peeped like an acorn from its sheath:
And with frightened voice he sung
His burden strange to Yankee tongue—
Skedaddle!

He saw no household fire where he
Might warm his tod or hominy;
Afar, reflected campfires shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Skedaddle!

"Oh stay," the southern maiden said,
"An' on dis buzzom res' yer head,"
A tear stood in his glaring eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,—
Skedaddle!

"Beware the ford," the old man said,
"The road is awful there ahead,
There's quicksand, mudholes, everywhere,"
"There's worse behind," he swore a swear—
Skedaddle!

"Look out for Grant and Buell, and Banks,
Beware McClellan's pursuing ranks,"
This was the planter's last good night;
The chap replied, far out of sight—
Skedaddle!

Late next day as several boys
From Maine, New York and Illinois
Were moving southward, in the air
They heard in accents of despair—
Skedaddle!

A chap was found, and at his side'
A bottle, showing how he died;
Still grasping in the gathering gloom,
That flag that seemed the sign of doom—
Skedaddle!

There in the twilight thick and gray,
Considerably played out he lay,
And through the vapor gray and thick
A voice fell like a rocket stick,—
Skedaddle!

We were now in a very pleasant country, fine farming land with fields of growing grain and flowering clover, with blocks of woodland. The weather was delightful and outdoor life enjoyable.

The different headquarters presented animated scenes. Tents were pitched on the lawn in front of the Eltham mansion, and the officers, when not busy, were sitting here and there among the trees. It was May 10th, that the regiment disembarked at Eltham.

While some of the forces had been moving up along the river, others had been moving up on inland lines a few miles away from the river. The various headquarters would be moved forward a few miles, and then rest a few days. Communication would be opened from one to the other and visits of courtesy exchanged. And all the while the question was being asked, "Why don't we push on and get into Richmond before the enemy has time to fortify it?" But McClellan was received with hearty cheers whenever he appeared, and there was a hope that he had his plans well laid and would bring matters out all right.

Two provisional corps had been organized, named the Fifth and Sixth. Gen. Fitz John Porter had been placed in command of the former and Gen. Franklin of the latter. These were officers in whom Gen. McClellan seemed to have

especial confidence. Franklin's old division was commanded by Gen. Slocum.

May 11th, the day after the landing at Eltham, was Sunday. It was a warm, pleasant day, and the camps about the landing were quiet. There were inspections and dress parades. In some of the regiments the chaplains conducted religious services.

The dress parade of the Fifth Wisconsin, Col. Amasa Cobb, attracted special attention. There was something peculiar in the appearance and manner of the colonel, quiet, undemonstrative, reserved, yet having the most perfect control over as fine a body of men as could be found in the army.

The afternoon of the 12th we marched about four miles and halted, with orders to be ready to resume the march at four o'clock the next morning.

At the hour named the regimental line was formed. The night had been moonlight and beautiful, and the march in the early morning of the 13th was enjoyable. The regiment seemed to be the rear of the corps. By ten o'clock we had marched twelve miles or more. As we passed over a high, sandy ridge we looked down on a wide plain. To the right was the winding river filled with gunboats, tugs and transports. So many masts and smoke stacks had never before been seen on that stream. Beyond the river and a width of farming land was a background of wooded heights. To the left, bordering the plain and reaching far beyond, were other gradual slopes and hillsides, cultivated fields and woodlands.

The various army corps marching on different lines had converged on this wide plain between the river and the circling hills. Seen from the high ridge we were crossing, it was an inspiring sight. Nearly, if not quite, 100,000 men,—corps, divisions, brigades,—artillery, cavalry, infantry, wagon trains,—formed in compact masses, were

making their encampments. This scene, sketched by an artist on the spot, has been the subject of one of our great historical paintings.

It was Cumberland, one of the great estates of Virginia.

In some of the fields colored women had been driving a single horse or mule, cultivating corn. But regular labor had now ceased. At the comfortable cabins officers and men would order meals prepared. The mistress was a secessionist, and had forbidden any favors to any one in the Union army. To enforce discipline she had resorted to the free use of the lash over the shoulders of one of her women. The swollen marks of the lashing were shown to some of the officers who warned the mistress that such things could not be allowed. It was not easy for her to understand that the army of the United States had any right or authority on her possessions, and she insisted that the army should move away from her estate at once, or they would be subjected to the payment of heavy damages. Provisions taken were generally paid for, but the pay went into the hands of the colored people.

Gen. Stoneman with his cavalry had kept in the advance in the slow movement of the main army, and occasionally had found some of the enemy and captured a few prisoners. But, in obedience to orders, he had not pushed on very far in advance.

From one who had lately been in Richmond it was learned that there was universal dread of the coming of the Union army, and that the authorities were preparing to leave the city.

May 14th the army lay still at Cumberland. Early the 15th we were on the way. It was a rainy day. A march of six miles brought us to the White House, and soon the wide level land between the river and the hills was filled with the camp arranged in compact order.

The Richmond and York River railroad crossed the Pamunkey at this place. The Confederates had partially destroyed the bridge. The river was navigable to this point. There was a good landing and it was made the base of supplies.

The estate was valuable and was the property of the wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee, a descendant of the Custis family. It was here that Washington first met Mrs. Custis, then a charming and wealthy young widow.

His marriage with Mrs. Custis took place Jan. 6th, 1759, some authorities say at the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, others say at the church near New Kent Court House.

The Confederates had left the immediate vicinity. In the main hall of the White House was a paper attached to the wall, reading as follows:

"Northern soldiers, who prefer to revere Washington, forbear to desecrate the home of his first married life—the property of his wife—now owned by her descendant,

A GRANDDAUGHTER OF MRS. WASHINGTON."

A house had been recently occupied by a son of Robert E. Lee. The paper would lead one to suppose that this was the house that was standing here in Washington's time. It was learned, however, that the original house had been destroyed by fire thirty years before. This later house was burned when the place was abandoned as a base of supplies. It was an ideal location for a home.

The 16th, after the previous rainy day, the army lay quiet, spread out to dry over the broad acres of the Custis estate. There were frequent details for escorts.

Before sunrise on the 19th we were on the march. We left the great, wide, level camping ground at the White House, and followed the line of the railroad, keeping on the right of the track. Large bodies of infantry and artillery

were moving in the same direction. Halted near Tunstall's station in a clover field. From the woods came during the night the ceaseless notes of the whip-poor-will. The morning of the 20th, Companies B and F were ordered out to accompany Capt. Arnold of Franklin's staff. The way was up the south bank of the Pamunkey. It was a long and pleasant ride through a pleasant country. These were the first Union soldiers whom the people here had seen. Crowds of colored people came to the roadside to see. They were of all classes and conditions—the patriarch of more than four score, with hair like sheep's wool, almost white; the dozen or two of pickaninnies with faces of shining blackness, and eyes rolling in wonder; women and men, some with regular features and intelligent faces, and others with features not easy to describe.

Many of the able-bodied slaves had been sent to the lower Peninsula to work upon fortifications. Some of these had never returned to the plantations.

The white people had no friendly greetings. Ladies would stand in the doorways with features expressing bitter hostility.

The colored women and children were demonstrative in their welcome, in spite of the forbidding aspects and words of master and mistress. They brought to the roadside, as free gifts to the cavalrymen, an abundance of corn bread and hoe cake, with jars of butter milk. These planters, like many others, were raising slaves for the southern market. Some of them would sell from ten to twenty a year, receiving for them from five to fifteen hundred dollars a piece, according to age and condition.

The return was on a road farther from the river and nearer to Richmond. Columns of infantry were moving toward the Confederate capital. In answer to many inquiries, the answer was returned that it was a fruitful land—

a land of hoe cake and buttermilk, of fat pickaninnies, and white enemies who would welcome them to hospitable graves.

Marched at one o'clock the next morning in a drizzling rain. The day was warm. The country was high land midway between the rivers, and was sandy and poor.

Here had been a resort for an occasional day's outing by the people from the city. There was an old tavern where entertainment had been provided. It was a well shaded place and had received the name of Cool Arbor. This name had been modified in spelling and pronunciation. It has been called Coal Harbor, and Cold Harbor, but is difficult to see any significance in these names. This place was now the headquarters of the army.

CHAPTER XI.

BEFORE RICHMOND.

EARLY in the morning of May 22nd as the regiment stood in line, a staff officer rode up and called for men well mounted, to act as advance guard for a regiment of infantry. Twenty-five men from K were selected, with Sergeant George W. Cummins in command. Orders were to proceed ahead of the infantry toward Mechanicsville. It was an old and unused road with thick woods on either side. The men rode by twos at an easy gallop, jumping their horses over logs that lay across the way. The morning was bright and warm. Besides the men themselves there was no sign of life save the singing of the many birds among the trees. With feelings of exhilaration and security the men rode on until it was suggested that they were getting too far ahead of the infantry. Cummins said,—"We will ride forward to the hill and there wait." They passed down a slight decline, crossed the bridge over a small stream and turned to the right, following the road along the foot of the thickly wooded hill. From among the bushes by the road side suddenly arose a large number of armed men. They poured their fire into the cavalry, broadside, and so close that some of them could almost touch the horses with their guns. Cummins fell to the ground, shot through the heart. Corporal William Anderson fell, and was thought to be dead, but he was only wounded. The men who were left mounted, turned to get away, when the enemy in great numbers came

out into the road in the rear, and on both sides. The cavalry did not stand on the order of their going. They went at once and went rapidly, riding over or eluding the rebels who tried to catch the horses by the bits as they dashed past. The bullets followed them thick and fast. Upon reaching the elevation on this side of the stream, Sergeant E. C. Watkins rallied the men and took command. The rebels contented themselves with firing at long range whenever a man showed himself. Many of the horses had been hit, but not disabled. Watkins' horse had been wounded in three places.

Watkins held his men here until the infantry came up, when a battalion was quickly deployed on each side of the road and advanced rapidly down the slope. The enemy waited to fire but a few shots, then broke and ran. Our men followed. In the place where they had been ambushed they found the body of Cummins where he had fallen, mutilated with bayonet thrusts and his ears cut off! A prisoner taken later in the day stated that this was the act of a South Carolina soldier who "proposed to take the Yankee's ears to his best girl."

Watkins really commanded all the troops on the road after the cavalry fight. He was wearing a blouse with no chevrons and was easily mistaken for an officer. The infantry colonel asked him to take command of his men, as he himself had no knowledge of military matters. Later reinforcements also reported to Watkins. These forces followed up the Confederates and drove them through and beyond Mechanicsville. That night Franklin's corps occupied the place. The next morning a special order from General Franklin was read before the regiment, in which he highly complimented these cavalrymen for their meritorious conduct, and recommended the promotion of Sergeant Watkins to first lieutenant.

Anderson who had been wounded spent many months in prison. Companies A and C went to Bottom's bridge across the Chickahominy. It had been destroyed. Other details had been made for various services. In one of these a German of L had fallen among a few of the enemy, but before his arms had been taken from him he knocked over one of his captors with his carbine and broke away. Several shots were fired after him, and his horse was wounded, but he escaped.

The 23rd, at sunset, the chaplain conducted an impressive service over the remains of Sergeant Cummins. He was a brave, true, intelligent man, and a faithful soldier. In the pine woods near the camp, which was now named Camp Cummins, he was buried with military honors, his comrades firing three farewell volleys over his grave. The realities of war were brought home to them as they laid him to rest and left him among the lonely pines at Cold Harbor.

At dress parade on the afternoon of the 24th an address by McClellan was read in all the camps. It was inspiring in its tone. It spoke of past successes, saying that "the Army of the Potomac had never yet been checked," and promising an immediate forward movement; wagons and baggage were to be left behind, soldiers were encouraged to be prompt, cool, steady, to "aim low and rely upon the bayonet."

Arms were carefully examined; some of the men sharpened their sabres. Letters—were they to be the last?—were sent home. One of the captains, a soldier of the old school, urged his men to be careful of their clothing and brush it up, and polish their shoes, so that the company might make a fine appearance on the expected triumphal entry into Richmond.

The 24th was rainy and most of the regiment remained in camp. The Fourth Michigan went out and engaged in a

skirmish and returned bringing in about twenty-five prisoners.

Companies F and M under the command of Captain Bennett were ordered to report to General Porter. They remained at his headquarters until sometime in August, acting as escort and orderlies, and taking part in all the engagements of the corps.

One of the first duties assigned to these companies was to accompany an officer to the residence of Mrs. R. E. Lee and her daughter Mary at the White House, with instructions to inform them that they would not be permitted to remain longer within the lines. Word was sent to General Lee, who called Captain Mason, saying,—"I have some property in the hands of the enemy, and General McClellan has informed me that he would deliver it to me at any time I would call for it." He desired Captain Mason to go with a courier and a flag of truce to the Federal lines with a sealed dispatch to General McClellan. The Union officer on the picket line at Meadow bridge insisted on blindfolding Captain Mason before taking him to headquarters. He thought he was doing right in taking this precaution, but for this McClellan was so indignant that he ordered the officer under arrest. But he treated the Confederate officer to the best he had, including the choicest liquors, and in due time, and with the greatest courtesy, sent him and the family of General Lee, with an escort back into the Confederate lines.

Captain Harkins with D and H was ordered to report to General Slocum. The 25th the other companies moved about four miles up the north bank of the Chickahominy and encamped on the farm of Mr. Sidney. The valley here was hardly a mile wide and bordered by moderate bluffs. On the southern bluff the enemy's pickets were plainly seen.

The 26th, with horses saddled ready to move at a mo-

ment's notice, we waited for orders, but no orders came. The enemy threw a few shells across the valley. They passed, shrieking and howling, over the camp. The noise they made was not a pleasant one, but they did no damage.

The 27th there was heavy and continuous firing off to the northwest. It was Porter at Hanover Court House. At evening the report came that he had defeated the enemy and taken a thousand prisoners. Companies F and M were with him.

Low's balloon made an ascent just behind the camp, and the enemy from across the valley threw several shells at it. At the first shell, which came uncomfortably near, the man in the balloon made considerable noise—

> "Sent forth a sharp and bitter cry,
> As of a wild thing taken in a trap,
> Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood."

Whether it was a shout of defiance or a cry of terror, begging help, we could not quite make out. But the balloon speedily came down and was moved back out of range, when it went up again to take a safer survey of the country. The shells fell in the camp and went rolling and ricocheting along the ground. While they did do no harm, they were not looked upon as desirable playthings.

The Confederates had retired across the Chickahominy and destroyed the bridge. They had placed their batteries on the bank. The camp of the cavalry which had been made near the bank of Beaver Dam creek was in an exposed position. The solid shot and shells from these batteries had fallen among the tents.

Some of the men were in the habit of going with their horses to the creek, on their own notion, at such times as were convenient for them. They had the appearance of wandering away from camp without permission. General Davidson was out with some attendants and, provoked at

seeing these men wandering outside regardless of discipline, drew his weapons and charged upon them with a volley of oaths more terrible than his display of arms. The men came through the bushes surrounding the camp as if the enemy in force was upon them. They excited commotion for a few minutes, but general laughter afterwards.

The camp was withdrawn a mile or more to a sandy field by the side of a grove in the edge of which was standing a plain church. Heavy details were made for the guard and picket duty. Patrols were out almost constantly to watch the Confederates who could always be seen on the bank across the valley. From high positions could be seen the church spires of Richmond.

Batteries were placed to face those of the enemy. Shots were exchanged often enough to remind one that a state of war existed. Otherwise the situation was comparatively quiet. And all were waiting to see what would be done.

Near by was the camp of the Eighth Illinois cavalry, a well-officered, efficient regiment, attached to Porter's corps, which was picketing a line of eight or ten miles, but leaving an unguarded line of several miles between their right and the Pamunkey river. The officers of the regiment reported this to higher authorities, but the matter was not attended to. A little later the Confederates took advantage of this, and Stuart's cavalry made the circuit of the Federal army.

A part of the army had crossed the Chickahominy and advanced beyond Savage's Station. But so far as we could see no very important movements were being made. It was understood that McClellan was waiting for McDowell, who was at Fredericksburg, to join him. The weather was warm, with occasional heavy thunder showers. Early in the afternoon of the 31st there was some musketry firing across the river. It soon became continuous and heavy. It was evident that contending lines were near each other and

hotly engaged. There were volleys of musketry and the heavier firing of artillery. Now and then were plainly heard the ringing Union cheers and the screeching rebel yells. These were easily distinguished and indicated desperate fighting at close quarters. As the cheers or yells were louder we could imagine one or the other of the lines pressing back its opponent. Such fighting and so near by, and becoming more and more intense, was too exciting to permit men to remain quiet. They wanted to have a hand in the fray, and when after a little while, orders were given to saddle up and be ready, it took but a short time for the six companies not detached, to be in line. The colonel reported to General Franklin who directed that the regiment remain in readiness and await further orders.

In the meantime a young Confederate officer had been taken prisoner and was brought to headquarters. It was Lieutenant Washington, an aide on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He wore a fine uniform of gray trimmed with gold lace. He was a gentlemanly and soldierly appearing man, too full of energy to be content to be a captive when he expected to take an active part in a battle that had been planned to crush that part of the Union army that had crossed the river.

Reports came that the fighting, though desperate, had gone well with the Union army. The Confederate General Huger had failed to do what was expected of him. General Sumner, crossing the swollen river on floating logs of a corduroy bridge, hastened to the assistance of the Union forces. The well laid plans of Johnston were thwarted. He himself was wounded. His forces were withdrawn toward Richmond. There was more fighting on the morning of June 1st, and the Union army was in possession of the entire field of Fair Oaks.

The falling back of the Confederate forces caused in-

tense anxiety in Richmond. Every available building in the city was converted into a hospital for their wounded.

General Heintzelman thought the time favorable for following the enemy and advancing directly upon Richmond. On the morning of June 2nd he sent General Hooker with a strong force to reconnoiter. Hooker went within four miles of the capital, seeing only stragglers and a few pickets. He sent back a report of the situation, expressing an opinion that it was possible for a strong force to capture the city. General McClellan sent a peremptory order,—"General Hooker will return from his brilliant reconnoissance; we cannot afford to lose his division."

General McClellan was not near the field during the battles of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, nor did he give any direct orders except that he sent word to Sumner to cross the river with his corps, and Sumner had anticipated this order and had begun to move.

On the 3rd of June, McClellan issued another brief and stirring address which was read at evening parade in all the camps. In this he announced the recent great victory, and promised a speedy forward movement. He encouraged his soldiers to bear themselves manfully, and predicted that the coming conflict would be decisive.

In the meantime there came reports of Union successes in the west. Halleck had compelled Beauregard to evacuate Corinth. Colonel Elliott, with Iowa cavalry, had made a daring raid in the rear of Corinth, breaking the enemy's communications, destroying property and parolling 2,000 sick and convalescent soldiers. The whole North was exulting over these successes, and was watching with the greatest interest the army before Richmond. The boastful proclamations of Beauregard had not saved him.

From the 4th to the 12th there were details for foraging. Some deserters reported the Confederates to be tired and

disheartened. The 13th, Confederate cavalry was around our right and rear. Wagons on their way to the landing for supplies were turned back. Horses were on short rations of musty corn. Ordered to be on the alert during the night, and to march early the next morning. Morning came. Marched a mile and encamped. The new camp was near McClellan's headquarters and was a short distance in the rear of the ground on which, a fortnight later, was fought the battle of Gaines' Mill.

It was soon known what the Confederates had accomplished. Stuart, with 1,500 cavalry and some artillery, had burned two schooners and fourteen wagons loaded with supplies, captured 165 prisoners, 265 horses and mules, had leisurely passed around our entire army and returned to Richmond by the James river road, suffering no loss himself.

From the 15th to the 18th remained in camp. It had been announced that McClellan had been waiting for McCall's division of McDowell's corps to join him, when he would move at once against the enemy. And now McCall's division of 15,000 men was here.

A general forward movement along the whole line expected, and the men were in good spirits.

The 19th the regiment crossed the Chickahominy on Woodbury's bridge, and on an open, sloping field, made a new camp. A short half mile away, near some fine springs, were pitched McClellan's headquarters tents.

Liberty was given to some of the men to ride out to the front. The field of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks seemed like a vast burial ground. Many bodies had evidently been allowed to remain on the spot where they had fallen, and a scant covering of earth had been thrown upon them. The lines had been advanced beyond the field of the battle, and long lines of earthworks had been thrown up. In these were long ranks of men with arms in readiness, constantly on

the lookout for an advancing enemy. Behind these lines, extending over a wide distance, the fields and woods were full of camps, indicating the massing of the army for an attack upon Richmond from this position.

The 25th the regiment went to the front as an escort to McClellan. Went a little in advance of the position of the Union lines at the time of the battle. A lively skirmish was going on along a considerable length of the line. In case it should develop into an attack in force, bodies of troops were here and there massed in solid squares, with field officers mounted, in readiness to be thrown forward. The regiment waited in line hardly out of range of the Confederate skirmishers' fire, and their shots would now and then reach us. It seemed as though it would be a relief to those men waiting in the solid squares if they were ordered at once into action.

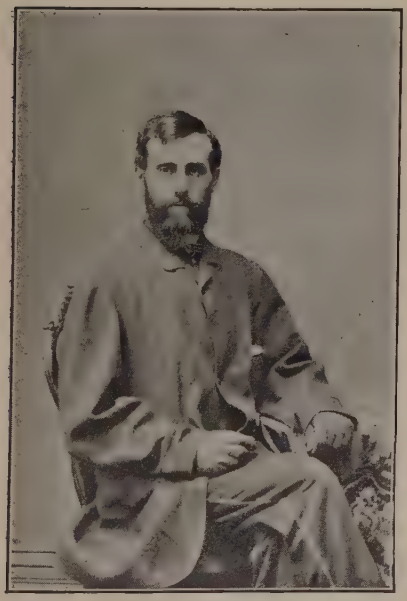
In the rear of an army in battle is the worst part of all the field. Details with stretchers were bringing back the wounded. As they were laid upon the ground the surgeons would look at them, one after another, and quickly decide what ones were beyond their help. There was one man shot through the head, still alive and moaning piteously. It seemed an hour before his moaning ceased. Another was so battered about the face as to be almost unrecognizable. He, too, was yet alive, but beyond the power of noticing anything. The surgeon looked at him and passed on to the next. Another with only a hand shattered had walked back from the skirmish line. The surgeon began at once to amputate some of the fingers. Under the effect of an insufficient anaesthetic the wounded man became delirious and talked incoherently and incessantly. Under other circumstances, what he was saying would be amusing. The surgeons in attending to their work had to keep back all signs of sympathy and appear indifferent to human suffering.

In returning to his headquarters McClellan paid a flattering compliment to the regiment, although it had not been in action. Perhaps it had shown some degree of courage in waiting and looking on.

The 26th there was sharp firing on the extreme right, across the Chickahominy. It was the Confederate attack on the Union position at Beaver Dam creek. At evening roll call it was announced that the Confederates had been repulsed with heavy loss, and that we had won another victory, and there was hearty cheering in all the camps.

A. CHALMERS HINTON.

R. G. PRENDERGAST.



DR. GEO. L. DOUGLAS.

JENYNS C. BATTERSBY.

CHAPTER XII.

BEAVER DAM TO MALVERN HILL.

THE fight at Beaver Dam creek did not cease until after night fall. The Union forces under Porter held their position with a loss of a little more than four hundred. The Confederates were repulsed with a loss, as Longstreet afterward said to the historian Swinton, of between three and four thousand. McClellan was not on the field, but he sent orders to fall back during the night. Wagons and wounded men were transferred across the river.

Notwithstanding the cheering over the victory, there began to grow up among the men a feeling of uncertainty. Since McClellan's promise of a speedy and decisive movement nearly a month before, nothing of importance had been done except skirmishing along the front, and Stuart's raid around the Union army. And now the enemy had taken the initiative. Contrabands had brought the report that Stonewall Jackson had come from the Shenandoah Valley and joined Lee.

The forenoon of the 27th there seemed to be something ominous in the air. It became known that Porter had fallen back from the field of the previous day's fight to high, open ground where he had formed a new line on the arc of a circle, in a favorable position, but with no earthworks in front.

The men had always liked the appearance of Porter; erect, cool, watchful, with an expression of "business" and determination. But he had only 27,000 men. Opposed to

him were 70,000. Behind the advanced lines of works on the south side were more than 60,000 Union men with many more in reserve. Between these and Richmond was Magruder with 25,000. With these he kept up a constant skirmishing, always threatening an attack as if with a superior force.

On the 20th McClellan had reported a total of 156,838 with 115,000 present for duty. Lee had a force of 75,000 which, by the arrival of Jackson, was increased to 110,000.

McClellan had three courses open to him: 1st, to cross to the north side and risk all in a battle on Porter's ground: 2nd, withdraw Porter to the south side to hold the line of the river, and with the rest of the army push directly into Richmond: 3rd, move his entire army to the James.

Shortly after noon the enemy developed his superior forces in front of Porter. He, realizing the work he had before him, sent for reinforcements. Slocum's division was sent. As it crossed Alexander's bridge it was met by hundreds of wounded. Arriving on the field it was divided into detachments, and these were sent to strengthen different parts of the line.

The roar of battle became terrific. The enemy was pressing around Porter's right which was obliged to give way. Before overwhelming forces the entire line began to yield. In response to calls for further reinforcements the brigades of French and Meagher had been sent. These hurrying forward with loud cheers checked the retreating lines, which reformed and advanced to the front. The Confederates hearing and seeing these fresh forces, and not knowing how many there were of them, ceased from their attacks and rested on the ground they had won.

In this battle of Gaines' Mill the Union loss was almost 8,000 men and 22 guns. The enemy's loss was about 5,000. In this day's doings six companies of the Lincoln cavalry, a

squadron each at the headquarters of Porter, Slocum and Franklin, saw active service. The two companies under Boyd at Franklin's headquarters were sent to Slocum when the latter was sent across the river. The duties of mounted orderlies on a field of battle are responsible and dangerous. These cavalrymen were among the busiest of all the men on the field. The remaining companies had acted as escorts to generals examining the situation at the front on the south side.

All night long, along the road just by the side of the cavalry camp, were passing wagons, ambulances, horses, wounded men and marching regiments. The steady, monotonous tramp, the dust filling the air to suffocation, the men marching in silence, too wearied to talk, some of them hardly awake, the wounded in ambulances or borne on stretchers, all these marked the all-night retreat of a defeated army.

It was said that a general shed tears as he saw his men falling in such numbers and his line driven back.

> "Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
> The tears of warlike men."

The morning of the 28th we were up early. The night had been a sleepless one. The disasters of the previous day were known. Officers of high rank could be seen in groups consulting in low tones, awaiting developments. Enlisted men were watching their officers, trying to gather from the expression of their faces some sign of what was to be expected. There was no panic, no demoralization, but a determination to meet without shrinking whatever might come.

Companies F and M had been with Porter at Beaver Dam; D, H, C and A had been with Slocum at Gaines' Mills. A number of the men had been wounded and a number more had their horses shot under them.

The other six companies were ordered to the front beyond the field of Fair Oaks. Again the persistent skirmish-

ing by the enemy indicated the probability of an attack in force. The formidable earthworks were filled with men in constant readiness to meet the attack. This continual threatening by Magruder was the carrying out of the plan of the Confederates to prevent the sending of Union forces from this part of the line to reinforce the right wing, against which the main part of their army had been massed.

A paymaster was engaged in paying a regiment near the front when the enemy's shells began to fall and burst around him. He packed up his treasury in his iron-bound trunk and sought a place of safety.

Late in the day the regiment returned to its camp. Divisions and brigades were changing positions. Batteries of artillery that had been guarding different points along the river were coming in. We heard the noise of explosions. Trains had been set to blow up the bridges.

The 29th was Sunday. Each man took what effects he thought indispensable, what rations he could conveniently carry, a new supply of ammunition, and the six companies not detached took up the line of march towards Savage's Station. The march was slow with frequent halts. Large bodies of troops on different roads were moving toward the station. The roads were obstructed by wagon trains. Each of the more than five thousand wagons of the army was drawn by a team of four or six horses or mules. The long mule teams would get twisted around and tangled up, and the dismal chorus of braying mules and the shouting and swearing of the drivers added to the confusion.

General Lee seems to have expected that the Union army would fall back. His mistake was in supposing that the retreat would be down the north side of the Chickahominy. General Stoneman, by the skilful maneuvering of his cavalry, helped to convey the impression that this was McClellan's plan. Because of this the retreat to the James

was in progress more than twelve hours before the enemy knew with certainty what was being done. The time consumed in his marching back to the crossing places was well used by the Union army.

In the meantime the wounded had been collected at Savage's Station. After the battle of Gaines' Mill many of the wounded had not been able to get across the river that day. These, one by one, or in small companies, after much suffering, were now finding their way to the station. Nearly twenty-five hundred were here. There were not buildings nor tents enough for them. The trees furnished shelter for many. The rest were lying on the ground under the open sky. The surgeons had been busy. A little distance away was a mound of amputated limbs. The regiment halted near by. Some of the men passed among the wounded to see if they could find acquaintances. There were shallow trenches dug in the light, sandy soil, and every little while a dead soldier was brought out, laid in a trench, his blanket folded over him, and the earth shoveled upon him.

These pale, battered, bandaged men would anxiously ask—"Are there any ambulances coming?" "Are they going to leave us behind?" But McClellan had "ordered all the ambulances to depart unincumbered; four or five thousand sick men would so embarrass the army that escape might be impossible; and that, much as it had to be regretted, it was a matter of stern necessity to leave our wounded in the hands of the enemy."

It had been the purpose to send as many as possible to the White House to be taken on transports to Northern hospitals. A loaded train was ready to go, when suddenly the telegraph ceased to work. The train was run down the track a few miles, when it was learned that the Confederates were in possession, and the train returned.

Those in charge of the White House had been instructed, upon the appearance of danger, to send around to the James river all the stores that could be transported, and to burn the rest. Lieut. Wilson, one of those in charge, wrote of this: "Such quantities of elegant new tents; nice beds for the sick; of fine liquors and wines; cordials and medicines; oranges, lemons, beef, corn, whisky; immense quantities of hay; boxes on boxes of clothing, and everything conceivable for use and comfort were committed to the flames." The White House itself was burned.

General Sumner with his own corps and parts of the corps of Heintzelman and Franklin, was to hold the enemy in check at Savage's Station while the rest of the army was pushing on toward the James river. On high, open ground batteries of artillery were placed, with guns unlimbered and in position to resist an attack.

Companies C and A, Captains Boyd and Jones, were on picket along the river. The enemy was delayed by the necessity of rebuilding bridges that had been destroyed, and it was not until late in the afternoon that they were crossing the river. Then the cavalry companies were deployed, and as the enemy advanced, fell back skirmishing.

When the wounded learned that they were to be left behind, hundreds of those who were not totally disabled started on in the direction in which the army was moving. Weak and faint, they followed along as best they could. Some would give out by the way, but after a brief rest they would feebly but persistently struggle on. Comrades would support and help each other.

The Eighth Illinois cavalry had been ordered to escort and guard the long train. Men of this regiment would dismount and help the wounded to the saddle, while they themselves would walk.

It was pitiful to see the helpless when they found that

they were to be left behind. Many exclaimed that "they would rather die than fall into the hands of the rebels." Their physical pains were less intense than their mental agony.

Company E was ordered forward as a special guard to Franklin's train, leaving only five companies not detached.

Orders had been given that all stores which could not be carried along should be destroyed. About noon the work of destruction was begun. Many of these stores would be especially needed by the sick and wounded that were to be left behind. But the orders were to burn. Barrels of meat, sugar, coffee, whisky, turpentine, cords of boxes of crackers, were added to the burning piles. Great, black volumes of smoke and cinders rolled upward and floated away high on the winds. Frequent explosions of ammunition added something of terror to the spectacle.

Standing on the track was a long train of cars loaded with ammunition. It had been the intention to send this train to the White House. But it was now too late. The enemy was in possession there, and the railroad bridge across the Chickahominy had been destroyed. The only thing to do to prevent this ammunition falling into the hands of the enemy was to destroy it. The train was to be set on fire and run into the river. The engine was under a full head of steam as the regiment moved on.

Rev. J. J. Marks, D.D., was chaplain of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania volunteers. He chose to remain a voluntary prisoner to minister to the sick and wounded. He had opportunities to observe many things that a soldier in the ranks could not see. His account is here given,—

"The engine attached to the train was ready at any moment to spring on the track, each of the cars was set on fire, and when the flames began to wind around the wooden structures the train was put in motion. Being a descending grade, it was soon rushing on with

the wildest fury, and every revolution of the wheels added to the volume of the flames, until the eye ceased to see the structure of the cars, and only beheld a terrific monster, which, like some huge serpent of fire, had come forth to add a new feature of horror to the scene. On and on it rushed, with a roar which caused the hills to tremble. I could not think of anything as a suitable representation of a spectacle so grand, but that of a thousand thunderbolts chained together, and wreathed with lightning, rushing with scathing fury and the roar of the tornado over the trembling earth. In a few seconds the engine, cars and wheels were nothing but one long chain of fire, a frightful meteor flashing past us.

The distance from Savage's Station to the Chickahominy is about one and a half miles. I had placed myself on one of the eminences near our hospital, from which I had a fine view of the railroad and the coming train. I knew that the long bridge over the river was burned. The train plunged past me like some vast monster from a sea of fire. On it thundered until there was a stupendous crash, and far up in the heavens were thrown burning fragments of the cars. This was succeeded by the explosion of bombs and kegs of powder. Now a great shell dashed into the air with a wild and angry shriek; this burst, and left behind a flash of flame; and again another darted forth and tore with fury through the branches of the forest trees; and bomb after bomb sprang from the fiery mass, hissing and screaming like fiends in agony, and coursing in every direction through the forests and clear heavens. Such was the momentum of this train, that when it reached the chasm it sprang out fully forty feet, and the engine and first car leaped over the first pier in the stream, and there it hangs, one of the most impressive monuments of the Peninsular disasters."

The work of the rear guard calls for peculiar heroism. At Savage's Station, Sumner with his twenty thousand men drawn up in the open field met all the requirements. All day the rest of the army, long columns of infantry, batteries of artillery, wagon trains, detachments of cavalry, generals with their staffs and escorts, had been moving past the station towards the James. The last was Heintzelman, who, with his staff, left at four o'clock. Through all this moving, the long lines of the rear guard stayed on the field. They could look for no support. They could only wait and look for the

enemy, and beat them back that the rest of the army might be saved.

General Sumner had once been asked by some prominent civilians, what he thought of the prospects of putting down the rebellion. His reply was, "It is a soldier's business to think only of his duty, and how best to perform it." His presence and bearing now imparted to his men his own spirit of determination and unflinching heroism. In Franklin he had an able and skillful lieutenant. The men of C and A had here the opportunity of witnessing some of the most heroic fighting of the civil war.

At five o'clock a cloud of dust announced the coming of the Confederates. In grim silence the rear guard waited for them. Before the fire of artillery and infantry that greeted them they fell back. In the center, and on the right and left, in successive advances they tried to break that line. The men of one command had been lying down that the enemy's artillery fire might pass over them, when orders came for them to charge the battery. Instantly they arose, fixed bayonets and started forward. In a moment they were among the guns. A line of infantry was falling back where, in its weakest place, it had been hard pressed. Sumner, placing himself in front of two regiments, waving his hat, led them on, restoring the line and driving the enemy back.

Until after dusk the Confederates with yells of desperation repeated their assaults. With cheers of defiance the rear guard repelled every assault.

Two regimental lines were near each other, unable in the dim light to tell friend from foe. Ten paces apart they halted, and peering through the darkness, each challenged the other. They were enemies, and simultaneously they fired into each other's faces.

At half past eight the Confederates ceased from their

attempts to break the line of that rear guard. Sumner, even at that hour, wished to take the aggressive, and spoke of sending to McClellan for permission to drive the enemy into the Chickahominy. But he was reminded that the orders were to fall back. With an emphatic protest he set his army in motion. A violent storm came on through which the army continued its retreat. During the night and the next morning all had crossed White Oak bridge. The bridge was then destroyed.

A battery on the field was not notified of the withdrawal of the army. The next morning the captain was awakened by reveille from camps where he knew our men were not the night before. They were camps of the enemy. He had been left behind. Quickly and quietly the horses were hitched up. With two guns in the rear to fire upon any pursuers, the battery was hurried on and crossed the bridge in safety.

It is due to the Confederates to say that on the morning of the 30th, when they took possession of Savage's Station, they assured the surgeons and Chaplain Marks that they should be treated with all consideration possible. A Confederate guard was placed about the hospital, and there was no rudeness nor unkindness shown to anyone. After the storm during the night, the morning of the 30th was clear and fresh. White Oak swamp is about a hundred rods wide, with a thick growth of trees and bushes. The road through it was low and sandy, but passable. The swamp was not inundated. The bridge over the stream that ran through the center was but a few rods in length. On either side of the swamp was high, open ground with thick pine woods behind. On the high ground on the south side Franklin had slight redoubts thrown up. In these he placed his guns to sweep the crossing where the bridge had been destroyed. Infantry was in supporting distance. Be-

hind the infantry was an immense mass of wagons parked, with teams unhitched. During that forenoon we rested.

About one o'clock a shell from the opposite side of the swamp came over our heads and fell among the parked wagons. Immediately there arose confusion. There was hitching of teams "in hot haste." Many of the drivers in their fright would have abandoned wagons and teams. Quartermaster Bailey with promptness checked what would have been a stampede. With revolver in hand he compelled the drivers to go back to their teams. Under his management the train was soon beyond the reach of the enemy's fire.

It has been stated that Jackson had thirty guns in position, with his infantry massed in the woods behind them, ready to cross the swamp. For nearly an hour the fire from these guns was rapid and severe. Franklin's guns replied with equal rapidity. So suddenly had this fire opened that some of the infantry were not prepared for it. One regiment, following the example of its commander, broke for the rear, but was halted by another regiment and ordered back to its place. Its nervous and demoralized colonel then strayed off a little way and sat down among some privates of a neighboring regiment, where he thought he would be less exposed. One of them in disgust asked him,—"Don't your own regiment need you? We have officers enough of our own regiment here." The poor colonel in his terror was to be pitied. It was necessary for the cavalry to check some of the timid and send them back to their lines. A few trees were pre-empted by officers as sheltering places.

A call was made on Company B for a couple of special orderlies. Kerr and Besley jumped at the chance, and for the rest of the fight were at the front among the bullets of sharpshooters as well as bursting shells. Besley had been

under arrest for several days for presuming to "talk back" to an abusive sergeant. The lieutenant of the company released him from arrest and allowed him to go back into the ranks. The sergeant showed some spite at this interference with what he regarded as his prerogative, with a threat, "Oi'l fix oo yet." Besley preferred the freedom of the open battlefield to such restraint, and both he and Kerr did fearless service during that and the succeeding battles.

Franklin had made his headquarters on a hill from which his cannon could sweep the road across the swamp. Near by was a house in which lived an old man with a wife and young child. Seeing the guns placed in position around his house, the old man asked if there would probably be a fight there, and if so, how long before it would begin. The general replied that there surely would be a fight, and it might begin in half an hour. The man said he would take his wife and child to a place of safety at his brothers's, a mile or so down the swamp, and then would come back. "But why come back at all?" the general asked. He replied,—"If I don't come back and take care of my chickens and ducks your men will take them all." Soon after he had returned a cannon ball took off one of his legs, and in a few minutes he had bled to death.

Franklin speaks of this bombardment as one which, for severity, he never heard equaled in the field. During this heavy firing a body of Confederate cavalry appeared as if intending to attempt a crossing, but they met such a storm from the Federal guns that they quickly withdrew. Jackson seemed to give up the idea of crossing, but the fire from his batteries and from sharpshooters in the swamp was kept up during the afternoon.

The wagons had been withdrawn to the rear, and out of range. But so rapid had been the firing that the ammunition needed replenishing. Besley was sent to bring up

a wagon. The colored driver, whose reluctance to go into the storm of shot and shell bullets at the extreme front could be overcome only by the sight of a revolver and the orderly's threat to shoot him if he did not hurry up, was, in his terror that almost made him look pale, an illustration of a man between two fires.

Under the hill by the side of the road through the swamp was a flowing spring which furnished excellent water until the Confederate sharpshooters in the swamp stopped the canteen carriers from going there any more. The thirst on the battlefield became intense. The men in the rear of the batteries dug wells three or four feet deep in the ground soaked by the last night's rain, and the muddy water that slowly oozed through the wet soil was dipped up as fast as it gathered in the bottom of the wells.

When it was found impossible to cross in front of Franklin, the Confederates effected a crossing at Brackett's ford, a mile or more to the left. Here, though at some distance from the ford, was Slocum with his division. While the fighting was heaviest at the bridge a brigade had been sent from Slocum to aid Franklin. But now there was pressing need in Slocum's front and the brigade was recalled. The need became more urgent. Slocum, able, alert and anxious, sent again,—"Hurry up that brigade!" and the brigade returned at a double quick. The day was very warm, and the men, carrying all their accoutrements, running as fast as possible to be in time to check the onset of the enemy and prevent a break in the line, presented a spectacle of one of the peculiar incidents of war. Strong men, overcome by their exertions and the heat, dropped to the ground and lay heavily panting in their distressing effort to recover their breath. Wearied as the men of this brigade were with their hurried marching and counter

marching, they hurled themselves, just in the nick of time, against the elated enemy, and saved the imperiled line.

Companies D, H and K were with Slocum; C and A were with Franklin; F and M were with Fitz John Porter, who had gone in advance along the Quaker road; E had gone with the wagon train. Colonel McReynolds with the rest of the regiment was under the orders of Franklin.

A detachment had been sent to Slocum's part of the field. On the south side of the open ground in which the armies were contending were thick woods.

A sergeant was sent to recall the detachment, and at the time he was riding in front of these woods the fire of the enemy's artillery seemed to be concentrated there. The shells went crashing through the timber, tearing limbs from trees, the falling limbs adding to the noise of shrieking missiles themselves.

A motley group of colored people of all ages had gathered to follow the retreating army. They had become bewildered as the line of battle had lengthened away to the left, and now seemed to be swinging around to the rear where McClellan's Pennsylvania reserves had been forced back. They came out of the woods as this artillery fire was especially severe. There was no safety for them here, and they scampered back into the depths of the dark forest like a flock of frightened black sheep and lambs.

So determined had been the attacks of the Confederates that they had succeeded in forcing back portions of our lines. At one time it was reported that somewhere off on the left they had broken the line, and that Franklin's command was entirely cut off and in danger of being surrounded. At Glendale Randol's battery, protected by a light earthworks, was charged upon. Other attacks had been repelled. And now the fire of the cannon cut long lines through the enemy's ranks, but did not check them.

They came on, not in well-ordered ranks, but with a wild rush, sweeping among, and over, and past the guns.

The fighting had receded far off to the left, and finally ceased altogether on the right. The forces were gradually and silently being withdrawn. Disabled horses had to be killed, and abandoned wagons burned. A battery had lost many men and horses, and some of the guns were dismounted. After dark Besley carried from a brigadier general an order that the remaining guns should be spiked and abandoned. The surviving men of the battery indignantly refused to obey the order, and where horses were wanting, the men themselves drew the guns away.

It was aften ten o'clock when the cavalry, that was to be the rear guard, was mounted and in line waiting for a detachment of the Fifth Wisconsin infantry to be called in from the line that they had held as pickets. The night was without moon or stars. So weary were the cavalrymen that they were fast asleep on their horses. The Wisconsin men came filing out of the dense darkness of the woods, and without a word, formed a line in front of the cavalry. At the command,—"Halt,"—they stacked arms, dropped to the ground and in an instant were asleep. All but one. An officer walked out to the cavalry and asked,—"Has anyone a drink of water to spare?" "Will anyone give Lieutenant Oliver a drink of water?" No one answered him. All were fast asleep on their horses. The lieutenant went back to his own line, and in a moment was fast asleep with his men.

After an hour, at the command,—"Fall in,"—they started to their feet, mechanically took their arms, formed ranks, and silently marched away. The cavalry followed, bringing up the rear of the retreat from the hard fought, but maintained field. No words were spoken. Many slept as they rode. Their way, after turning to the left from the

Charles City road, was by a narrow road some distance to the east of the Quaker road and parallel with it. Sometime after midnight they halted where the road seemed to lead down a ravine. Dismounting, they lay down by the side of the road, holding the bridle reins in their hands, and went to sleep. Suddenly there was a great racket in the rear. The thought came that the rear guard had been attacked. The worst thing they could do in case of a night attack was to mount their horses. But this they did, with such a startled quickness that it caused a feeling of faintness. But there was no stampede. They were quickly recovering themselves for the coming fight.

A night alarm in the camp of the Ten Thousand Greeks was quieted by one proclaiming with a trumpet, offering a reward for the "arrest of the man who had turned the ass loose among the arms." And our tumult was soon over when it was known that a horse, tied to a rail fence, probably asleep and in troubled dreams, had given a sudden start and pulled over a long line of the fence. The clattering of the rails, and not an attack by the enemy, had been the cause of our night alarm. At daylight we reached Haxall's on the bank of the James.

The battle of the 30th of June was along a line nearly four miles in length, from White Oak bridge on the right to a position a mile beyond Willis Church on the left. Glendale was about the middle of this line which was roughly in the shape of a great bow. It has been known by various names. Frayser's, or Nelson's farm was on the Union left.

Much has been said of what was expected of Stonewall Jackson. Failing to cross where Franklin held the bridge, it was expected that he would move up the creek and cross, and add his force to that which at one time was dealing such heavy blows on the Union center. It has been said that Jackson was so worn out by his long continued

marching and fighting that he lay down to rest during the fighting at White Oak bridge and fell asleep, sleeping through a good part of the afternoon.

On the Union side a brigadier left his brigade to take care of itself, himself staying around corps headquarters until he had to be reminded that his place was with his command. Afterward on the plea that he was not feeling well, he had himself carried on a stretcher back among the trees, saying he would return when he felt better.

In contrast with him was an artilleryman at Gaines' Mill. He was the only man left with one gun of a battery that had suffered fearful loss. He had been shot through the body and could not get away. A special effort was being made to repel a Confederate attack. The wounded man, taking hold of the spokes of a wheel of his cannon, raised himself so that he could reach the lanyard, and fired his last shot at the enemy.

General Kearney was endeavoring to restore a part of the line that had been pressed back. His presence was an inspiration to his men, as he led them forward with his encouraging command,—"Go in, my boys! Go in gayly! Go in gayly, gayly, gayly!" And they "went in" for all they were worth, and the line was restored.

A Confederate and a Federal became matched in fight. With fixed gaze they watched each other as they thrust, and parried, and strove with guns locked. Among and over the dead they braced themselves and each nerved himself to his utmost. Men on either side paused in their fighting to watch these two men. The rush of the fight around them for a second made the Southerner less watchful of his antagonist. The latter saw his chance, and quickly stepping back, clubbed his gun and dealt his foe a blow that felled him to the earth.

Protecting themselves around the corners of a negro

house near Glendale, two opposing color-bearers, reaching out their flags, waved them in defiance at each other. On one side of the house were the Confederates, on the other the Federals. Which should get the other's flag? Finally the Confederates were compelled to give way, and their flag was borne away from the house into the open ground. In the midst of the mass that surged around that flag, it was seized and kept by a Pennsylvanian who had become separated from his own regiment and had fallen into the ranks of another.

In one of the early cavalry fights of this retreat two mounted men became engaged with the sabre. With stroke, and thrust, and parry, they contended until the others ceased from fighting to watch this desperate sabre duel. At length the Confederate, letting fall his sabre, drew his revolver and shot his antagonist dead.

At one time during the fight at Glendale so determined were the attacks of the Confederates that the issue seemed doubtful. After nightfall some general officers were consulting together. They expressed their anxiety as to the result of the next day's fighting if the enemy should bring into the field additional forces. The possibility of a surrender was suggested. A staff officer who was present reported to the captain commanding a detachment of the cavalry this suggestion of a surrender. At the muster-in of the company of which he expected to be elected captain, he had made an eloquent speech, urging the men to choose as officers those who would "lead them to victory or death!" But so many "sights of ugly death" on this 30th of June had made him think of death as not the most desirable alternative in case they could not gain the victory. After a night's reflection, the next morning he called his command to attention, and made another speech. He spoke of the desperate character of the fighting, the uncertainty of the

result, and the possible necessity of a surrender as suggested in the consultation of generals. He proposed that his command be the first to surrender, as by so doing they would obtain better terms than if they should wait until, after much more hard fighting, they should be compelled to surrender. For a second the men listened in silence. Then Sergeant John S. McKinley rode out of the ranks. He said the captain's proposition was equivalent to relinquishing his command. The sergeant did not propose to surrender, and if any of the men were of his way of thinking and would come with him they would try to avoid a surrender, at least until there was an enemy in sight. The other officers and men expressed themselves emphatically against a surrender. The captain dropped the subject. The colonel, when the affair was reported to him, gave the captain a reprimand. He would never surrender a command of cavalry. McKinley was reduced to the ranks for insubordination. Possibly, like some other unfortunates, he talked too much. He was transferred to another company, and served until the end of the war. He was a good fellow, a good soldier, and an active participant in many an exciting adventure. He possessed intellectual acuteness. He was ready to push forward whenever the chance presented itself. In the beginning of 1864 he did good work while detailed on recruiting service. He was a persuasive speaker. He had an excellent faculty in narrative, and his experiences never lost anything in the telling.

Parallel with the general course of the James river, and two miles from it, extends a bluff about one hundred and fifty feet high. Back of this bluff is a high table land cut here and there by ravines. On the brow of this bluff in its highest part stands the ancient Malvern house, built of dark red brick brought from England in early colonial days. From the front of this house is spread out a view

of wide lowlands, open fields and forests, and beyond them the winding river.

On the high, open plain extending back from the bluff Cornwallis had rested his army in the summer of 1781. From here he moved towards Richmond. As he advanced Lafayette withdrew, crossing the Chickahominy, and camping for a few days at Cold Harbor. Later, as Cornwallis retired with his army down the Peninsula toward Yorktown, Lafayette followed him, and for a time had his headquarters at this Malvern house, while his army was encamped on the high grounds behind it.

On the 1st of July this house was the headquarters of Gen. Fitz John Porter, and the ground where the British and Continental armies had in turn rested, was to be the field of a desperate battle. The night before and the forenoon the two armies had been moving to their positions. On the left of the Union line was Porter. Franklin was on the extreme right, ready to meet an anticipated assault. But this assault was not made. The companies of cavalry at the headquarters of Franklin and Slocum had a respite this day. But F and M which were with Porter witnessed desperate fighting which continued from early in the afternoon until after night fall. Everywhere the determined, sometimes reckless, assaults of the Confederates were repulsed with fearful slaughter.

Near the Parsonage a Confederate sharpshooter found by the roadside an old millstone, about four feet in diameter, with a hole in the center. He had been fighting without any protection. Here was a defence behind which he could fight in perfect safety. With great exertion he set the stone up on edge, and getting down behind it fired through the hole in the center. He had fired but a single shot when a Federal bullet came straight through the hole

in the stone, and, striking him in the forehead, killed him instantly.

In the river was a fleet of gunboats. One of these was the Delaware, commanded by Captain Foster who had convoyed the transports down the bay. While the battle was raging, directed by signals, he threw his enormous shells clear over the Union army and among the Confederates. The bursting of these shells created consternation. While they cared little for ordinary artillery fire, they dreaded these fiendish missiles.

In the command of the Confederate General John B. Gordon, as he relates, a wide gap in his ranks was made by the explosion of one of these shells. A cotton-tail rabbit, startled from its hiding place in front of the line, darted through the gap and away to the rear. A soldier standing on one side of the gap shouted after it,—"Go it! cotton tail! I wish I could go, too!" Another standing on the opposite side of the gap responded,—"Begorra, and I would go with you, Mollie, if I hadn't a char*ac*ter to keep!"

In the morning after General Porter had arranged his men around the Crew house, General McClellan rode over the field and gave some general directions concerning the placing of corps and divisions. At nine o'clock he went on board one of the gunboats, the Galena, and went down the river to find a suitable place to which his army could retreat. At noon he reached Harrison's landing. Having carefully examined the locality he returned up the river.

In the meantime the battle had been raging with the greatest fury. Sitting on the deck of the Galena, smoking a cigar, McClellan listened to the terrific roar. The day before, when the battle had raged from White Oak bridge to Willis Church, McClellan had not been on the field.

He was not on the field at Malvern Hill, until Heintzelman, late in the afternoon, signalled to him that his absence

was noticed, and was the subject of unfavorable comment among the officers and men, and begged him to come to the field. In response to this message he landed and rode to the field, reaching it after most of the hardest fighting was done.

From Savage's Station, late at night after the battle at Gaines' Mill, McClellan sent this message to the secretary of war: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." The morning of the battle of Glendale the French Prince de Joinville, a volunteer aide on McClellan's staff, said to General Franklin: "Advise General McClellan to concentrate his army at this point and fight a battle to-day; if he does so, he will be in Richmond to-morrow."

After the repulse of the last Confederate assault at Malvern Hill, General Porter and some of his division and brigade commanders were at Malvern house, when orders were received from McClellan for the army to retire during the night to Harrison's landing. Dr. Marks says:—"When this order was received some refused to obey it." General Kearney said in the presence of many officers:—"I, Philip Kearney, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order for retreat. We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond. And in full view of all the responsibility of such a declaration, I say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason."

Sergeant Edward Lake of Company F was near this group of officers and heard these words of General Kearney. In repeating them he supplied the emphasis that the Rev. Dr. Marks left out.

In every one of these battles, except Gaines' Mill where Porter with 35,000 men contended against 70,000, the Con-

federates were repulsed. After each one of them the Union army fell back in the skillfully executed change of base.

In 1898 the writer visited these fields of the "Seven Days' battles." The national cemeteries, which are neatly kept, are a proof of the character of the fighting that was done. He was indebted to the keepers of these cemeteries, especially to Mr. James, of Glendale, and to Confederate veterans, for many courtesies while making inquiries. At Glendale he made the acquaintance of the estimable family of Mrs. Jane Allanson Potter who, a girl of fourteen, the oldest of seven children, stood in the doorway of her widowed mother's cottage in the dusk of the evening, and with indefinable dread listened to the muffled tread of McClellan's first columns. Her reminiscences of those four years would make an interesting and valuable contribution to the history of the period. At Greenwood he made the valued acquaintance of Mrs. M. V. Tantum, whose carriage was placed at his service for visiting many localities. He met the original Nelson of Nelson's farm, who was a guide to the Confederate generals, and attended a picnic at the former home of General Pickett.

Many of the earthworks had never been disturbed. In places people had picked up bullets like acorns. Imprints of them were thick around and inside the Parsonage. Malvern house bore marks of cannon shots. A twelve pound ball that had been rusting peacefully in the yard of the West house was brought away as a relic. A few of the hundred pound Parrott shells that had been fired from the gunboats were yet lying in the woods. They were too heavy to carry away, and no one cared to meddle with them. But there came one who was possessed of a fatal curiosity. It had not been his lot to take part in a battle. As one of the features of a fight he wanted to see this thing "go off". He attached a long fuse, and at a safe distance, as he supposed, placed himself behind a tree to watch. The engine was heavily loaded; the tree was shattered, and the man blown into fragments.

Northern men of wealth had purchased desirable estates. One had bought 5,000 acres at Curl's Neck, had built a stately home on the bank of the James, and was bringing his great farm into the highest state of cultivation. Malvern and Westover were owned by northern men. Good roads had been made and miles of roadside shade trees had been planted. The pine forests will yet be valuable. Under the Malvern bluffs are extensive beds of marl, the deposit of the sea in past geological ages, a valuable fertilizer. In this marl are found fish bones and sharks' teeth.

On this peaceful visit there was leisure to look up historic localities. Cold Harbor was one of the homes of Powhatan. It was up and down

the Chickahominy that Captain John Smith had his encounters with the Indians, and it was here that he was taken captive by them. About ten miles above Yorktown Queen's creek flows into the York river. On the north side of the river and nearly opposite the mouth of this creek was Werowocomoco, the favorite residence of Powhatan. It was here, according to good authority, that Smith's life was saved by Pocahontas. Governor Page lived here, and he gave to the place the shorter name, Shelly, from the great mounds of oyster shells that indicated that it had been a favorite resort of the Indians.

These fields of the battles of 1862 were the scenes of other battles in 1864. Sheridan's cavalry in their great raid in the beginning of Grant's final campaign stayed around here for three days. They lived partly on what they could find. It was said their orders were in no case to take more than they could carry. What they took they consumed on the spot. When they went away there was so little left that some of the residents picked up the scattered corn that the horses had not eaten, washed, cooked and ate it. In the flight of birds the Roman augurs were wont to foresee coming events. Here it was noticed that a sudden flurry among domestic fowls indicated that they discerned the coming of cavalry. In one instance, while the rest of the flock flew to covert among the trees and bushes, a pet rooster ran through the open door into the house. A young girl caught it up, and, running upstairs shut it in a small closet, thinking that here in the dark it would keep still and be safe. But the cavalrymen began to search the house for arms. The clanking of scabbards and the rattling of spurs startled the imprisoned rooster and he began to crow. The girl thought he was gone now, sure. But she caught up a strip of mosquito netting, and, running to the closet, wrapped it around his bill so as to give him a chance to breathe and yet keep his mouth shut. When Sheridan's men moved away this was the only rooster left for miles around.

Grant fought again at Cold Harbor, and again at Glendale found Lee confronting him. While Lee was building formidable earthworks, Grant, leaving only a skirmish line for show, hurried his army across the James and up the Appomattox, and suddenly appeared before Petersburg.

Returning from Harrison's Landing to Richmond, the neat steamer Pocahontas passed the scenes of memorable events along the now unobstructed river.

CHAPTER XIII.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

THE night after the battle of Malvern Hill the five companies of the regiment rested in an open field near Haxall's landing. Early the next morning we were ready to march. The morning was misty; the mist soon turning to a light rain. After some delay we reached the main road, where we found the whole army on the march. The light rain became a steady downpour, and this continued all day.

Little order was observed on the retreat. In the rain and mud all branches of the service were crowding on. The road was crowded from fence to fence. Ambulances filled with wounded, jolted and pitched through the mud. Drivers shouting and yelling were urging on their teams. Streams with narrow bridges, broken down wagons, and other obstructions would now and then delay the struggling mass.

Toward night after this toilsome march of about eight miles we reached Harrison's landing. The cavalry regiment arriving among the first, went into a fine clover field some distance below the landing, and the men began to put up their little shelter tents and make the best of the comfortless situation. A sergeant of B expecting that there would be delay in drawing rations, rode at once to a commissary boat at the landing, and without any requisition,

but the plea that he was hungry, asked for a box of crackers. It was given to him without a question, and he carried it on the pommel of his saddle back to camp. He was observed, and late at night the adjutant came to him and asked for a few of his crackers, saying that the officers at headquarters hadn't a thing to eat, and couldn't get anything. He was told to help himself.

The next morning the storm was over. To meet a possible attack from the Confederates the army was ordered out. After marching and counter marching, and waiting for hours in ground trampled into the consistency of mortar many inches deep, the men went back to their camps.

There was some firing during the day, mostly from the gunboats shelling the woods in the distance. Just before night the regiment moved about a mile and a half away from the river. Because of the lack of forage, we grazed our horses in an oat field until midnight.

There was anxiety to know what the enemy was doing. Companies A and C, under Captain Jones, went out several miles. They found a few Confederates, and were informed by a colored man that Jackson's force was in the woods about two miles beyond. The next day was the Fourth of July. There was some firing in honor of the day. We again moved our camp a short distance to accommodate some infantry regiments.

General McClellan published the following address:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING,
July 4, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

Your achievements of the last few days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces, and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your

material, all your trains, and all your guns except a few lost in battle, and have taken in return guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day, with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skilfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of numbers, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say,—"I belonged to the Army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base, complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of their so-called confederacy; that our national constitution shall prevail, and that the Union which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each state, "must and shall be preserved," cost what it may in time, treasure and blood.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

The 8th, President Lincoln visited the camp and at evening dress parade reviewed the different corps. The failure of this campaign must have been a severe disappointment to him after the promises made in McClellan's address of the 14th of March at Fairfax Court House.

There was now to succeed a period of inactivity. In order to accomplish anything further McClellan asked for 100,000 more men. In some of his private correspondence he said:—"I have no faith in the administration." "I am tired of serving fools." The officials at Washington were "a mighty trifling set." "The dolts at Washington—" It would seem that he felt some chagrin over the result of the campaign in which, against the better judgment of the President, he had been allowed to have his own way.

The 9th the regiment moved camp to an open field

sloping away from the river bank. It was near the river and between the landing and Westower.

McClellan's headquarters were at Berkley. This place was settled in 1619 by a colony that came from Bristol, England. The large estate finally became the property of Colonel Benjamin Harrison whose son of the same name was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In this house was born Wm. H. Harrison, who, in 1840, was elected President of the United States.

Westover was an estate of eight thousand acres, settled in 1619 by the Wests, the family of Lord Delaware. West Point was named from this family.

It was here that Cornwallis crossed to the north side of the river in 1781; and here in 1864, Grant crossed to the south side. Westover was now the headquarters of General Porter, and many other officers occupied apartments here. About five miles below was Sherwood, the home of President John Tyler. Many other places of interest were in the country round about, with which we became acquainted on our various scouts.

Westover passed into the hands of the Pawletts, and afterward into the possession of the Byrds, who built the stately, red brick mansion, long during colonial times known for its hospitality. Here was gathered the finest library on the continent. Here the most noted statesmen and scholars of the times were guests. Here Benedict Arnold, commanding a British brigade, while making his raid in Virginia, made his headquarters.

The severe service through which they had passed convinced many of the officers that a military life was not quite to their liking. They offered their resignations. Some enlisted men feeling the same way, not having the privilege of resigning, applied for their discharge. These applications could only be granted on the surgeon's certificate of

disability. In a very few instances homesick boys would inflict light wounds upon themselves, hoping thereby to get a discharge. But generally the men had entered the service with the honest purpose of helping to put down the rebellion, and they proposed to stay until the job should be finished.

The vacancies made by the resignations of officers were generally filled by promotions of worthy men from the ranks. But in some instances young fellows from civil life were appointed, whose friends had influence with those in high positions. The style assumed by some of these fellows was amusing.

Two of them, wishing to go outside the lines, directed a cavalryman to go with them. He, supposing they had authority, followed them. Their objective point proved to be the house of a farmer. It happened to be the noon hour and an abundant dinner of fricasseed chicken with potatoes, bread and butter, and pitchers of milk, was on the ample table. The hospitable man invited the young officers to dinner, and then turning to the cavalryman, said:—"You come in, too." That dinner was such a change from hard tack and salt pork, that the soldier accepted the invitation. While he was in the act of taking a seat at the table one of the young fellows said to him:—"Orderly, you just stay outside till we get through." The orderly rose from the table and went outside and waited there. After leisurely eating their dinner the officers came out, when one of them said:—"Orderly, you can come in and eat your dinner now." Somewhat to their astonishment he replied:—"Thank you, but if I am not permitted to accept the invitation of the proprietor of the house, I don't think I shall accept yours. You are taking too much upon yourself to decide who shall, and who shall not, eat at your host's table." In a towering rage the other replied:—"It is against all regulations at West

Point for an officer to eat at the same table with a common soldier, and if you give me any of your insolence I'll tie you up by the thumbs." The soldier, who was larger and stronger than either of the dapper little officers, retorted:—"Come on and begin tying me up by the thumbs. I am just waiting to be tied up by the thumbs. Why don't you begin to tie me up by the thumbs?" Finally concluding that their dignity was hardly a match for his superior strength, they told him he could go back to his reserve picket.

Riding leisurely back he passed through the wide lawn of a planter's spacious residence. The hospitable owner was sitting on the broad veranda, and calling to the soldier, invited him to come up and sit with him. The soldier did as invited, when the planter directed some luncheon to be brought out. While the two were sociably eating the lunch the two young officers came riding into the grounds as if they intended to stop, but seeing the soldier on such friendly terms with the proprietor they suddenly turned their horses' heads and rode away.

All through the country where we served on picket or scouted, were pleasant, spring-watered farms and hospitable homes. Many pleasant acquaintances were formed.

On the retreat from Malvern Hill, Colonel Averell of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry had command of the rear guard. He was a graduate of West Point and a capable officer. He was now placed in command of a brigade made up of his own regiment, the First New York, and a regiment of regulars. Colonel McReynolds whose commission antedated that of Averell, very properly wrote to McClellan, protesting against this appointment of a junior officer over him. McClellan replied that he had good reasons for his action, and if McReynolds did not like it he could resign. This was not a very courteous reply, and was somewhat

of the character of his dispatch to the secretary of war after Gaines' Mill, and his remarks about the administration. The colonel obtained leave of absence and went to Washington. It was rumored that his errand was to secure a transfer of his regiment to some other department.

Lieutenant Colonel Von Schickfuss was now in command. His strict discipline immediately showed good results.

The camp was thoroughly policed and in every way kept in the best order. Drills, inspections and reviews were held daily under the lieutenant colonel himself. These had the best effect and were enjoyed by the men. With all his strictness of discipline he was a genial gentleman as well as a thoroughly trained soldier.

We were watching and waiting for news. General Halleck had been placed in command of all the armies. General Pope had been placed in command of the Union forces in Northern Virginia. There were repeated rumors of some corps of our army moving.

On the 31st of July Captain Foster of the gunboat Delaware, noticed a number of people, apparently women, on the south side of the river. Their actions seemed suspicious. He watched them closely through his glass and noticed that they were making observations and taking notes. He became convinced they were Confederate men in women's attire, and sent a few shells among them, when they quickly withdrew. The captain was signalled to come on board Captain McComb's flagship. "What do you mean, sir," gruffly demanded the captain, "by firing on those women, sir?" Foster mildly replied,—"They are not women, sir, but men in women's clothing, taking observations on our camp." "I know better, sir, and don't let anything of this sort happen again, sir."

That night the camp was surprised by a brisk cannon-

ading from some batteries that the enemy had placed on the south bank of the river. Several shots passed through the camp of the regiment. One man was wounded. One horse was killed and several were injured. Chaplain Charles Righly, who had been discharged March 1, but who had remained with the regiment during all its travels, was sleeping in the tent of Major Adams. A shell passed through the tent, just above his head. There was some excitement, but soon batteries were in position and returning the enemy's fire. The gunboats made such a lively response, that the hostile batteries were quickly withdrawn. The next day the buildings among which the enemy's batteries had been placed were burned.

Captain Foster who had been so severely reprimanded for firing upon a company of "ladies" was again summoned on board the flagship of Captain McComb. That officer said:—"I wish to apologize, sir, for reprimanding you yesterday, sir. You were right, sir, perfectly right, sir, and I was wrong. Come into the cabin and have something, sir."

August 3rd Colonel Averell with a considerable force of cavalry and infantry crossed the river and searched the country, bringing back several prisoners.

The afternoon of the 5th a large detail went out on picket, on the Long Bridge road, twelve or fifteen miles, to St. Mary's Church. We met Averell returning with a number of prisoners. We rode far into the moonlight night. The place was a pleasant one, with patches of ripe huckleberries, and cows in the pasture, as we found the next morning. The conditions were appreciated. In the afternoon we were ordered to go to another part. We marched a long way over a road new to us, and passed over a high, wide, level region, strewn with wrecks of wagons and skeletons of horses. It was Glendale and Malvern Hill. We

moved back a mile and a half through the woods to a Confederate farm house belonging to a quartermaster in the Confederate army. This was made headquarters for the night. The captain in command had a warm appreciation of Southern hospitality. He had frequently expressed his regret that when he first came to this country from his native Ireland, he had not gone to the South instead of the North. He now ingratiated himself into the favor of the family, and secured for himself the best bed in the house, and directed some of his men to keep guard over the premises during the night. They flatly refused; not that they wished to see the property injured, but they did not like his way of seeking a soft couch and a well-cooked meal for himself, free of cost, while they could put up with their rough fare and stand guard during the night.

The 7th the detail returned to camp and saw many relics of the late retreat along the line of march.

At one o'clock the next morning four companies started out with some topographical engineers. It was a moonlight ride of many miles before daylight. We crossed the Chickahominy at Jones' bridge, made a wide detour through Charles City Court House, and returned to camp at ten in the evening, after an enjoyable ride of more than fifty miles.

The companies that had been detached were ordered back to the regiment, and on the 11th all were embarked on board schooners to join Burnside at Fredericksburg. It was surmised that this transfer was the purpose of the colonel's visit to Washington, on account of the promotion of Colonel Averell to the command of the brigade. The times came when Colonel McReynolds commanded a brigade, and a division, and proved himself competent in both positions. Possibly he was better adapted to such a command than to that of a regiment.

CHAPTER XIV.

FREDERICKSBURG.

THE afternoon of the 12th the schooners were taken in tow. We watched with interest the fine old estates along the banks of the river. We saw the old stone church tower, all that was left of historic Jamestown. After anchoring for the night, early the next morning we passed Newport News, and saw the wrecks of the Congress and the Cumberland, the work of the Merrimac on the 8th of March. During the day the fleet lay anchored off Fortress Monroe. A fresh breeze over the salt water was enjoyable. Those who wished went ashore and had a closer look at the fort.

We were again taken in tow and the afternoon of the 15th we landed at Acquia Creek, and were to report to Burnside, who had won fame on the Carolina coast, and was now commanding at Fredericksburg.

After a night's rest in an old camp, the regiment early began its march, about twelve miles, over a high and not very fertile country. Midway in the day's march there was a halt. The men quickly distributed themselves at their ease along the sides of the road. All at once there arose a great cheering in the rear, increasing as the cause moved forward. The cause was the wagon master, A. J. Merritt, familiarly called "George." Some one wondered once why everybody called him "George" when his initials were A. J.

A comrade offered the explanation that probably the full name given him in his promising infancy was George Washington Andrew Jackson. He was a good fellow. He was riding an immense mule at a slow gallop. With all the dignity of a major general reviewing his division, he acknowledged the tumultuous applause that greeted him. With his "chapeau" resting on his right forearm, he bowed to right and left as he rode on between the roadside groups shouting in recognition of his efficiency in being on hand with his train of commissary supplies.

The James river after a heavy rain had been likened to the "yellow Tiber." We found the Rappahannock approaching a brick red.

The camp was on high ground about half a mile from the river, on the north side, and partly overlooking the city. Far off to the west could be seen the tops of mountains.

Fredericksburg was one of the famed cities of Virginia. It was laid out in 1727 and was named after Prince Frederick, the son of George II. In the country around gold had been found in considerable quantities. Iron furnaces had been built in early times, and it had been, in many ways, a noted place. The country round about was a pleasant one, with many fertile farms.

The camp of the regiment was on the Washington farm. When George was ten years old his father had come here to live, and here the son passed his boyhood under the strict, but judicious training of his mother, a woman of remarkable character. In the city was still standing the house in which she lived. Here she died at the age of eighty-five. Over her grave was an unfinished monument.

The white people were mostly women and children. Very few white men were seen. Colored people of all ages were numerous.

Heavy details were made for picket and scouting duty, and for orderlies at headquarters, and for Colonel Kingsbury of the Eleventh Connecticut, provost marshal. There was much hard riding for these orderlies. Some of these orderlies on duty in the city left their rations untouched in their haversacks, and took their meals at a restaurant,—enjoying the luxury of eating at a table, using earthernware dishes, something almost unknown since the regiment left Camp Kearney.

Some more of the officers here took leave of the service. A strange thing it seemed, when one of the ablest officers, a major, went on a spree, and had to be kept constantly under a strong guard, lest in his frenzy he should become dangerous.

At times wild reports were flying around. One day the Confederates were said to be in force only a few miles away.

Sergeant Edward Lake, a stalwart man, and a soldier who never flinched, was sent with the most of Company F to learn what truth there was in these rumors. He went out to find the enemy. He kept going until he came near the ford at Rappahannock station. Here he learned that a body of the enemy was across the river. He wanted to see for himself. Between the road on which he had come and the river was a high ridge. Leaving a few men to hold the horses, he and the rest climbed the ridge, cautiously creeping up to the summit, and partially concealed themselves behind some ruined chimneys; they had a good view of what was going on on the other side.

On a wide plain across the river was the Confederate army, apparently just arrived. They judged that they saw at least sixty thousand men. The cavalry were riding into the river to water the horses. The river was full of horses. The distance from them to the horsemen in the river was

so short that they could not resist the temptation to call out to them. Quite an animated but good natured conversation was kept up for a few minutes. They did not expect to get much accurate information as to future movements, and after a little they withdrew, not having disturbed the enemy and not having been disturbed by them.

Soon came reports of the maneuvers of the two great armies about Manassas. We were on the alert. The 30th exciting reports of the coming of the enemy caused orders to be issued for the calling in of the pickets on all the roads. One post picked up effects and came so quickly that there was not time to settle accounts with the colored people who had brought an abundance of chickens to sell.

Some of the picket details were sent back to deploy and skirmish with the approaching enemy and check them as much as possible, but no enemy appeared.

The 31st there came reports of hard fighting and heavy losses by Pope's army. Orders came to march to Acquia Creek, there to take transports for Alexandria. There were various delays. Finally the wagon train was on the way. The railroad buildings were set on fire. At night we left for awhile this "sacred city of the South."

It was a slow, all-night march. It was full daylight of September 1st when we reached the Potomac. All that day and the next and till noon of the 3rd, the work of loading on the transports was going on. General Burnside personally superintended the work. He evidently was an official who considered it a part of his duty to attend to details. On the march a wagon had got stuck in the road. He dismounted, and calling others to do the same, he took hold of the spokes of a wheel and lifted till the wagon was started.

A private soldier reported to him that an officer had appropriated a blanket that belonged to him. The gen-

eral took time to investigate the matter, and finding the charge of the private correct, promptly dismissed the officer from the service.

Among the regimental baggage he chanced to notice a large, easy rocking chair that one of the officers had obtained at Fredericksburg, and made a part of the furnishings of his tent. The general promptly eliminated it from the stores to be taken along, remarking with some emphasis, that we were not going to carry on war in rocking chairs.

On board the propeller Ellen S. Terry we started about noon of the 3rd. It was a pleasant ride up the Potomac. At last we caught sight of the top of the dome of the capitol, and watched it as it loomed up higher and higher. At dusk we reached Alexandria and at once disembarked.

That night and the 4th we lay by the side of the road just outside the city toward the north.

The news of the disasters at the second Bull Run was talked over. There seemed to be uncertainty as to the exact whereabouts of Lee's army.

CHAPTER XV.

IN MARYLAND.

THE second battle of Bull Run had been fought and the Union army had fallen back upon Washington. It had been a disastrous campaign. General Pope had not met the expectations of the country. There were fears that the Confederates might advance upon the capital. Colonel McReynolds had for years been acquainted with the President. Now, notwithstanding he had a personal grievance against McClellan, he felt that that general had the confidence of the army more than any one else. He took the liberty to write to the President suggesting the reappointment of McClellan to the command of the army. His son Frank took this letter to the White House. Whether it had any influence or not, McClellan was, September 2, placed in command. He was heartily cheered by the men as he rode among them.

The morning of the 5th the regiment left Alexandria and marched along the road that during the winter before had been a familiar one. At Fort Albany there was a halt for several hours, waiting for orders. Crossed Long Bridge and marched past the White House. The stately mansion was heavily draped with black; in mourning for officers and men who had been killed in recent battles. Among these were Generals Kearney and Taylor of the New Jersey troops —generals who had distinguished themselves in many a field.

The line of march was through Georgetown and twenty miles to the north through a pleasant country. Slept in the open air in a clover field beside some woods near the pleasant village of Rockville. Marched the next morning to the vicinity of Clarksburg, reporting to General Pleasanton. Large details for pickets and scouts were called for. The Confederates seemed to be a few miles to the west and moving northward. Some of their stragglers were picked up. Sergeant Haggerty with a small party surprised one after another and brought them in. The Confederates were not inactive, and made some trouble for scouting parties. In one of these affairs Decker and Dunn became mixed up in the fray and joined the enemy. Covered with dust they escaped particular notice. Watching their chance they rode back to their own men. The Confederate flag floated for a time on the top of Sugar Loaf mountain.

The 8th Major Adams with five companies went to Hyattstown. There was a strong picket placed to guard the flank of the column that was moving on a road a short distance to the west. The major made a bold dash upon the videttes, driving them back upon the reserve, and these he drove through the little village and up the hill beyond. It was not well to go too far without a larger force. In falling back the major left some pickets on the high ground beyond the town. About nine in the evening a detail was sent out to relieve these. At the foot of the hill this relief met Henry Wilson. He was hatless and somewhat excited. He had been under a hot fire. He had used up all his ammunition and had barely succeeded in making his escape from a perilous situation. He cautioned Sergeant Beach of the relief not to go up the hill, for a large number of the enemy were hiding in a cornfield by the side of the road, and whoever should try to go up the road would be fired at at close range. Westbrook, Besley and Burd were some-

where up there in the shade of the woods, and could not get away from their places of partial concealment without exposing themselves to the enemy's fire.

Wilson was a trusty fellow and not likely to overestimate any danger. The sergeant paid heed to his advice, at the same time saying he must try to get those men out of their peril. The moon, half way up the east, was throwing the shadow of the woods nearly to the middle of the road. He told his men to go to the right in the shade of the woods. He himself kept on watchfully in the road. When he was half way up the hill there came spiteful bursts of fire from under the rail fence along the standing corn on the left. These were all aimed at the head of the sergeant riding alone in the road. The zip, zip of a dozen or more of bullets seemed like a swarm of bumble bees whizzing past his head. But the aim had not been accurate and he was unhurt. He and the others took advantage of the time before the enemy could reload. By prompt and clever action they all got safely away. The horses realized the situation, and while their riders were intent on watching the movements of the skulking enemy, some of them with their noses tossed off the top rails and jumped the fence on the wooded side of the road, the only way of escape. Some of the horses had been hit in several places. There was no use in cavalry trying to fight infantry by night in such a situation.

The 9th there was skirmishing at long range. The enemy brought out some artillery while Major Adams had none. During the night the enemy stole up through the fields and along the fences and caused some annoyance. The 10th they appeared in force—artillery, cavalry and infantry. The major fell back and took shelter on a cross road behind some woods. "Their cavalry is in the road just below," reported Stevenson. All were ready for a charge if that cavalry would only come to the cross road. But it did not

come. The major fell back to Clarksburg, and after a long moonlight ride joined the rest of the regiment at Barnesville. The 11th the entire regiment, accompanied by some light artillery, scouted about the mouth of the Monocacy, taking a few stragglers, but learning little of the movements of Lee except that he was moving north. The 12th we were on the march early. Recent rains had caused some discomfort, but they had laid the dust and made more pleasant marching.

Colonel McReynolds was now commanding a brigade made up of his own regiment, the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry and a section of Battery M of the Fifth U. S. artillery. The brigade passed through Hyattstown and on to Frederick, about fifteen miles, entering the town on one road at the same time that the head of Burnside's column entered on another. The Confederate army had passed on. A few stragglers were picked up.

The Federal army had not before seen such a reception as was here given it. In every doorway and at every window were women and young girls waving the Union flag and in every way manifesting the greatest joy. Barbara Frietchie was here. Although the poet's story of her defiantly waving the flag over the heads of Stonewall Jackson's men was not true, yet it represented the loyal spirit of the women of the place as it appeared that day.

The 13th the brigade marched to Emmitsburg, twenty-five miles, for the purpose of seeing if Lee was moving into Pennsylvania. A few wandering Confederates were found.

There were officers who, at times, were brave enough, but who, at other times were a little nervous. One such, a captain, had left the column and gone down a lane to a farmhouse, partly hidden among trees, some distance from the road. Soon he came riding back in great excitement. His hat was gone. His bushy hair was standing out in all

directions. One foot had lost its stirrup. As he rejoined the column he excitedly shouted—"There was a rebel down there, but I got away from him!" Lieutenant Bailey, borrowing a carbine from a man in the ranks rode down the lane, and he, too, quickly came back—bringing the rebel with him. The captain was one of those who, after the Peninsular campaign, had sent in his resignation, and he had been awaiting notice of its acceptance.

There was a secession sentiment in Emmitsburg. Some of the officers entering the town in advance of the column were taken for the foremost of Lee's army. They did not correct the impression, and were well treated by the southern sympathizers. The choicest old liquors in the cellar were placed before them. The entertainers were somewhat chagrined when they saw the true colors of the column.

After a night's rest, early on the 14th, the brigade was on the road. It was Sunday and a pleasant day. We had passed Mason and Dixon's line and were in the free state of Pennsylvania. Along the roadside people came greeting the soldiers with baskets of fruit and pitchers of milk, as well as with looks and words of good will.

Before noon the column was in sight of Gettysburg. The report spread in the town that the advance of Lee's army was coming. In some of the churches the preachers dismissed their congregations, advising the people to go quietly to their homes. It was a great relief to them when they knew the truth. Old and young, matrons and girls, made us welcome with substantial cheer. In a triangular field in the edge of the village the men rested that afternoon. In the evening many attended church for the first time in many months. In the Presbyterian church the text was, "Many are called, but few are chosen."

The forenoon of the 15th horses were shod, and many necessary repairs and mendings for which our continual

moving had left no leisure, received attention. It did not occur to any one that in less than a year the field and hills around this peaceful town would be the scene of a desperate, three days' battle. The afternoon the brigade marched back to Emmitsburg. The 16th, at Frederick again. On the way we had met hundreds of the ten thousand who had been surrendered at Harper's Ferry, and paroled, and who were now walking homeward. The Eighth N. Y. cavalry had refused to be surrendered and had cut its way out along the Maryland side, and on its way had captured part of a Confederate wagon train.

Late in the morning of the 17th the brigade was on the road toward the mountains from beyond which there came the continuous roar of battle. At Middletown, halted an hour at noon. Here the churches and all other available buildings were filled with the wounded from South Mountain. The battle had been fought on the 14th.

Wounded men and boys able to walk were wearily working their way along the road toward Frederick. Trains were going back for supplies. Dead horses and mules were here and there lying by the roadside, as we passed along up and over the mountain.

The roar of the distant battle was incessant; the low, subdued, blended noise of mingled small arms, with the frequent heavier bursts of cannon. We had hurried along up the ascent of the mountain, expecting from the top to look down upon the field with its contending armies. But the road wound down the mountain side in such a way that we could not see the battle from which came that continual muffled roar.

At dusk we reached Boonsboro. The fighting had ceased. We slept soundly within three or four miles of the field. The 18th the command lay still. There was no fighting. It was said that both armies were resting with white

flags all along their lines while parties were burying the dead and caring for the wounded. Some of the men rode out over parts of the field. They saw the sunken road filled with the slain.

The 19th the entire regiment marched out on the field. The dead men had been buried, but there were many dead horses swollen to an immense size. Many troops were on the field, massed in solid squares ready to renew the battle. But Lee had crossed the river.

At night the regiment returned to Boonsboro. There was intense disappointment over Lee's escape. There was a general feeling that with his losses and our reinforcements, McClellan's army was greatly superior to Lee's, and that McClellan had not made the most of the situation.

Charles R. Peterson of Company B had a brother, Lieut. Pierson B. Peterson, adjutant of the Seventy-eighth N. Y., one of the new regiments that had just come to the front. He learned that this regiment had been engaged in the battle. In his search for the regiment he heard that his brother had been wounded. Anxiously he continued his search. The morning of the 20th the regiment began its march. In some woods along the roadside near Keedysville many hospital tents had been set up. In front of one of these was a hospital nurse inquiring for Peterson of Company B, saying that his brother was lying in the tent, his leg having been amputated. The younger Peterson was absent from the ranks still engaged in his tireless search. A man of the company was directed to remain here, to tell Peterson, when he should find him, that he could stay and take care of his brother. This was a considerate act on the part of Colonel McReynolds. The wounded lieutenant was tenderly cared for, but he slowly failed. Finally after a period of delirium in which he seemed to be again in the front of the battle,

giving orders for the line to stand firm, and then to move forward, he passed away.

The Y. M. C. A. of Buffalo, where he had lived for a few years, thoroughly respected for his active life and christian character, asked that he might be brought to that city. After impressive services here he was taken to his parents' home at Canoga, N. Y., and laid to rest amid the scenes of his early years. For the first time the dread realities of war were brought home to this peaceful community.

This sad meeting of brothers after the battle was one of many similar incidents of the war.

The regiment marched to Downsville. Lieutenant Hinton was sent out with his company to ascertain if any of the enemy were in Williamsport. As his advance came to the top of a hill they were greeted with several shells from a Confederate battery. He returned and reported, when a section of artillery with a cavalry support went out under Major Adams to learn the enemy's strength. It was now near night.

There was some hesitation as to what should be done. It was finally decided to throw in a few shells. The enemy replied with vigor. The cavalry supports were left in the narrow road directly behind the guns. The enemy had the range exactly, and their shells bursting in the darkness above and around were trying to the nerves. The major was perplexed. He finally asked Captain Jones what he had better do. The latter replied, "Either charge upon them at once or else withdraw. At least, don't keep the cavalry under fire in the narrow road where they can't do anything." The major had long been credited with having a vivid imagination. He could imagine brilliant exploits with himself in the fore front, but he did not know exactly how to do the deeds. After an hour or so of this fighting in the dark

the guns and the supports were withdrawn. The "brilliant charge" that was reported had not been made.

Sergeant Charles Robinson of Company A, and Private Hugh McLaughlin of C were wounded. The sergeant died of his wounds.

During the night the enemy withdrew across the river, and in the morning our cavalry entered the place without opposition. The enemy had been ready to retire in haste the night before if a vigorous advance had been made. The "brilliant charge" had been among the possibilities not realized.

The second battalion was sent to picket along the river in the vicinity of Dam No. 4. The Confederate pickets were along the opposite bank. The Eighth Pennsylvania and the regular artillery were ordered back to the main army. The Twelfth Pennsylvania and the First New York were ordered to report to General Kelly at Cumberland.

Before sunrise of the 23rd they were well on their way. For a distance the march was through a broken, but fertile limestone region. Beyond this was a rougher, slaty one. In crossing a ridge of the North Mountain at Fairview we had a magnificent prospect over the great Valley of Virginia, twenty-five miles wide from North Mountain on the west to the Blue Ridge on the east, and to the south forty miles or more to the bold front of the Massanutten Mountain. This was the wide field of campaigns yet to be. By night we reached Hancock, twenty-two miles. Much of the way the road was along the bank of the Potomac, and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. After a good rain during the night the next day's march was cool and pleasant. We were among the mountains. Pine Grove, sixteen miles, was the halting place for the night. Very early the next morning we were on the road, the famous Cumberland turnpike, well made, but through a rough country. Fourteen miles were

made before breakfast. Then, at Flintstone we ate both breakfast and dinner. A further march of twelve miles brought us to Cumberland, a hospitable place of eight thousand, in a pocket of the mountains, the prosperous center of an extensive coal region.

Horses had to be shod. In coming down so many hills the wagon wheels had to be chained, and the tires had become so worn that the wheels had to be re-tired.

The work of the cavalry was to protect the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from ranging bands of a somewhat irregular soldiery among the mountains to the south under the command of Colonel Imboden.

Company B was left in the town as a provost guard. The rest of the brigade on the 27th crossed the river and went south as far as Mill Creek Junction, and thence to New Creek (now Keyser), a point on the river and railroad a day's march west of Cumberland.

Courtesy of D. B. Martin, B. & O. R. R.

THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

COLONEL McREYNOLDS was commanding the brigade with headquarters at Oldtown, on the Maryland side of the river, twelve miles below Cumberland. Lieut. Col. von Schickfuss, with headquarters at the same place, was commanding the regiment. Stevenson was adjutant. General Kelly had about three thousand infantry and artillary distributed along the line of the B. & O. R. R. The cavalry was to aid in the defense of this line by holding positions about ten miles to the south. Springfield was to be one of these posts. Here Captain Boyd was sent with four companies. Pickets were to be established on the roads leading from the town, and scouts were to be sent out to keep watch of Imboden's mounted rangers.

From here, October 2nd, Captain Battersby of B and Lieutenant Lewis of F, with parts of their companies, went out to look through the country. At Romney, eight miles, Sergeant Baughan, whose knee had been injured by the stumbling of his horse, and three others, were left to hold the place. The rest went on beyond Burnt Mills, ten miles. Here were two roads. The captain took the pike, which led to the right, the lieutenant taking the left. It was arranged that the party returning first should place some sticks in the road to indicate the fact. Lewis returned first. From the position of the sticks he concluded that the captain had

preceded him, and he passed on to Romney, intending to stay there that night. Horses were unsaddled, when some of the captain's men were seen coming in haste as if fleeing from an enemy. Horses were quickly saddled again. The representations of these fugitives as to the force of the Confederates behind them induced Lewis, after doing all he could to aid such of the captain's men as might come in, to move on toward Springfield.

The captain had taken the pike. Westbrook, Valentine and the two Peaveys (father and son) and Dougherty, were in the advance. Several miles from the fork in the road they caught sight of some videttes and at once gave chase. The advance was increased by some others who had come forward, when they drove the enemy across a bridge and into Blue Gap. The Confederates took shelter around a spur of a mountain.

Each party was uncertain as to the strength of the other. The advance hesitated; they had no orders. Word was sent back to the captain, but he did not come forward to take charge. Finally the men were called back, when the captain led the entire party to what he considered a safe distance, and stopped to eat lunch.

While they were leisurely eating their dinner some of the Confederates were observed in the distance cautiously coming on. The captain thinking it was too large a force for him to fight, directed the men to fall back, himself taking the lead. A bold attack would have driven the enemy back as the advance had driven them in the first instance, and secured time for a safe retreat. But the enemy gained courage. It soon became a rapid retreat and a hot pursuit. There was no halting at the fork of the road. Some of the horses began to show signs of failing. Their riders left them and took to the wooded hillsides. By crossing a ridge they saved a mile or more, as the road doubled around the

end of the ridge. James I. Gleeson, seeing that his horse was giving out, jumped off and made for the road side fence. In his efforts to hurry over the fence his scabbard caught between the rails and held him back. His pursuers were abreast of him and called to him to surrender. He pluckily shouted back, "I don't see it, just yet!" Unclasping his sabre belt he jumped out of it, sprang into the woods and escaped, amid a small shower of bullets sent after him. Of fifteen who left their horses and took to the woods all but five found their way back to Springfield. All of them, like Gleeson, had narrow escapes.

A year before, from a lot of condemned animals, the captain had picked out a large-framed, long-geared, steep-rumped black horse. He thought he saw some good points in him. He adopted him and nursed him up into an apparently fair condition. This horse he was riding on this scout. But under the strain of the pursuit the revised edition of the horse's strength was fast being exhausted. Foremost at starting, the captain was now the hindmost of all that remained. Reaching the top of a hill and seeing that his horse was "played out," he stopped in the middle of the road and dismounted. Tall, erect as a mountain pine, he waited by the side of his steed that stood with drooping head and panting flanks. Captain McVeil, commanding the pursuers, came on cautiously at first, but finally without fear. The Federal captain asked him the date of his commission. When informed he replied that as his own commission antedated that of his captor, he was the ranking officer and entitled to take command.

The Confederates were delighted with their success. The prisoners were taken to Winchester, nearly forty miles. The captain's horse was taken from him and with the others he was obliged to walk. He asked that he might be allowed to keep his wide-bladed sabre that had seen service for gen-

erations of his ancestors in the British army. Stonewall Jackson, before whom he was taken at Winchester, granted his request on condition that the sabre should not be used again in this war. The prisoners were paroled, and a few weeks later were exchanged. The affair was freely discussed, of course. It was the general opinion, and the opinion was justified by what they did on many occasions afterward, that any of the men who were on the advance could have managed matters successfully.

Companies D and K were now added to those at Springfield. These were under the command of Bailey, late quartermaster, now captain of K. October 3rd all these companies, taking three days' rations, went out, under Captain Boyd, to look for the enemy who, naturally, would be more daring after their recent success. The march over the steep mountain roads was a tedious one. On the second day they struck the trail of a force that had been moving toward Springfield, but had changed its course. With Sergeant E. C. Watkins of K and fifteen men in the advance the command moved rapidly on. Captain Bailey with a detachment followed the advance closely. Some distance ahead of the main body, on a mountain ridge overlooking the Capon river, Watkins came upon three mounted videttes. These fired their carbines and fled. Watkins knew the character of the men just behind him, and without an instant's hesitation dashed on after the fleeing Confederates. Bailey and his men, hearing the firing, hurried forward as fast as their horses could carry them. Other Confederates who had been stationed at intervals along the way joined their comrades, with their pursuers after them at breakneck speed down the mountain road. At the foot of the mountain they found themselves close to the river. Across the river in plain sight, on a narrow stretch of bottom land, was the camp of Imboden's men. The river was spanned by a covered wooden

bridge. Through this the rebel pickets fled with Watkins and his men right upon them and Bailey's men doing their best to get to the front. Every man was striving to be foremost, and although ordered to "steady up," they all rushed at the top of their speed through the bridge, that swayed and rocked till it seemed as if it would go down under them. On coming out at the farther end they noticed two small cannons placed in the road so as to sweep the bridge. The gunners were standing ready to fire, but they had waited until their own men could get across. They were now seen trying to apply the match; before they could do anything more the Union cavalrymen with ringing shouts had ridden over and past the guns and gunners and were in posession of the camp.

Such had been the suddenness and vigor of the charge that the Confederates had fired but few shots. They threw down their arms and surrendered. Before Captain Boyd and the other companies had reached the bridge the Confederates, a forlorn looking lot of men, were rounded up and huddled together, ready to be marched northward as prisoners of war. Three or four had been killed and several wounded. Quite a number had slipped into the woods on the hillsides and got away. The loss in the regiment was one man wounded and one horse killed. The spoils were a dozen wagons loaded with new supplies—clothing, blankets, quilts, camp equipage, many horses and mules, and the two guns, mountain howitzers, made to be carried on pack saddles on the backs of mules—"jackass artillery" as Jack Baughan named them. The prisoners numbered about thirty. Among them were a major and two lieutenants.

Capon bridge, the place where this occurred, was about twenty-four miles from Romney. It confirmed the conviction felt at Pohick Church and Sangster's station, that in cavalry fighting the party that could "get on the move" first had

greatly the advantage, and that the most effective weapon in such a charge was the sabre. Many a time in later campaigns did the men remember this, and they won the fight by the very recklessness of their attack, and their losses were, in consequence, comparatively small. Several of those in this charge won distinction afterwards. One of the foremost in the advance was Edwin F. Savacool, whose daring deeds will make a large part of this story.

At the time of this attack Imboden, with a large party, elated by the success at Blue Gap, had gone on an expedition looking for more captures. From papers captured it was found that he had authority from Richmond to recruit a force for service among the mountains. It was, in fact, to be a guerrilla warfare. His men could remain at home as non-combatants, and he could call them out at any time for any enterprise that he might plan. They would roam through the country singly or in small bands, watching for a chance to make captures. They would keep well informed on all the movements of the Union forces.

One of the papers captured read:

"My purpose is to wage the most active warfare against our brutal invaders and their domestic allies; to hang about their camps and shoot down every sentinel, picket, courier and wagon driver we can find; to watch opportunities for attacking convoys and forage trains. * * * * Our own Virginia traitors—men of the Pierpont and Carlisle stamp—will receive our special regards. * * * * It is only *men* I want; men who will pull trigger on a Yankee with as much alacrity as they would on a mad dog; men whose consciences won't be disturbed by the sight of a vandal carcass. I don't want nervous, squeamish individuals to join me—they will be safer at home."

From other papers captured it was learned that he then had 916 officers and enlisted men, part of them mounted, the rest to act on foot.

A facetious young woman handed to Captain Bailey, when he was starting out, a letter to Imboden, requesting

him to treat her friend kindly when he should hold him a prisoner, as "he was not as bad as the most of them." It was something of a disappointment to her when the captain brought back from the captured camp a mass of papers and a silk flag that she had presented to the guerrilla chief. Imboden's private papers were returned to him.

The First New York was to guard the railroad from Oldtown to Cherry Run; the Twelfth Pennsylvania from Cherry Run eastward. About five miles below Oldtown the South Branch flows into the Potomac. Here was a strong post to guard the railroad bridge. Several miles farther down was Paw Paw tunnel. Here was another post. At Springfield, ten miles south of Green Spring, across the river from Oldtown, Companies B, F and M were stationed. Captain Bennett was in command. Hinton was adjutant and Beach was sergeant major. It was an old, quiet town, mostly of log houses, but having two good churches. The churches were appropriated as quarters.

A picket post was at a mill on the South Branch, east of the town; another was south of the town at the chain bridge, and others were on the roads west and north. The enemy were at home in the country. They knew all the paths over the mountains, and could creep up close to the pickets, unobserved, make their attack and get away safely. Several times they captured sentinels, took their horses and arms, and let the men go free.

The night of the 29th the post at the mill was attacked and James Gaddis of F was killed. One of the enemy also was killed. Several men were held a short time as prisoners. The leader of the attacking party expressed his regret at having killed any one. He did not want to do it, but our men were to blame; they should not have offered any resistance! All he wanted was their horses and arms. He released his prisoners and retired with his booty.

Hardly was there a night when there was not some post attacked. The report would quickly reach headquarters when the command, "Saddle up" would ring out and half the reserve would be out on a wild ride over the mountain roads. Such skulking attacks were so common that constant vigilance was necessary. Early one evening some men came to the stables only a few rods from one of the churches and succeeded in getting away with a couple of horses. They were seen as they were almost across a field and close to the woods. It was too late to overtake them.

It was thought best to strike Imboden in his camp. After the fight at Capon bridge he had withdrawn farther south. General Kelly desired Colonel McReynolds to learn, if possible, the location of his camp. Volunteers were called for. Four men of B, the two Peaveys, Valentine and Dorman, offered themselves for the dangerous attempt. They were trusty fellows, full of resources. The 30th of October, without any disguise, they set out. Beyond Romney they crossed the mountain to the west into the valley of Patterson creek and took the road toward Petersburg. Five miles beyond Burlington they stopped for the night in an old barn. They barricaded the doors and made themselves as safe as possible. They were not disturbed. The next afternoon they rode along within sight of a body of mounted men. If they were noticed at all they were probably taken for fellow Confederates. They did not seek a close acquaintance and were soon out of reach. They watched the enemy, but were not followed. That night they stopped at a Mr. Seymour's, five miles from Petersburg. Cavalry had recently passed. They were told that a Confederate force was in Petersburg. Later they learned that this force had left the day before for Moorefield.

The work of these scouts was risky. Mr. Seymour suspected that they were Federals, and asked what they were

doing there. They replied that they were the advance of a large force that was coming behind them. It was a long way behind them. They were now seventy miles from any support.

A disabled horse was exchanged for a better one. The next day they crossed the mountain and kept on their way toward Moorefield. Several times they caught sight of parties of mounted men, but they kept themselves in by-ways and in the woods. At night they found a safe place among the thick pines on the mountain. They had to forage the best they could for their horses and themselves.

Here in their place of concealment the younger Peavey and Dorman remained with the horses while the elder Peavey and Valentine started out on foot on their perilous night reconnoissance. Through the thick woods, over and among rugged ledges of rock, up and down the sides of mountains, fording swift, cold streams, they came at last to the ridge of a precipitous mountain. From this position they looked down into a deep valley. Here was Imboden's camp. The camp fires were brightly burning. They could hear the men talking in the camp hundreds of feet below. They counted the huts and made an estimate of the numbers.

Chilled, tired, and foot sore, in the deep darkness they retraced their rough and dangerous way, five miles or more, to where the others were waiting with the horses. After many adventures and narrow escapes the four daring men reached their own lines in safety on the 2nd of November.

Sergeant Peavey reported to General Kelly at Cumberland, and an attack on the discovered camp was planned. The morning of the 8th Colonel McReynolds set out with three hundred and fifty of his own regiment. It was cold and snow was falling. At Mill Creek Junction near night this column was joined by another that had come from New Creek. This force consisted of two hundred of Ringgold's

Pennsylvania cavalry, as many more of the Twenty-third Illinois infantry riding in ambulances and light wagons, and a section of artillery.

The entire force moved on as rapidly as possible and shortly after midnight reached Moorefield. After a short halt the march was continued. The way was up the South Fork. Sometimes it was in the rocky bed of the stream, or crossing it time after time. By daybreak the advance struck the enemy's pickets and soon the command was in front of the camp. But Imboden had received a brief notice of our coming and had hastily withdrawn with such of his command as he could get away.

The place was known as Lockwood's Gap, a deep, narrow valley of the South Fork. On either side was a precipitous mountain ridge, each parallel to, and facing the other. The mountain faces were so steep that it would be very difficult for one using hands as well as feet, to climb them. The valley was three or four hundred feet wide and perhaps half a mile long. Here was the very comfortable winter camp of log huts.

Skirmishing parties were quickly thrown forward and detachments were charging through the camp and up the ravines by which the enemy had escaped from the farther end of the valley. The artillery was placed on high ground from which there was a descent into this end of the valley. From this position it shelled the faces of the mountains and the hills and woods beyond the farther end. At each firing of the cannon the sound was echoed and re-echoed from one mountain face to the other until it rolled away in a continual roar in the distance.

One of the charging parties observed a staff officer safely sheltered behind a projecting rock, himself protected from stray bullets, lustily cheering them as they swept past him, and shouting, "Go for them!"

A lucky man in one of the charging parties was Williamson of F. Up one of the ravines he overtook a cannon that the enemy were trying to get away. This was captured, and about forty prisoners were taken. Several dead or badly wounded were left. The comfortable huts were burned. A small herd of beef cattle and four hundred hogs that had been collected near the camp were brought away. Our loss was two men wounded and two horses killed.

This camp was eighteen miles south of Moorefield. To that place the expedition returned that day. The weather had become very cold and it was a comfortless night. Another day's march, cold and tedious, because the slow-traveling hogs had to be driven along. Many of these furnished abundant rations of fresh pork on the way. Another cold night was passed in the valley of Patterson's creek. Then another weary day's march and late at night the men were in their own lines and prepared to appreciate comfortable quarters.

From the morning of the 8th to daybreak of the 9th this expedition had marched eighty miles over rough mountain roads and along the rocky beds of streams which had to be forded many times, and in the coldest weather that we had yet experienced.

We now learned the recent news. McClellan had been relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Burnside appointed in his place. In New York Horatio Seymour who was opposed to the administration had been elected governor.

November 5, Captain Harkins had led a squadron toward Winchester. At Pughtown he captured a picket post of seven men of Stuart's cavalry, and a negro who claimed to be Stonewall Jackson's servant. This negro said of his master, "When de ole gineral gits up in de night

to pray, den we knows dar's gwine to be hot work de nex day; an foh' God, we goes to packin' hav'sacks right off."

Again Captain Bailey went out in the direction of Winchester and captured several of Stuart's men. There was activity on both sides. November 14, Company B's wagon was on its way to Oldtown for supplies, in care of Hiram Peers and John R. Burd. A dozen or more Confederates had been watching and as the wagon came along they seized the horses and, leaving the wagon, hurried away into the mountains, taking Peers and Burd with them. The two were taken prisoners to Richmond and paroled. As soon as the report of the capture reached Springfield, Lieutenant Lewis started with a quickly-mustered detail in pursuit. They rode fast, but the captors had the advantage among the mountain paths and escaped.

The evening of this same day John Stuart was on post at a turn in the road that led to the chain bridge and in hailing distance of the battalion quarters in Springfield. Near where he was stationed a rail fence ran across the fields from the road fence to the woods. His horse became nervous. He seemed to detect something wrong. Stuart was watchful, but he could neither see nor hear anything suspicious. However, he cautiously withdrew to a safe distance and waited for the relief. George Peavey soon came. Stuart asked him to remain right there a few minutes while he himself could ride down the road a little way. As he rode past the intersection, both going and returning, the actions of his horse indicated that there was "something in the fence." Without mentioning his suspicions he asked Peavey to ride down the road and back. Neither of the men was subject to idle fears. But Peavey's horse also detected something wrong at the cross fence. After talking the matter over, Peavey withdrew a little distance while Stuart returned to quarters for help. Just as he reached the church

door a shot was heard. "Boys, turn out!" and quickly a party was on the road. As Peavey sat on his horse watching, several men rose from their hiding place under the fence, and, seeing no one, came out into the road. Peavey fired, but by the time the party from the quarters was on the ground the Confederates had escaped to the woods.

A few days later the lieutenant colonel who was commanding the regiment, came out to visit the posts. With several officers and a small escort, he rode to Thomson's ford, and from there along by the side of the river all the way around to the chain bridge. Soon after, the post at the bridge was attacked by a considerable force, but the attacking party was driven off. Two of the post were wounded. One of the assailants was killed and another captured. This prisoner said that his party had seen the officers pass along the road, and would have attacked them, but they were not quite ready, and the officers passed so quickly they did not have time to make their attack.

The post at French's store was attacked and two men and a team of mules were captured and hurried away.

November 19 the younger Peavey and a dozen more went out early in the morning on foot. They crossed the South Branch and went on through the woods toward the southeast. At evening they reached Little Capon river. While they were eating supper in a house the man on guard reported cavalry coming from the south. Here was a chance for a fight. But it proved to be Captain Boyd who had been scouring the country for those who had attacked his post at French's store. The timely recognition of the challenger's voice averted a possible fight, for both parties were looking for the enemy in earnest.

Returning the next day Peavey's men were within a mile of Thomson's ford, when suddenly ten or more Confederates appeared in front of the advance, McCarty and

Parker, and ordered them to surrender. Peavey and the others a little in the rear, whom the enemy had not seen, fired and rushed forward. The enemy, surprised, fired and took to the roadside woods. McCarty was wounded. One who had remained in the road took deliberate aim and fired. His shot lodged in Peavey's ankle. Although wounded, Peavey kept on his feet and returned the fellow's fire, hitting him in the thigh, breaking the bone and bringing him to the ground. All was quickly done. The captured man said that two of his comrades were wounded. The wounded were brought into Springfield and attended by Dr. Moore, a resident physician. So snugly had the bullet been lodged among the bones in Peavey's ankle that it was with the greatest difficulty that it was extracted. The two wounded foemen lay for weeks on adjacent cots in the hospital at Oldtown, and became personal friends.

The nights became noisy from the repeated attacks on the pickets. It was evident that the citizens of Springfield were constantly giving their friends information as to every new move that was made. There was need of constant vigilance. Various ruses were devised and more effective scouting planned. But war is a game at which two can play, and these mountaineers were in it for all they could make.

Bill Wills was a suspected citizen living out in the country. Some of the men learned that there was to be an apple butter party at the house of Mathi Mallison, Bill's girl. The elder Peavey went with men to surround the house.

The man sought for was not there. But Peavey and his men joined the party socially and had a good time. Boyd caught Wills under circumstances that convinced him that the man had not only given information, but had acted as guide to an attacking party. There was no proof, but the

impatient captain, it was said, gave him a flogging and let him go, that he might report that as a warning to his fellows.

The elder Peavey, who had found Imboden's camp, was summoned to Oldtown. Returning he passed through Springfield so perfectly disguised as a citizen of Pennsylvania on important private business that none of his comrades recognized him.

He went on boldly into the enemy's country. He was prepared to tell a plausible story. He was arrested by a Confederate patrol. He told his story, but it failed to convince his captors who proposed to hang him on the spot. But they finally concluded to wait till the next day, and take him to a higher officer. He was to be kept under close guard in a house during the night. He was allowed to rest on a bunk that was next a window. His guard kept post in front of the bunk. Peavey did not sleep, but his guard did. To remove all suspicion of his honesty he wakened the guard and asked permission to go out for a few minutes. The guard accompanied him. On his return to his bunk the guard resumed his post, and, lulled into restful security as to his honest prisoner, he was soon asleep in his chair. Peavey noiselessly raised the window and slipped through, and favored by the darkness of the night, made for the nearest woods. Thanking the kindly stars, and disposed to take no more such risks, he worked his way by unfrequented mountain sides back to his own lines.

The 22nd Captain Harkins and Bailey went out with four companies. A few miles from Winchester they fell upon a picket post, and without loss to themselves, captured twenty men and forty horses, and left one foeman and his horse dead.

The Confederates had fine horses, and these improved the mounting of our men.

With all its activity and necessary vigilance this cam-

paign was full of enjoyment. A glorious Indian summer lingered long with us. The woods on the mountain were gorgeous in all bright colors. The scenery along the South Branch and tributary streams was beautiful beyond description. The bottom lands along the rivers were fertile and forage was abundant. And the country had its history. A few miles away was Hanging Rock, a wild ledge jutting out and over the road beside the river. Here the Catawba and Delaware Indians once fought a desperate battle in which several hundred of the latter were killed, very few escaping. A mound sixty or seventy yards in length, still to be seen, is supposed to be the grave of the dead.

There were deer, wild turkeys and other game on the mountains. One day a deer came within range of a sentry's carbine and was converted into venison. It suggested the idea that fresh meat would, for a change, be preferable to the regular rations of salt pork. But deer did not appear in sufficient numbers. A wagon going out for hay or straw would return with a pig or a sheep or a calf covered up in the load. It was reported that these animals when challenged had not responded satisfactorily, and the guards had no option but to shoot. There were good shots among the men. One of them would with his revolver hit a quail at several rods. They were not always careful to distinguish between wild and domestic turkeys, and between quail and spring chicken.

It was taken for granted that the bushwhackers who were nightly stealing upon the picket posts were kept informed by the citizens of all that was going on. To return good for evil the men kindly milked the cows for the people in the little town. They would get up early in the morning to do the milking. They soon found that the milk maids were getting ahead of them. The men would get up earlier

yet, and it came to pass that about midnight was milking time, and the milkmaids gave it up.

One day Mrs. Grace came over to quarters with a pitcher, and in accents that were evidently intended to crush the men said: "I came over to see if I could not borrow a little milk for my coffee." John Clark of F cheerfully responded, "Certinly, Madame, certinly, yeez kin have all yeez want. We have that much milk we don't know phwat tew dew wid it. Oi wuz jist comin' over tew see if yeez wud lind us the loan av yer chur-r-n." Filling her pitcher he handed it back to her. Surplus rations were exchanged with families for butter until the output of butter fell short of the needs of the families themselves.

The men complained that the pigs were too aggressive. They would flock about the stables every time the horses were fed, and unless the men stood by, the pigs would eat the corn away from the horses. The first pig was shot because of its refusal to be clubbed away. The process of disposing of its remains was not disagreeable, and one pig after another disappeared, no one could tell how.

The men, unwilling to annoy the good people by killing their pets in plain sight, would decoy them back of the church in which they were quartered, by scattering corn along the ground. After shooting them they would pass them through a window and hoist them into the choir gallery, and into a loft above, and keep them there until the owner had searched the church thoroughly and satisfied himself that it was not there. After this there would be a hurried dissection which transformed the animal into a condition impossible to be identified.

Finally some one of F shot a large hog which they whipped into the church and up to the gallery. Just then the owner accompanied by Captain Bennett, was seen coming toward the church. The men attempted to thrust it up into

the loft, as usual, but the opening was too small. Throwing some benches over the hog they hurried down stairs, and were seemingly much astonished at being accused of shooting the hog, and they invited the captain and the owner to search the building so that their innocence might be established. A careful search was made, and at last the *corpus delicti* was found. Captain Bennett ordered the men, as a partial reparation, to dress the hog and take it to the house of the owner. After dressing it in fine style they placed it on the company wagon, and, falling in two and two behind the wagon, preceded by John McArthy, the bugler, playing the Dead March, the long and slow procession moved to the owner's house where they delivered up the corpse. Then they marched back to quarters to the tune of "Haste to the Wedding."

In the barns and granaries were found bins of high grade winter wheat that looked as if it had been left there on purpose, with sacks convenient. Grists were taken to the mill at Thomson's ford on the South Branch. Good toll was allowed the miller. Wheat pancakes baked in the spiders and served with fresh pork gravy were greatly preferred to hard tack. There were in those days no kitchens in the churches. If the men desired fresh bread or hot biscuit they would take the flour to families to be baked on shares. Literally, they were "eating their white bread."

A literary society was organized free for all. Military and political questions were vigorously debated. There were educated men in the ranks of these companies. Several were regular correspondents not only of their home papers, but of leading city papers. Among many who were active in these debates and literary meetings were C. T. Williamson, a student of Rutgers College, a good scholar and a fearless soldier; Hoagland, full of classical allusions; Stanton, Kerr, Beach, the Peaveys, O'Brien and many more.

There were good times, too, around headquarters at Oldtown. The little village of Springfield had no large supplies of merchandise for sale. It was sometimes necessary to go to the sutler's at Oldtown for needed articles. Such as had occasion to go there found a night's shelter at the quarters of the wagon master, Merritt, or "George," as he was generally called.

A Sibley tent is like an inverted morning glory. In such quarters Merritt in the evening would keep open house for his friends. An iron socket holding a tallow candle stuck in the center pole. On the ground floor were straw, saddles, blankets and arms. Among these, resting in all postures, were men who on some errand had come back from the front. They had entertained their host with doubtful stories of scouts beyond the outposts. To vary the entertainment, Merritt finally arose and with full voice and impassioned manner began to recite a selection that he had learned to "speak" when a school boy. He had talent in this direction. Once he surprised his audience. First one, then all, turning upon the speaker a startled, frightened look, began to creep stealthily toward the outer parts of the tent and to crawl under it, as if in speechless terror. In their frantic endeavors to escape they succeeded in getting their heads outside, while their wriggling remainders were inside the tent. The speaker stood alone, the center of a zodiac of vanishing constellations.

The field and staff officers were not without their interesting little affairs. Some fine horses had been captured from Imboden. These possessed speed. A race course was laid out for trials in speed. There were hurdles and ditches for practice in jumping and rough riding.

The lieutenant colonel had his school of practice for the officers. On every occasion when in command he

showed himself a thorough disciplinarian, and in every way an efficient officer.

But things occurred that were not down in the regulations. The major of the first battalion was soldierly in appearance, trained at West Point, and capable. But he was intemperate, sometimes uncontrollable, and even dangerous. It had been deemed best that he should ask for his discharge. He was waiting for the acceptance of his resignation. One day he was using his revolver too freely. One of the captains proposed that they all go out and shoot at a mark. When it was supposed that the major had emptied his revolver the captain said: "Now let's go in." But he had not kept count correctly. "No, you don't," replied the major, as he fired his last shot at the captain. But his hand was unsteady, and he missed his mark.

The major of the second battalion was sometimes the object of jokes and ridicule. His abounding assurance enabled him to bear this treatment with astonishing equanimity. The first major had no use for him, nor friendship. He was occupying a room in an old house in which doors and windows were shrunken with age. There was a fireplace in which the embers burning low gave a dim light. The first major was making his midnight rounds on private account. He had lost his directions, and was trying all the doors and windows of the first major's apartments, muttering, "I'm cold. Let me in. I'm very cold." The second major was suspicious that the other was trying, by putting lighted papers under the door, to burn him out. He had invited the colonel's son, who had been made lieutenant and commissary, to occupy another bed in a corner of the room.

The latter, awakened from his sleep, by the light of the smouldering fire, saw the major in his night robes, sitting upright in bed, the shock of hair on his great bushy head

standing out in all directions, with revolver in hand, in mortal dread lest his fellow major should gain access.

After all the incidents peculiar to a state of war the relations between the men and the residents of Springfield were very friendly, and it was with regret on both sides that orders were received for these companies to move.

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTH MOUNTAIN STATION.

DECEMBER 9 the companies at Springfield vacated their comfortable quarters in the churches. There was snow on the ground. After a march of thirty-five miles by the way of Bloomery they halted for the night at some large farm buildings. It had become very cold. In the barnyard was a large stack of straw built inside a rail pen. The cattle had reached over the rails and eaten great holes in the stack. Some of the men crawled into these holes to sleep. But it was too cold. The best way was to build fires and lie around them, heads outward, like the spokes around the hub of a wheel. If the feet could be kept warm one could sleep comfortably. The 10th was mild and bright. Late in the afternoon they crossed the last mountain ridge at Hedgesville and before them lay the broad valley. They stopped that night in the basement of Dr. Hammond's great brick barn near North Mountain station on the B. & O. R. R.

The 11th was pleasant. Twenty-five men from B and M under Lieutenants Prendergast and Lewis were ordered to Martinsburg, seven miles, to learn the situation. When a mile from the place they drew sabres and at a rapid rate galloped into and through the town. There were no armed enemies there. Most of the people were Union in their sympathies, and were glad to see northern soldiers once more.

Prendergast's orders were to go only to Martinsburg.

But he learned that five miles out on the Winchester pike there was a Confederate picket post of forty men. He proposed to the men that they go and see. All agreed. An advance was sent ahead. Four miles out the advance caught sight of two videttes and immediately went forward at full speed, the rest following. They soon were in sight of the reserve around an old brick house at cross roads on a hill. They could be seen hastily picking up things, putting on overcoats, tightening girths, untying horses, mounting, getting into the road, and heading the other way. They all were wearing blue overcoats. This was the cause of a few mistakes that happened.

Prendergast was a young Englishman, tall and spare, with florid complexion, sandy hair, side whiskers, and a large mustache that projected over some rather prominent front teeth. Mention has before been made of an obliquity in his speech. He could not sound *d* and *r* correctly. His *d* was like *g* and his *r* like *w*. When he became excited his voice was shrill, and he was given to the use of expletives. There was no discount on his fighting qualities. Lewis was recklessly brave, as was proved at Sangster's station.

The men had learned that shouting helped things along in matters of this kind. They were doing their best both in speed and noise. Foremost among them, like the hungriest and fiercest of a pack of yelping wolves after a flock of sheep, rode the two officers. One after another of the fugitives was overhauled, gave up his arms, and was passed to the rear. Prendergast was after a particular enemy who was exerting himself to the utmost to get away. For a distance he was close upon his left flank. Then gaining a little he was almost neck and neck with him. Several times he shouted, "Suh-weng-guh!" But the Confederate leaning forward kept digging his spurs into his horse. At last the lieutenant, out of all patience with the fellow's desperate

efforts to get away, with a fearful sweep brought his sabre around broadside against his face, with a force that brought him sitting upright in his saddle. He surrendered.

The chase was kept up for five miles, and thirteen had been captured. We were getting a good way from home. The lieutenant called a halt. As soon as he slowed up some of the fugitives stopped and faced about. One of these who was wearing a blue overcoat, challenged the lieutenant who was slowly riding forward, "Halt! Who comes there?" as if he had not yet found out. "Fwengs!" was the reply. But the challenger doubted it, and fired his revolver, when the lieutenant rode full tilt at him, firing and calling him to "Suh-weng-guh!" The chase was renewed for another mile when again a halt was called.

Some of the fugitives, hard pressed in the highway, had darted through gaps in the fences and were scattering through the fields. Some of the Federals became excited in the pursuit of these and were slow to heed the call to halt. Sergeant Beach was directed to call these back.

John Casey was an Irishman in Company B. He had a thin, high-keyed voice and a peculiarly adroit way of getting around without attracting attention, especially if he saw something that he wanted. He was a good soldier and cared well for his horse, generally managing to get extra feed for him. He often volunteered to go with a detail to "draw" oats. On one occasion the grain was stored on the first and second floors of an old stone warehouse. The wagon was backed up to the lower door. Some of the men in the wagon boosted Casey through the upper doorway which was directly above the lower one. Watching his chance he would toss out a sack of oats into the wagon. The quartermaster's clerk went up-stairs; Casey was diligently reading an old book that he picked up from a shelf. The clerk went down-stairs—and out went another sack of oats.

On this chase Casey was far to the front. By some woods on the farther side of a field were two horsemen in blue. Casey rode up to them. He was surprised when he was told to dismount and give up his horse and arms. He slyly glanced over his shoulder to see if any help was near. Seeing none, he did as he was told. He was then allowed to go his way on foot. As soon as he was near enough to make himself heard he called to the sergeant, who was trying to get the scattered men together, as loud as his thin voice would let him, "Sergeant Beach! Sergeant Beach! Those blamed rebels have got me horse!" He was almost crying over the loss of his horse, which was a fine one. The sergeant looked and saw that the Confederates had come back into the pike and were getting away with the led horse. Notwithstanding the orders to fall back he called to two or three men, "Let's get Casey's horse back," and the chase was again renewed. The Confederates were forced to let go the horse, which was easily caught. The sergeant and his few men were returning, Skerry leading the horse, when Lieutenant Lewis came riding rapidly to the front calling everybody to "Come back."

A short distance farther on a stream a foot or more in depth was flowing across the road. Beyond this was a rise of ground. Here was a group of Confederates, a dozen or so, who had halted and faced about. All were wearing blue overcoats.

As Lewis, calling to the men to "Come back," was riding past the sergeant the latter said to him, "Those men are all rebels." "I want to bring those men back!" "I tell you they are all rebels!" Lewis did not understand and rode on, while the sergeant sat still, looked on, and wondered. Lewis rode on through the stream and up the hill to the group of men in blue, all the while shouting, "Come back!" He was halted by the lieutenant in command, who said to

him: "Do you wish to surrender?" No reply coming from Lewis, one of the men said: "Lieutenant, if he doesn't surrender, shoot him!" Lewis did not reply at once in order to gain a little time and give his horse a breathing spell. Again the Confederate asked him to surrender, at the same time making a *tierce point* with his sabre at Lewis' back, which was cleverly met by a rear *moulinet*. Putting both spurs to his horse, Lewis dashed down the hill and through the stream, followed by a shower of bullets, but he escaped unharmed. As he "came back" the sergeant said to him: "I told you those were all rebels." "So I found," was his indifferent reply. The Confederates belonged to Turner Ashby's cavalry which was made up from the best of the Confederacy."

Late in the evening the party reached Hammond's barn, not a man injured, and with their prisoners all safe, some of whom had received severe sabre wounds.

The elder Peavey had seen more years than were allowed an ordinary soldier. But he was so robust that at muster-in no notice had been taken of several extra years. Perhaps he felt that his experience as the Nestor of the camp entitled him to the privilege of commenting freely on whatever was done that he did not have a part in. He would criticize everything, from the administration down to the latest drawing of rations. It was not easy to check him. He had been equal to any service, but one little experience was a tender point. He had not been on this little raid. The day after, he was reading a rather favorable published account of it, and was punctuating his reading with an occasional derisive, "Big thing!" "Big thing!" Beach quietly and good naturedly remarked, "Not quite so big a thing, though, as the charge on General Davidson at Mechanicsville last May." The old gentleman grated his teeth in his

effort to repress his wrath and burst out, "Beach, you are devilish *mean!*"

The 12th the companies moved to North Mountain station and made temporary quarters out of fence rails and straw. The track of the railroad had been torn up by the enemy. It was now being relaid. The 14th all the companies were here. Some artillery and infantry also came, the 126th Ohio and First West Virginia, Colonel McReynolds commanding.

The captain and five men captured October 2nd had been exchanged and returned. Scouting parties were going out daily.

The report came of Burnside's unfortunate attack at Fredericksburg.

The 18th a new camp was laid out. Some companies were detached. At one o'clock the morning of the 19th an alarm came from Captain Harkins at Martinsburg. An attack was feared. All available men were turned out. The night was clear and cold. A long ride—miles beyond Martinsburg. No enemy found.

The 21st a battalion was ordered out with two days' rations. Reinforced at Martinsburg. To Shepherdstown, Kearneysville, Leetown and to the southeast. Roads muddy. A long, cold, hard ride. Ten miles southeast of Martinsburg lived a prominent old secessionist. To gain information from him the officers stated that they were Confederates. The old gentleman opened his mind freely, causing much amusement. Returned to Martinsburg for the night. After midnight all were ordered out in haste. "Large force of the enemy coming this way!" A young woman in the neighborhood of the old secessionist had heard the officers say they were rebel cavalry on their way to attack the post, and she had come to give warning. The strategy of the officers had only worked their own discomfort.

January 3rd the greater part of the regiment was ordered out at 4 a.m. It was a frosty morning. To Martinsburg, Bunker Hill, Smithfield, Leetown, and back to Martinsburg, forty-five miles. It was then, at 11 p.m., directed to proceed immediately to Winchester, twenty miles more. All that clear, cold night the march was continued. Men slept on their horses. The sun was rising over the distant Blue Ridge as the regiment rode into Winchester.

CEDAR CREEK.

WINCHESTER TWENTY MILES AWAY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WINCHESTER.

WINCHESTER was the most important place in the Valley of Virginia. This great valley is a continuation of what, in Pennsylvania and Maryland, is known as the Cumberland Valley. It is twenty to twenty-five miles wide and is a country of beauty and fertility. There are outcroppings of limestone and copious springs on almost every farm. Early settlers of eastern Virginia visited the region and carried back the most favorable reports. It was part of the great tract granted by Charles II. to the ancestors of Lord Fairfax. In 1748 George Washington, then sixteen years old, began the survey of parts of this tract. Several years before this time Fairfax, who, after coming from England, had lived at Belvoir, had made his home near Millwood, fifteen miles southeast of Winchester. White Post was so named from a guide board attached to a white post directing the way to Greenway Court, a mile from the road.

Winchester was incorporated by a special act of the General Assembly in 1752. In Indian wars and wars against the French it was a frontier rallying point and a depot of supplies. On high ground just outside the town to the north, and on the west side of Loudon street Washington had Fort Loudon built, an earthwork enclosing half an acre. Within the fort a well was sunk to a depth of more than a hundred feet, most of the way through solid lime-

stone, the water rising nearly to the surface. Four miles to the west barracks were built for the Hessian prisoners taken at Saratoga.

Lord Fairfax passed his last years in Winchester. He died in 1782 at the age of 92. He was buried under the altar in the Episcopal Church. He was a tory and was greatly chagrined that the stripling who had surveyed his lands should have finally defeated the armies of England.

Winchester was the last home of General Daniel Morgan. A modest monument in the cemetery marks his grave.

Around here had been a favorite abode of the Shawnees, a powerful tribe of Indians.

Through the valley were excellent stone pikes. One of these extended continuously from central Pennsylvania to the James river. This had been a line of extensive migrations from Pennsylvania, whose sturdy farmers appreciated the fertile limestone lands of this valley. Abraham Lincoln's ancestors moved from New England to Pennsylvania. Here they intermarried with the Quakers. Later they moved up this valley to Rockingham county. From here Lincoln's grandfather moved to Kentucky.

Just west of the town was the home of James M. Mason who had been sent as Confederate minister to England. The sympathies of most of the people were with the South. They seemed generally intelligent, of high social character, and well to do.

The region was early the scene of active operations. April 17, 1861, hastily levied forces hurried down the valley and the next morning took possession of Harper's Ferry. When they withdrew they broke up the B. & O. R. R. running across the northern part, and the branch running to Winchester. A number of locomotives were taken from the track at Martinsburg, drawn by teams along the pike to Strasburg and there replaced on the track, to be used in the

South. The ground had been the scenes of alternate advances and retreats.

A mile south of the town was Mill creek, a strong stream flowing from large springs. On this were some flour mills. Here the regiment halted. After breakfast horses and men lay down together to rest. It was a pleasant forenoon, but in the afternoon a sudden storm drove the men to shelter in the mills and barns. Pickets were posted and scouts sent out.

The 6th all serviceable horses and men were ordered to start out very early the next morning. Those who were to remain sought less scattered quarters. There were indications of cold weather and snow. One man thought himself fortunate in getting into a corn crib, with sides of horizontal strips an inch or more apart. He slept soundly till midnight when he awoke to find himself covered up in a snow drift. He pulled his blanket up over his face, thought of home and feather beds—and went to sleep again.

The 7th was intensely cold. Long before day Von Schickfuss was on the road. The same day those who had been left at North Mountain came. Colonel McReynolds commanding the brigade had his headquarters at Martinsburg.

The lieutenant colonel took the Back road along the eastern base of North Mountain. He passed beyond Woodstock, thirty-two miles, and came into the place by night from the south. He captured part of the force that was stationed here. In the darkness probably many eluded capture, but their horses were found. Considerable mail was taken, and information of the forces farther south was obtained. On the return the videttes that had been posted along the road were brought along. The lieutenant colonel had managed his raid well. Before daylight of the 8th he returned after a ride of more than seventy-five miles, bringing a dozen

prisoners and thirty horses. Among the horses was one that Valentine had lost on the Romney road, October 2. There were some fine horses in the regiment. One of the best was the magnificent, high stepping black of Lieutenant Hinton, who with his extra riding as adjutant, had probably ridden nearly ninety miles, but the animal seemed as fresh and free as at the start.

The 8th Lieutenant Knowles went out with twenty men and at Newtown, eight miles, found a large quantity of gray cloth intended for the southern army.

The 9th all the companies made a camp on the high open ground north of the town and west of the pike. The site of Fort Loudon was within the limits of the camp.

A tedious storm of snow and rain came on and horses and men suffered severely. From railroad and other old buildings material was obtained, and before long there were comfortable quarters for both.

General Milroy was commanding the division. A large part of his force was from West Virginia. This state had seceded from the Old Dominion, and had been admitted as one of the states of the Union. In honor of this event there was a military review on the 10th.

The 11th some wagons were sent out among the hills to the west for hay. It was reported that a suspicious looking man had been seen up a mountain road. A sergeant and one man went to see. They caught sight of a man in gray who, seeing them, started to run. They hailed him and gave chase. He was tall and quick on the run, and was making for a piece of woods. His pursuers, making a circuit, headed him off. He made for a house. He had time to reach the yard where, with drawn revolver, he stood face to face with the sergeant who had outridden his comrade. He had a determined look indicating that he would not be taken. The sergeant was equally determined to take him.

An injudicious move on the part of either would have led to a duel at one pace, and the chances were with the one who should get the first shot. Each watched the eye of the other. A few questions and answers, and all was satisfactory. The man was Hyatt Brown, from Westchester, and was serving as a scout. He had suffered at the hands of the Confederates, and supposing that his pursuers were his enemies he was determined not to fall into their hands alive. He was a clear-headed, sharp man, and an efficient scout.

The 17th there was an alarm. A large detail rode hard from noon till midnight. At McCoy's on the Front Royal road was found where the enemy had stopped the night before. After the raid to Woodstock General Jones had come down to investigate. He had come down east of the Blue Ridge, crossed the Ridge and the Shenandoah, come within a few miles of Winchester, then moved to the southwest and crossed the Front Royal road. While our detail was looking at his tracks here, he had moved over to Newtown on the main pike south. From here he sent a party down the Back road inside our outmost pickets on the road west and captured them. The report of this soon came, and Company K was sent in pursuit. The captured men delayed, in every way they could, the progress of their captors, hoping that a rescuing party would follow. Company K soon overtook them and pressed them so hard that the captors were glad to leave their prisoners behind in order to save themselves.

Early the 19th there was another sharp call to "saddle up." The force ordered out rode from early in the morning till eleven at night, to Strasburg and across to the Front Royal road and home, but no enemy was found.

The 25th a large body went to White Post. The 26th another went to look along the other side of North Moun-

tain. They found some cattle, sheep and horses collected in a retired valley in the charge of some suspicious looking men. On the reasonable supposition that these were intended for the enemy they were all brought in.

Their experience was teaching the men the value of a good horse. They had built comfortable stables and generally took good care of their horses. A captain, himself a good horseman, was disposed in some ways to be too exacting. At least so the men thought. He gave orders one day that they should thoroughly wash their horses' tails. It was cold weather, and they thought the order unreasonable. They either evaded the order or obeyed it unwillingly.

The captain had impressed into his possession a fine, brown, pony-like horse, Nip, on which he was wont to display his dashing horsemanship, flourishing meanwhile a light, braided leather whip. The morning after the unpopular order Nip's tail was found to be badly haggled. The captain was furious. It was in vain that the stable guard suggested that Nip must have backed around so that some neighboring horse, given to cribbing, had eaten off the tail. The captain mustered his men, and with fists clenched and fierceness bristling all over his face, declared he would "bring them down to the bull ring!" It was never publicly known how Nip's tail became so haggled, nor did the "bull ring," whatever the captain's idea at the time might have been, ever materialize.

News came that Fitz John Porter had been dismissed from the army, and that Burnside had been relieved, and Hooker placed in command. The men were looking for indications of the coming leader. They were watching their own immediate officers, too. In the present conditions there were opportunities for officers and men to prove their fighting qualities. The prospect of a lively fight and chase added

interest to the service. The men were becoming indifferent to danger.

February 4, the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry came from their camp of instruction at Baltimore.

The 6th the report came that the stage from Martinsburg bringing the mail and several officers as passengers, had been captured. Companies A and K under Captain Jones, with Lieutenants Watkins and Laverty, went in pursuit.

Captain Jones had served in the cavalry of the regular army. He was a quiet man, but capable, and never failed to take advantage of an opportunity. Watkins had led the advance at Capon bridge. Laverty was a tall, spare, boyish looking fellow who had been promoted from corporal of D to second lieutenant of K, and was familiarly spoken of as "ninth corporal" of that company.

The pursuing party was well officered and the men were of the best. The ground was frozen and covered with snow, so that they were soon on the track of the coach. They rode into the night and they rode hard. Near Millwood they overtook the coach which was making the best time possible. Some of the officers captured had been made to ride the horses before the coach. The pursuing party in firing had to be careful for fear they should shoot these officers. Jones ordered his men to use their sabres. The fight was a running one, all on a keen gallop, sabres against carbines and pistols, but it was soon over. The captured officers were retaken with the stage and teams. The guerrillas suffered the loss of several, killed or badly wounded, but in the darkness it was impossible to tell what their exact loss was. Lieutenant Laverty was severely wounded in the ankle. This wound proved so troublesome that it rendered him incapable of efficient service, and two months later he resigned. He had shown himself a brave and capable officer.

The 9th Captain Hertzog went out and encountered the enemy. He attacked promptly, capturing a lieutenant and a few men and horses. Foraging and scouting parties were out constantly.

The 25th a force of the enemy came down the Back road and crossed to the pike near Kernstown. Our pickets were beyond this junction of the cross road with the pike. The Confederates came upon the pickets from the rear and surprised them, wounding two and capturing eight. It was near night when this occurred. As soon as the report reached camp, Captain Passegger with G and L went in pursuit. He overtook the Confederates beyond Fisher's Hill. They were in some woods eating breakfast. With a startling yell he burst in upon them, scattering them through the woods. He rescued the prisoners and helped himself to what was left of their breakfast. He then took the road to the north and routed a picket post, then returned by the Back road, reaching camp the next morning.

After Passegger had gone, two battalions of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania were sent to aid him if necessary, one some time in advance of the other. When the foremost of these reached Fisher's Hill, Passegger was on his return. But the battalion went on toward Woodstock, picking up a few prisoners. With these they had come back to Strasburg where they met the other battalion, and both halted. A large force of the Confederates had followed. Now they drove the rear guard in confusion upon the main body. This threw them all into confusion. The enemy made a bold attack and most of the Thirteenth fell back rapidly toward Winchester. A few of the officers did their best to rally their men, but the most of the men had become panic stricken. They lost twelve killed and nearly a hundred wounded and captured.

This was soon reported at Winchester and the greater

part of the First New York was sent out. They were told that Passegger and his men had all been captured. The enemy, fearing that a large force would be sent against them, had hastily withdrawn to Woodstock.

While these events were taking place on the Valley pike, Company B had made a long scout among the mountains to Capon springs, capturing a noted spy. They learned that Monroe Edwards, a bold horse thief who had been troublesome while they were at Springfield, had been hanged at Romney. The 28th the Thirteenth Pennsylvania and a battalion of the First New York went beyond Strasburg, but found no enemy.

March 2, B and F went up the pike to Middletown, then across to the Front Royal road, and nearly to that place. They were getting the lay of the land. From a high hill they looked down on the "meeting of the waters," the uniting of the Forks of the Shenandoah. Beyond was Front Royal, and off to the left Manassas Gap. Mountain ranges extended away to the south. To the north was a new view of the wide expanse of the great Valley. Riding back along the river they were exposed to the fire of some sharp shooters among the rocks of the Blue Ridge on the opposite side of the river, but no harm was done.

At 11 the night of the 4th the regiment started out. It was clear with a full moon and very cold. Took the road on the other side of North Mountain. At sunrise crossed the mountain west of Strasburg, expecting to get in the rear of a body of Confederates and drive them this way, where the Thirteenth Pennsylvania with some artillery and infantry would be waiting for them. Found only some pickets. The enemy had received warning and disappeared.

The 10th Colonel McReyonlds came from Martinsburg with the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry and some artillery and infantry. The 13th General Elliott assumed command

of the cavalry, and issued some strict orders. He came from the west where he had done good service. The 16th more reinforcements came. The 24th the regiment set out for Wardensville, returning the next day. Imboden was supposed to be there, but he was not to be found.

The 27th at morning roll call orders were read to move to Berryville, eleven miles east of Winchester. The comfortable huts and stables that the men had taken so much pains to build were to be turned over to the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry.

We had found Winchester an interesting place. Officers and men had made some pleasant acquaintances among the people, who were generally high toned and honorable, notwithstanding their sympathies were with the South.

Many of the men often attended the Presbyterian Church. The pastor was the Rev. Mr. Graham, a northern man, thoroughly loyal and so highly respected that he was never disturbed on account of his opinions.

Here was a colored church that some of the men occasionally attended. The colored pastor was a man of much ability, and much respected.

It was with regret that the regiment packed up and took up the line of march for a new location.

CHAPTER XIX.

BERRYVILLE.

BERRYVILLE was in Clarke county, named after General George Rogers Clarke who took possession of the northwest territory in the Revolutionary war. It is one of the best counties in the state. The town was laid out in 1798 on land belonging in part to William Berry. One of the first trustees was General Daniel Morgan, whose home for a time was half a mile north of the town. He named it "Soldier's Rest." Later he made his residence near White Post. This was built for him by Hessian prisoners who after the war preferred to remain in this country.

General Morgan was not always a man of peace after the war was fought through. He had so many fights with his neighbors that the place was given the name Battletown.

Half a mile from Soldier's Rest, by a large spring flowing out of the rock, used to stand a log hut, twelve feet square, in which Washington stayed while surveying the land of Lord Fairfax, whose home was Greenway Court a few miles to the south. Here, it was said, he kept more than a hundred slaves to work his lands. He was fond of hunting parties, that would range the country for many miles. Game at that time was abundant. Washington often was one of those hunting parties, and it was said that in Powell's Fort valley he had his first boyish love affair. It was said that the girl was killed in an Indian raid.

The force at Berryville was made up of the First New York cavalry, Alexander's Baltimore battery, the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania, Twelfth West Virginia, and the Sixth Maryland volunteer infantry. All these made up the Third brigade of the Second division of the Eighth corps. General Schenck at Baltimore commanded the corps; General Milroy at Winchester, the division; Colonel McReynolds the brigade; and Lieutenant Colonel Schickfuss the regiment. Hinton was adjutant of the regiment and Stevenson A. A. A. G. of the brigade.

We were to be on the lookout for raids through the gaps of the Blue Ridge. East of the Ridge was the campaigning ground of Major John S. Mosby. His partisan rangers stayed at their homes when it suited their convenience, but would gather at their leader's call whenever there seemed to be an opportunity to carry out some daring enterprise.

Supplies had to be brought from Harper's Ferry about twenty-five miles by wagons. For hay and straw the men foraged around among the fine farms of the county.

The night of the 30th there was an alarm and a call to "saddle up." There was a prompt response, but nothing serious. Scouting parties scoured the country. So anxious were the men to go on these expeditions that they would go to the orderly sergeant days in advance and ask to be placed on the next detail.

April 4, many of the officers and men went to Winchester to witness a general review of the troops there.

The night of the 8th the pickets on the Millwood road were attacked. Two men were captured, but released on parole. The night of the 12th Lieutenant Woodruff with Company F encountered the enemy on the road toward Snicker's ferry. He drove them, but lost Charles Young killed and Clark D. Reynolds captured. The 14th a part

of H under Lieutenant Martindale went to the river at Berry's ferry. Some of the men crossed the river and rode on a short distance. They met more than their own number and retired. The enemy followed to the river when those who had remained on this side fired upon them, killing one. The rest withdrew.

The 14th all the regiment in camp was ordered out for drill by the lieutenant colonel. It was one of the finest drills the regiment ever had. The evolutions by battalion, squadron and company, under this skilled officer, were perfect. Returning to camp the men were dismayed to learn that an order had been received dismissing the lieutenant colonel from the service. It was understood that this was because of charges of some irregularity connected with the expense incurred in organizing the regiment in New York in the summer of 1861. It was generally believed by the men throughout the regiment that he was not guilty of any intentional irregularity. He was regarded as a thoroughly honest man. He had been asked with others to sign a statement that was presented to him by persons who knew more about the matter than he did. In reply to some careful questions he was assured that it was "all right" and that his signing was only a necessary formality. There were ambitious officers who were slightly jealous of him, and he had some enemies not immediately connected with the regiment.

He appealed to the war department and to the President. The matter was investigated. His evident frankness was in his favor, and he was assured that he was regarded as innocent of any intentional wrong doing. But this investigation had taken time.

In the meantime, as soon as the order of dismissal had been made public, the senior major, who had never yet done anything to the credit of the service, except to lead a harm-

less charge, instead of generously allowing time for his superior to have a chance to be reinstated, telegraphed to political friends at Washington to have him ordered there at once. This was done. What influence he had both here and at Albany he used for all he could get out of it. And when the lieutenant colonel was exonerated and would have been restored, the position was filled.

It was sometimes customary for the officers of the line to express a preference for an appointment of a field officer, and a movement of this kind was made. But the governor of the state had a chance to give a reward for a former political favor, and the appointment was made regardless of the interests of the service.

There had been several promotions in the line that were recognized as having been deserved. The appointment as major of one who had never belonged to the regiment at all created some dissatisfaction. This was Timothy Quinn, of Troy, N. Y., vice Ogle discharged. But he soon proved himself so competent that he possessed the confidence of the entire regiment.

The colonel had appointed his son, who had "entered the service" as clerk to the sutler Franklin, as second lieutenant, and then to first lieutenant and regimental commissary. This appointment was the subject of criticism, but "Frank" was a good fellow and did his work well—and it was not an easy position. He afterward served as commissary on the staff of the brigade and the division, and made hosts of friends.

On the afternoon of April 21, a scouting party went out with Captain Bailey in command. There were forty men detailed from several companies. Lieutenant Wyckoff was in the lead. The route was toward Millwood ferry; then around toward the right; then the party followed the narrow roads until it became dark and they were near to

the river again. Here was a brief halt and the men were told to eat anything they had. As they had not expected to be out long and had not brought anything with them, this part of the service was omitted.

After a short rest they moved on up the river road, being told to make as little noise as possible. A short ride and another halt. Wyckoff came to the front and asked for a volunteer to cross the river with him in a small row boat. Corporal Anthony Fiala of Company E responded. The night was very dark. The two went down to the boat. The lieutenant told Fiala to go into the front of the boat and lie down with his carbine ready to fire at a moment's notice, he himself taking the oars. Nearing the opposite side, Fiala was told to catch hold of a limb of a tree that hung over the water.

Wyckoff asked in a low voice: "Are you there, Sam?" And Sam answered: "Yes, massa, I'se here. Everything is all right, and I want to see you." A few minutes' low talk and the boat recrossed the river. The men mounted their horses, and dividing into two parties, forded the river and crossed the Blue Ridge. Precaution had been taken to avoid any surprise in case the colored man proved unreliable, or his scheme was discovered by the enemy. Artillery and infantry were to protect the crossing. The two parties, making a detour, surrounded the house to which they had been directed by the colored man. They wrapped at the door. There was some commotion within. The inmates were directed to open the door, and warned that the house would be burned if any shots were fired. The notorious Captain Leopold and seven of his partisan rangers who were staying there for the night, were taken captives.

The morning of the 25th orders were received by signals from Winchester for a large detail to be ready with four days' rations. The detail was soon ready. Specific

instructions were soon received by mounted orderlies. While waiting in line there arose a question as to who was to command. The lieutenant colonel, in whom all had entire confidence, was gone. Adams was the ranking major, but the men had little confidence in him. Quinn was new in his office, and the men did not yet know him well. Harkins was the senior captain, and recommended for major, but others had been promoted over him. It was suspected through the line that there was an unseemly dispute among the officers. Finally the column was on the road toward Winchester. Harkins claimed that he had received orders to take command, with the majors going along as volunteers. But Adams, who was in favor with General Milroy, sent word to him asking that he would order Harkins to report to him under arrest. Harkins soon received the order and went to the general's headquarters to report.

General Milroy was a tall, somewhat spare man, with a high, sloping forehead, sharp features, bristling sandy hair and beard just tinged with gray. He had energy enough, but it was of the extremely nervous, excitable kind. He was generally out of patience with something or other, and when in such a mood it seemed difficult for him to treat one civilly. In a towering rage he abused Harkins for presuming to report to him under arrest, *having his arms on!* The captain mildly replied, "Excuse me, general. Being under arrest is a new experience to me," at the same time unclasping his belt and laying aside his arms. He was ordered back to camp to remain under arrest, with the pleasant assurance that he would be court-martialed. In the stirring times that followed the court-martial was not called.

Stayed that night in the old camp at Winchester now occupied by the Twelfth Pennsylvania, that regiment being absent on a scout. At daybreak the march was resumed.

Sunday dinner was eaten at Pembroke Springs. Reached Wardensville at night, twenty-seven miles. Here was General Elliott with his brigade. It was an expedition in force against a large number of Confederates, but they had fallen back.

Forded Lost river and pushed on to Moorefield, thirty-one miles. The enemy had left a little while before. At ten p.m. the homeward march was begun and was continued all night. At Strasburg the next day. Some Pennsylvania cavalry had had a fight, losing twenty men. But the enemy were beyond successful pursuit. Reached Berryville late at night of the 29th, after a march of one hundred and sixty miles—a tedious march over rough mountain roads. The retiring enemy had given no opportunity to win a victory.

Up to the early part of April there had been snow storms. But now it was spring. Fruit trees were in bloom, and all the country was a pleasant land. Hooker was moving, and there were signs of activity in all departments.

May 3 was a quiet Sunday. Many officers and men when in camp and off duty were in the habit of attending church. There were four churches and some excellent preachers in Berryville. They were not Union men, but they were faithful in their ministry, and did many acts of kindness to the soldiers or any one in need.

A quite regular feature at morning church service was the attendance of one of the captains. He always came after the service was well begun. With his tall form arrayed in his well brushed uniform; his leg-long boots as shining as his boy Jack's face; his mustache waxed into two long horizontal points; his crimson sash around his slender waist; his Mexican spurs rattling at his heels, he strode up the aisle to a front pew and took his seat with an

ill-concealed consciousness that, equally with the minister, he was an object of respectful observation.

The morning of May 4 a part of the regiment went out with five days' rations to Romney and Moorefield. The 5th a strong force went out from Winchester.

The night of the same day a party went out with Lieutenants Boyd and Wyckoff. With them went several companies of the 67th Pennsylvania infantry. Boats had been captured and brought to Snickers' ferry. In these the infantry crossed the river. Mosby's men were numerous beyond the Blue Ridge in Loudon county, and a plan was laid to capture some of them. The next day the cavalry went toward Upperville before they succeeded in finding the men they wanted. The infantry were to remain concealed along the roadside, and the cavalry were to provoke Mosby's men into a pursuit, when they would be taken care of by the infantry. Mosby's men were not prompt in pursuing. In some long range skirmishing Charles Glossop of C was wounded. Lieutenant Hawkins of the 6th Maryland, who had gone along as a volunteer, was also wounded. Finally the enemy mustered force and courage, and came on in a headlong charge, our cavalry falling back. Corporal Snyder of C had his horse wounded, so that he could not keep up with his comrades. As the enemy came upon him he slid off his horse, and lay still by the roadside until they had passed, when he sprang over the fence and escaped, slightly wounded.

The plan was working well. One had come back to notify the infantry that the Confederates were coming on after our fleeing cavalrymen. The infantry were nervous with excitement and instead of waiting till our cavalrymen had passed, they fired a full volley at them while passing. The fire intended for the enemy was directed against our own men. It was a fearful blunder. Robert C. Vorhies

of H was killed; James I. Gleeson of B, Lieutenants Boyd and Wyckoff were wounded. That more were not killed was due to the wild, excited firing of the infantry. The pursuers wheeled and retired, escaping the fate intended for them.

Gleeson died the next morning. Glossop died a few weeks later. They were good men, cheerful and ready for any duty. Gleeson was a general favorite. He was buried two days later, with impressive services. His good mare Bess followed her dead master to his grave, seeming to mourn as sincerely as his comrades.

The high hopes that had been entertained of Hooker's movements had been dispelled, and the men were wondering—"What next?"

There was a representative of the regiment at Chancellorsville. Lieutenant Clifford Thomson had been detached as an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Pleasanton, and was engaged in the fight at Hazel Grove the evening of May 2nd. After the Eleventh corps had been driven back Pleasanton had twenty-two guns in position to meet Jackson's attack.

It was dusk when his men swarmed out of the woods for a quarter of a mile in our front (our rear ten minutes before). They came on in line five and six deep, with but one flag—a Union flag dropped by the Eleventh corps. I suspected deception and was ready for it. They called out not to shoot, they were friends.

Pleasanton rode from gun to gun directing the gunners to aim low, not to get excited, to make every shot tell. Recovering from the disorder into which Keenan's charge had thrown them, the enemy could be seen forming line of battle in the edge of woods now in our front. They were scarcely two hundred yards distant; yet such was the gloom that they could not be clearly distinguished. General Pleasanton was about to give the order to fire, when a sergeant at one of the guns said: "General, aren't those our troops? I see our colors in the line." This was true, for where he pointed our colors could be seen—trophies picked up on the field. Pleasanton turned to Lieutenant Thomson and said: "Mr. Thomson, ride out there and see who

those people are." Thomson rode out between the guns and galloped to within thirty or forty yards of them. All along the line they called out to him: "Come on, we are friends." It was quite dark and he could not make out their uniforms, but he could see three Union flags. These caused him to hesitate. He came to a halt, peering into the darkness to make sure, when a bullet whistled by him, and then came the rebel yell. The line charged up the hill toward the guns and Thomson led it. Lying down upon his horse's neck he gave him the spur, and the yells of the Johnnies behind further stimulated him so that horse and man got over the ground in a lively manner. But with the report of the first shot fired at Thomson, Pleasanton had opened fire and those twenty-two guns belched forth destruction at a fearfully rapid rate. Thomson kept his eye on the guns, guiding his horse between the flashes, and was soon on the safe side of them. It was load and fire at will for some minutes; the enemy was mowed down in heaps. After it was all over Thomson rode up to Pleasanton and said, "General, those people out there are rebels." Pleasanton replied, as he held out his hand, "Thomson, I never expected to see you again. I thought if they didn't kill you I should, but that was no time to stop for one man."—*Battles and Leaders.*

Thomson finally became a major on Pleasanton's staff.

The 12th Captain Boyd with a hundred men went to Leesburg, picking up a few prisoners. The next day he saw a number at safe distances. Near Upperville fifty or more seemed ready to dispute his way. He planned to capture them by sending half his men around to their rear. But the plan did not work. He charged upon them and they fled. He pursued them several miles. They were Mosby's men. One of them, supposed to be Mosby himself, would stay behind to get a few shots at his pursuers, then unconcernedly ride on to overtake the rest. Several times he did this. One of his shots killed the horse of McKinley of B. Another wounded Patrick Donnelly of C, who had to be left at the house of a Mr. Fletcher. Here he was well cared for. The family at times sent into camp for medicines for him. Mosby himself called several times to see him and treated him with the greatest kindness. After the war Donnelly made his home in this neighborhood.

Mosby was a dangerous man in the field. More than twenty years after the war the writer met him as an invited guest at a banquet of the Wisconsin Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and found him a quiet, mild-mannered gentleman.

The night of the 15th a large party of the enemy crossed the mountain and the river, and leaving their horses at some distance, flanked the pickets and came into Charlestown. They surprised and captured Captain Dyck's company of Maryland cavalry stationed there, and hurried their captives away. The report of this soon reached Berryville. Major Adams was at once sent out with a strong force to intercept the enemy. This force was to cross the river at Berry's ferry and pass through Ashby's Gap. Lieutenant Vermilya was in charge of the advance. Near the ferry the advance was attacked in the rear. A patrol had been sent every day from Berryville down to the fords. Some of Mosby's men had learned of this, and had crossed the river and concealed themselves in the woods. Supposing Vermilya's advance to be this patrol they fell in behind it. They were superior to Vermilya's men in numbers, but he faced about and fought them.

The noise of the fighting reached the main body, who began to press forward to take a hand in the fight. They were held back by at least one of the captains who did not seem in a hurry to get any nearer the fighting than he then was. The individuality of the men in the ranks asserted itself. Williamson of F pulled out of the column and pushed ahead, followed by a large part of the company. All of them were at the front in short order.

Goubleman of the advance did some heroic fighting. The rebels fought desperately, but finding themselves between two fires, many started to get away. Goubleman and others with him were after them. Williamson and his men

hurried along the road up stream, passing Goubleman and taking a few more of the fugitives.

Coming back they saw a horse standing on the other side of the river. A Confederate officer, supposed to be Captain Meade of Early's staff, had been killed with the sabre by Ed Goubleman while crossing the river. This might be his horse. The men halted opposite the horse. Verrinder of H took off his clothes, swam the river, and brought the horse back.

There were twenty-three rebels killed or captured. Among the prisoners was one who was fearfully slashed across the face with a sabre. After a hand-to-hand fight with Corporal Tone of Company D, he had thrown up his hands in token of surrender. A few minutes later, seeing Tone off his guard, he drew his revolver and shot Tone in the side, but inflicting only a surface wound. Tone went at him again, making a ghastly wound. "I surrender!" he cried again. Tone who had become warmed up with indignation replied with some emphasis, "————! I don't want you to surrender!"

A few of our men and several horses were wounded. Major Quinn in all this affair proved himself a capable and fearless officer.

The prisoners were sent back to Berryville, while the column went on across the mountain. At Paris they met a detachment that had been sent out from Winchester on the same errand as that on which they had gone. This detachment was made up of men from the Third West Virginia and the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry. They had encountered the body that had made the raid into Charlestown; had retaken more than fifty of those who had been captured, and some of the raiders. Adams' party returned with a few more prisoners picked up near Upperville.

The 20th several detachments were ordered out in

different directions. Notwithstanding the danger, volunteers freely offered themselves, and men who were not detailed begged that they might be allowed to go along. But none of these detachments fell in with any enemy.

The 22nd Peers and Burd, Company B, who had been captured with a wagon near Springfield the fall before, returned to the company, exchanged.

The 23rd was devoted to horse racing. A fine race course had been laid out, and hurdles arranged for exercises in jumping. The exercises had been widely advertised. Prominent citizens from the country had been invited. General Elliott and his staff and many other officers from Winchester, Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg were present.

Some fleet horses were entered and the competition was spirited. There was some good riding. Favorites were tumultuously cheered. The exercises in the field concluded with an amusing affair, an "Irish race," in which the prize was for slowness. Only the slowest horses in the command were allowed to compete, and no man was permitted to ride his own horse. It took a long time for these old, lame, and halt chargers to get around the course. The interest grew into intense excitement when all but two had passed the goal. The great multitude filled up the width of the course. Around each horse was a surging mass of men, interested in having the other horse win. Those around each horse pulled, pushed, crowded, almost lifted him from his feet in their zeal that the other might be hindmost. A long time it took to get over the last few rods of the course. The distance was finally reduced to a few feet, and at last amid uproarious cheering, one horse was declared the winner by a few inches.

Of course there was a banquet in the evening, that was continued far into the night, at which there were speeches

and songs, and toasts were drunk. It was said that some of the officers had some difficulty in finding their way home.

The 5th of June Davis and James of C were fired upon from men in ambush, scarcely two miles out of town. Davis was killed, and James taken prisoner. After several days he escaped, and after a weary time found his way back.

The 6th a train of six wagons of an infantry regiment coming from Winchester was attacked near the crossing of the Opequon, by seventy-five men. The wagons were left in the road, but the teams and guard of fifteen men were taken. Major Quinn went after the capturing party, but they had too much of a start and were beyond reach.

The 10th Boyd and Bailey with a hundred or more men went across the river and the mountain. They thought they had reliable information that might lead to the capture of some of Mosby's men—perhaps Mosby himself. It was after midnight when they conducted their operations. They would surround a house and then demand admission. They succeeded in getting a few suspected persons. Mosby was supposed to be at the house of a Mr. Hathaway. This house was surrounded, and after some delay and considerable talk with an inmate at an upper window, entrance was allowed. No objections were made to a search. Mrs. Mosby was there, and there were indications that Mosby himself had been there. But he was not to be found. There were horses in the barns, both here and at other places, with accoutrements that indicated military service. These were appropriated as lawful spoils. Mosby's own sorrel mare was taken by Sergeant Forkey. She was one of the best bred and fleetest animals in the regiment. Forkey named her "Lady Mosby." He was an aggressive, pushing fellow, and he needed a fast horse as much as anyone. More than twenty of these horses with their equipments were brought in.

It was afterward reported that Mosby was in the house when it was surrounded, and in the darkness escaped from a window, and was concealed among the branches of a large tree standing close to the house.

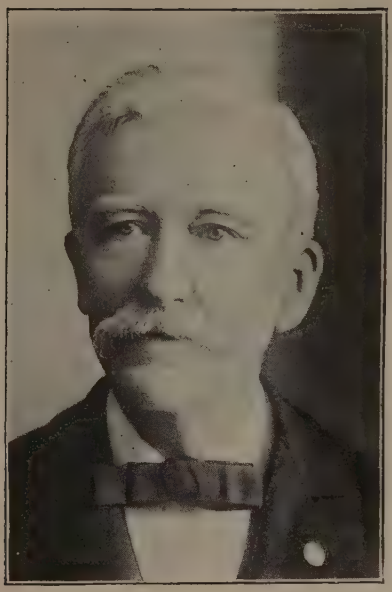
A hundred men under these same officers rode all the way through the regions over which Mosby and his men roamed, all the way to Fairfax Court House. Mosby had the spring before taken possession of this place by night and taken General Stoughton from his quarters and carried him off a prisoner. Boyd's sudden appearing before the place recalled the visit of the Confederate chief and caused some excitement.

On one of these rides the men were resting at noon at four corners. A squad of Confederates had been roaming around. Supposing these men lounging at ease along the roadsides were their friends, they carelessly rode in among them. Our men gathered around their visitors, and presumed as if on their long acquaintance to treat them with freedom and familiarity. They pulled them off their horses; they took hold of their feet and tipped them out of their saddles and over the other side; helped themselves to their arms; examined them jocosely, pulling their beards and punching them in the ribs. One of them who had not come so far into the circle, undertook to get away. But the entertainers were not disposed to excuse him in that way, and he was brought back, and treated to the best they had to offer.

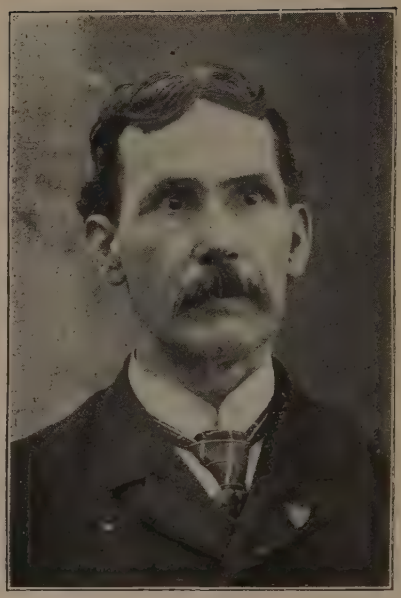
The colonel had occasion to send a courier to Winchester. It was not safe to ride about the country singly. Several were selected to go with the courier. The colonel called them into his quarters to give them instructions. He was not an intemperate man, but he offered these men a little stimulant to keep their courage up. They went on their errand in good spirits. One of them had provided himself with a little extra in case the courage of the others

should fail by the way. Getting near the pickets of Pennsylvania cavalry it occurred to them to see whether these pickets had grown in courage since Feb. 26. The courier escort moved on with a bold front, all abreast. The pickets fell back upon the infantry reserve, and all together fled, raising the alarm that Mosby with all his command was upon the town. The alarm was sounded and the "long roll" beat. The courier and his escort were called to account. They insisted that they were ready to give a peaceable response to a challenge, but they were not challenged, and they had tried their best to overtake the pickets in order to be challenged. They were requested not to do so any more, and were allowed to go.

There were signs of increasing activity on the part of the Confederacy. There was a necessity for corresponding activity on this side. Scouting parties were out continually. Word was received from Milroy to be on the lookout. He had been warned from Washington that Lee's army might be moving this way. At the signal of two guns fired at Winchester, McReynolds was to fall back there. The afternoon of the 12th Captain Hendricks encountered a number of the enemy out on the Front Royal road, and in a skirmish with them lost two men. There was a getting ready for anything that might happen.



THOMAS CARMAN.



CHARLES N. WARREN.

THE STAR FORT—WINCHESTER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN; FIGHTING WITH THE ADVANCE OF LEE'S ARMY.

THE morning of Saturday, the 13th of June, was bright and warm. Scouting parties had been out all night. Others were sent out at daybreak. One of these, far out on the Front Royal road, met the cavalry advance of Ewell's corps coming rapidly on. Henry C. H. Wilson of B, an intelligent and trusty man, was sent back in haste to give warning, while the others by skirmishing tried to delay the advance. At Wilson's warning everybody in camp prepared to move. Wilson took time to pack a few of the most necessary of his effects, then hurried on with his report to Winchester. Videttes came in to report that the signal guns at that place had been fired.

Men hurriedly gathered up what few belongings they could carry. Tents were left standing. The sutler had an extensive stock. He threw open his quarters and told the men to help themselves. A force of infantry with some artillery was formed in some light defences south of the town to check the enemy as long as possible. It was not thought safe to take the direct road to Winchester. Major Quinn had part of the regiment as an advance. The wagons under Quartermaster Boyd and Commissary Frank McReynolds, with Company H under Lieutenant Martindale as a guard, were started toward Bunker Hill on the way

to Martinsburg. After the infantry and artillery followed Captain Boyd with several companies as a rear guard.

A few of the cavalrymen were without horses, but taking their bridles they walked on, hoping that some loose horses might come their way. Some of the well mounted caught some horses that were in the fields, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and turned them over to these dismounted men. W. H. Carroll of A did good service in this way.

A short distance out of Berryville the column took the road to the left, making a detour toward Winchester. Flanking parties were out to guard against a surprise on any cross road.

The most of the brigade had crossed the Opequon at Brucetown. From high ground west of the crossing there was seen a long cloud of dust rising from the road far to the rear. It was moving this way. Colonel McReynolds formed the infantry in line facing the rear, and made all preparations for repelling an attack. Quinn who had gone on in advance with part of the regiment, was recalled. A few parties were sent in different directions to be on the lookout.

During the night Bailey had gone out with his company to watch between the Front Royal and Strasburg pikes. He found himself in the rear of a body of Confederate cavalry, and captured one man. He soon learned that the brigade had left Berryville and he rejoined it at the Opequon. For greater safety he told his color bearer to furl the guidon. When he reached the regiment he asked where was the guidon, and received the reply: "Sure, and yeez tould me to twirl the thing and so Oi twirled it over the fince."

The part of the regiment at the crossing was under Major Adams. It was afterward learned that the Con-

federate advance numbered two thousand. Captain Boyd with the rear guard delayed their coming as much as possible, but was obliged to fall back. A portion of the enemy charged. Company E was the extreme rear. In this charge the men of both sides became so mixed up that in the dust that was raised it was for a little while difficult for one to recognize his own comrades. Philip Pross of E was killed and several received bad wounds. But these Germans dealt sturdy blows with the sabre, and the enemy was somewhat checked.

A part of the regiment had been placed on the right of the road. These used their carbines with good effect as soon as the enemy came within range, giving them a further check. A counter charge was ordered and two companies started, but did not go on. Some of the men hearing the order to charge rushed forward. Among these was C. T. Williamson who followed the retreating enemy some distance. He supposed that most of the regiment was right behind him. But seeing the enemy rallying and coming on again, he looked around and found himself alone. He also found that his horse was wounded and himself was bleeding profusely from his right shoulder and neck. The enemy coming on took him prisoner, and he was taken back to the main body. Lieut. Prendergast, in this attempt at a charge, also fell into the hands of the enemy and was disarmed, but he escaped.

Two officers who had proved themselves efficient were reported by Major Adams for disobedience of orders in the face of the enemy. The fact was, officers and men had very little confidence in him. He was not wanting in courage, but his effusive and pompous manner and his much talking did not indicate judgment and discretion. He was more apt to think of gaining some credit for himself than of gaining success with the least loss among his men. Some

of the officers ventured to make some criticisms and suggestions as to his arrangements. With immense assurance he warned them that he should not tolerate any criticism by his subordinates in the presence of the men.

The situation was reported to the colonel who at once sent Lieut. Watkins with orders to Adams to turn over the command of the regiment to Major Quinn, and consider himself under arrest. Adams refused to recognize this order, claiming it was irregular. Captain Stevenson, A. A. A. G. then gave him the order. This Adams could not help regarding as official and regular. He afterward published a voluminous report, which, ignoring the colonel, he submitted to General Milroy. In this he attributed this action to the jealousy and envy of the officers.

After the first, and not very formidable Confederate attack, the regiment was all withdrawn this side of the Opequon, and placed behind a turn in the road. One of Alexander's guns was placed by the side of the road at a convenient distance, so as to command the ford. The Confederates, not seeing the dispositions that had been made, felt encouraged to try again, and came on in force. As the head of their column crossed the creek and came to the turn in the road the cavalry, led by their captains, sprang forward and made a fearful onslaught with their sabres. It was a terrific collision. Adversaries were mingled together, and the fighting was hand to hand. The enemy was checked. The Sixth Maryland poured in a volley. The cavalry was called back that the artillery might have a chance, and charges of grape and canister swept the crossing.

The cavalry lost two killed, and several men and many horses wounded. The enemy lost about thirty killed and an unknown number wounded. One stalwart German meeting an antagonist face to face, brought down his sabre with such tremendous force that he cleaved his foeman from the neck

almost to his sabre belt, muttering, as he withdrew his weapon, "Gott fur damn!"

Williamson, held as prisoner, had seen with anxiety this large force start forward on their charge. But soon he saw them coming back faster than they had gone, and observed the unusual number with sabre cuts about the head, shoulders and arms. He had been so interested an observer that he had not paid much attention to his own condition. But now he became faint from loss of blood. But soon a heavy shower came on and the rain revived him, and checked the flow of blood. A woman from a house near by gave him some refreshments. He was paroled at City Point, July 3, exchanged in November, and returned to the regiment.

The Confederates made no further attempt at the Opequon. But they learned the course the wagon train had taken and followed it. They overtook it at Bunker Hill and had a lively skirmish with Martindale's train guard, Company H. They were checked in their pursuit, while whip and spur were freely used on the teams, and the wagons were whirled along over the stone pike toward Martinsburg. Captain Boyd's wife, son, and daughter were riding in a buggy with the wagons. In the fight their horse became frightened, and ran away, overturning the vehicle. Mrs. Boyd had her ankle sprained, and all were captured.

From Summit Point the brigade moved on to Winchester. A very heavy thunder storm came up. The rain fell in torrents. The men had no shelter except as some of them had brought along their rubber blankets. Fifty or more, in looking for a resting place for the night, found an old hall that might once have been a school room. In this they lay down in their drenched clothes, as thick as they could crowd in, on the bare floor. They were tired after the exciting events of the day, and in spite of their uncomfort-

able condition, slept soundly. Shortly after midnight Captain Bailey, who was always looking after the welfare of the men, whether of his own company or not, came into the hall. "Men, get up. We have got to get out of here. The rebels are all around the town and may come in here at any time. We must go up into the forts." It was difficult to awake some of them, but finally all were out of the town. It had cleared off after the shower and the air was very chilly, and the men shivered until daylight.

On the highest hill some distance northwest of the town was the Star Fort. This overlooked the lower hills and ridges, on all of which earthworks had been thrown up. The most of these had been made by Banks the year before.

The 14th was Sunday, and a perfect June day. From the Star Fort there was a wide and beautiful prospect over the town; over the fields and woodlands to the north, east and south, with the mountains in the distance, and over the successive ranges of hills to the west. There was a freshness in all the scene and in it the silent shimmering of the summer heat. But from morning till night the holy calm of that sabbath day was broken by the crackling fire of skirmishes on every side. The enemy was gathering around in force. In the afternoon they began to bombard the forts. The large wagon train of the division had not been sent away. As the occasional shells fell among the wagons they would be moved to some other supposed less exposed place between the hills. The infantry stood ready to defend the forts if an assault should be made. The artillery would now and then respond to some shot that revealed the location of the enemy's guns. Detachments of cavalry were out in every direction, and in all directions they met detachments of the enemy. The rest of the cavalry was held in reserve, the men standing by their horses ready for any call.

At one time a part of the regiment was resting beside the train. Among the others was a sutler with his loaded wagon. There was no drawing of rations that day, nor had there been the day before. Every man was boarding himself on what he could get. The sutler was asked to open his stock that the men might buy. He thought the time was too critical and he declined. They thought this unfair as they were guarding his wagon with the rest, and they were hungry. They opened his wagon and helped themselves. In the stock was a large lot of candies, each small piece with a rhyming couplet wrapped in fringed tissue paper. They read their mottoes and joked and ate the candy, interrupted now and then as they looked up to watch the course of a shell coming their way. A few shells burst close to them. They knew they were surrounded, but they kept their equanimity, and made the best of the situation.

In the disposition of his brigade, Colonel McReynolds showed coolness, bravery and judgment. The division numbered about six thousand. This day the President telegraphed General Schenck at Baltimore:

> Get Milroy from Winchester to Harper's Ferry if possible. He will be "gobbled up" if he remains, if he is not already past salvation.
>
> A. LINCOLN.

Communication by wire was cut off. Milroy wanted to send a message to Martinsburg. Captain Boyd asked to go, as his family was with the wagons and he was anxious. Taking his company and looking out for open roads he succeeded in getting through the lines that were being drawn around the town, and reached Martinsburg. The message was forwarded to General Schenck. It was necessary, if possible, to get the reply to Winchester. Three of Boyd's sergeants, Harvey, Pitman and Humphry, daring and reliable men, volunteered to make the attempt. After dark they set out, one a few rods behind another, the last one

carrying the message. They succeeded in reaching Winchester late in the night.

In the meantime the enemy was shelling the forts. Late in the afternoon it was observed that a strong force was preparing to make an assault on the fortifications on the lower hill to the west. It would be impossible for the garrison in these works to withstand this assault. The garrison was withdrawn, and none too soon. An overwhelming force came rushing on. Some pieces of artillery came into the works, wheeling and unlimbering in gallant style. The guns in the Star Fort greeted them with shell after shell planted among them with astonishing precision, and each one as it burst in the ranks of the enemy was followed by exulting cheers from the Union troops in the larger forts. A gallant officer on a spirited horse came riding out in front of the works that had been taken. A shell from one of Alexander's guns seemed to strike directly beneath the horse, bursting, and raising a cloud of smoke and dust that enveloped the horse and the rider. Loud and long were the cheers that again broke from the Union men. Standing to arms in the Star Fort they still presented a formidable array, and no attempt at a further assault was made that day.

It was Ewell's corps, the advance of Lee's army, that was working its way around Winchester. It was Rodes' cavalry that had attacked McReynolds' brigade as it was falling back from Berryville. The brigade of General John B. Gordon, mostly made up of Georgia regiments, of Early's division, had taken possession of the works on the lower hills to the west. Gordon was one of the ablest of the Confederate generals. That night he received orders, as soon as it was light enough in the morning, to carry the main fort by assault. In a lecture after the war, he related the incidents of the taking of the outer works, and of receiving orders to advance on the larger forts at daybreak. He was

not given to superstition, or to premonitions. But as he made his preparations he had a feeling that the assault on that fort would prove the most serious affair that he had yet been called upon to undertake, and for the only time in the war he felt a nervous apprehension for himself. But he carefully made his preparations. It was a mighty relief, when, in the morning he saw that the fort had been vacated. After the lecture the writer greeted the general and remarked that he was one of those in Milroy's fort. The general returned a hearty greeting, saying: "I am very much obliged to you for the relief you gave me by getting out of that fort."

C. N. Warren of K had been afflicted with a carbuncle on the lower part of his thigh. It had been with the greatest difficulty that he had ridden from Berryville, being obliged to ride standing in his stirrups. His captain told him to go to the house of a family with which he had become acquainted. If any thing serious should happen an ambulance would be sent for him. During all the cannonading of Sunday he kept quiet. In the evening he was assured that it was all right. Monday morning he was surprised to see soldiers in gray all about. Some of the family were in Early's division. One of them gave Warren a gray jacket, hoping that this would save him from detection. But he was suspected and taken by a file of soldiers to Early's headquarters. Early said to an officer: "Put him down 'Taken in gray.'" Warren thought now that his time had come. Mr. Chapman was called upon to explain why the Union soldier had been allowed to stay at his house. He explained that Warren had befriended the family, that he himself was serving in the general's division, and had just that morning reached his home. Chapman was allowed to go, but Warren was turned into the court house yard with many other prisoners. One of the Chapman family brought him his

own Union jacket, passing it to him through the fence, and taking away the gray one. An opportunity presented itself while his guard was looking the other way, and Warren slipped through an open gate and out into the street. So many of the southern soldiers were wearing parts of captured Union clothing that he did not attract attention, and he walked on to the Chapman house. Plans were quickly made to hurry him out to Pughtown, eight miles, to stay with friends of the family, until the army moved out. But he was again arrested and taken to Belle Isle. July 8, the names of eighteen hundred who were to be paroled were being called. To one name there was no immediate response. Warren took his chances, answered to the name, stepped into the line, and the next day at City Point went on board the New York, the flag of truce boat, on his way north.

The casualties during the skirmishing and cannonading of the 14th had not been many. A good many men had been wounded, but only a few had been killed. Many horses had been killed or disabled.

It was a moonless, intensely dark night that came down upon Winchester. Those not on guard or picket took what rest they could. The artillery and infantry were in the fort. The cavalry were on the slopes of the hills. If any slept it was by their horses, keeping hold of the reins. No one felt like predicting what the next day would bring forth. All knew that they were surrounded by superior numbers, but hoped that there might be found some opening by which they could break through the lines drawn around them.

An artillery horse with his throat cut by a piece of shell, bleeding with a gurgling noise, as he was wandering around stopped at Captain Stevenson's little tent, seeming to try to gain entrance as if seeking human sympathy and help, and

by his moaning trying to make his wants known. Soon he staggered off a little way, fell, and was dead.

The three sergeants of Company C, who had been sent from Martinsburg, had eluded the Confederates, and about midnight arrived with their message. This was an order from General Schenck, directing Milroy to fall back to Harper's Ferry.

The brigade commanders were called together. Should they remain and fight, surrendering if compelled to, or cut their way out? The decision was to cut their way out. Silently as possible orders were passed along to spike the cannons, and leave them and all the wagons behind. The teams and their harness were to be taken along. The infantry, as far as possible, were to be mounted upon the team horses and mules.

Captain Alexander, whose guns had been so splendidly served, begged that he might be allowed to wrap his cannon wheels with blankets and take his battery along. But it was deemed not best. The retreat must be made as silently as possible.

The pickets, some of which were within hearing distance of the enemy, were quietly called in where it could be done without the knowledge of the enemy. Where this could not be done the pickets had to be left to their fate. An hour after midnight the column began to move down the hill side. It was a weird procession passing in silence, without a spoken word, through the midnight darkness. After reaching the pike the march was toward the north, General Elliott's brigade first. Lieutenant F. S. Nims was Elliott's adjutant general. Then Colonel Ely's, and last that of Colonel McReynolds. Major Adams who had been placed under arrest at the Opequon, upon reaching Winchester, ignoring Colonel McReynolds, had appealed directly to General Milroy. This was an entirely irregular thing to

do. Upon his representations Milroy released him from arrest, and he was now in command of the regiment. The regiment brought up the rear of the division. This was supposed to be the position of the greatest responsibility and danger for the enemy would soon learn of the retreat and follow in pursuit. It was a disadvantage to the regiment that immediately in front was a heterogeneous multitude of artillerymen, wagon drivers and infantry mounted on horses and mules.

The danger on this retreat proved to be in front. A large part of Ewell's corps had moved around and taken position in a piece of woods on high ground about four miles from Winchester. A strong line had been formed across the pike, at right angles to it, and extending far out on either side. Elliott's advance encountered this in the darkness, and his infantry soon became hotly engaged.

McReynolds, with Stevenson and New of his staff, riding on ahead of his brigade, found Milroy and his staff on their horses by the roadside. There seemed to be in Milroy's mind no very definite plan of proceeding. Now was felt the need of the artillery that had been left behind. McReynolds hurried up his infantry with the purpose of forming it on the right of the road. But the enemy's artillery was working havoc here. The Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry was ordered forward. McReynolds made an attempt to lead this regiment in a charge around the enemy's left, and, if possible, capture their artillery. But their firing was so rapid and severe that the cavalry did not readily respond. Perhaps the attempt would have failed with heavy loss. The entire command fell into confusion. Perhaps no one in the darkness could have restored order. Every one began to look out for himself. It was now getting light. In squads, larger or smaller, officers and men moved off to the right, and, evading and

dodging between parties of the Confederates, after many narrow escapes, made their way to Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. Here, coming one after another, Milroy and his brigade commanders and their staffs finally found each other. Most of the men on the right of the pike escaped in this direction.

The First New York cavalry that had been the extreme rear of the division hurried forward to the fighting in front. It was yet too dark to see exactly what the situation was. The artillery firing was severe. Even in the perils of that cannonading one could not help admiring the brilliant bursts of spiteful red fire, as the shells in quick succession exploded in the darkness overhead. It was magnificent as well as terrific. But something had to be done, and quickly. There was no use in staying there. For the moment the only thing seemed to be to make a grand crash through the blazing line in front. The order rang out, "Draw sabres! Forward! Trot!" The men gathered their reins, grasped firm hold of their sabres, fixed themselves firmly in their saddles, clenched their teeth, and spurred their horses into a gallop. The horses seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion and nerved themselves for the desperate event. They came within range of the infantry firing. But that line was too strongly posted. It would have been a grand charge, like that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, but at a fearful sacrifice of life, with nothing to gain but the name. The men would have made the charge, and Major Adams would have led them in it. But just then some one with some sense, either a staff officer or some junior officer of the regiment, appeared at the head of the column and ordered it off to the left. The column moved rapidly across the fields with the enemy's firing on its right flank, but was soon out of range of the infantry, but not of the artillery. It was getting light and Adams here halted the regiment, as if he

wanted to see all that was to be seen. Some one urged him to go on instead of waiting longer where nothing could be done. But he replied, "I am in no hurry to get out of here." Quinn retorted, "I noticed you *were* in a hurry to get out of where you were a few minutes ago." "Hurrah for Major Quinn!" "Bully for Tim Quinn!" "Quinn take command and lead us out, and let the other major stay if he wants to!" The men had no confidence in the commanding major's strategy. Reckless bravado was not always the courage that won. The loud protests against waiting there for nothing induced the self-important major to move on. In a little while we might run into another superior force.

What our losses had been we could not tell. Captain Bailey had been slightly wounded in the shoulder by the fragment of a shell. Another piece of a shell had struck Fiala in the foot. Horses had been killed or disabled and their riders captured. All that the enemy had to do now was to gather in their harvest of prisoners. About two thousand, one-third of the division, fell into the hands of the Confederates.

The division was for the time being broken up. General Milroy was relieved from his command. He asked for a court of inquiry. He tried to lay part of the blame for his disaster on Colonel McReynolds. But the colonel had proved himself capable and had done all that any one in his position could have done. His management of the affair at the crossing of the Opequon had been admirable, showing coolness, self-possession, courage and the highest judgment.

In reply to Milroy's request to be restored to his command, the President wrote the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 29.

Major General Milroy.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letters to Mr. Blair and to myself are handed to me by him. I have never doubted your courage and devotion to

the cause. But you have just lost a division and, *prima facie*, the fault is upon you. And while that remains unchanged, for me to put you in command again, is justly to subject me to a charge of having put you there on purpose to have you lose another. If I knew facts sufficient to satisfy me that you were not in fault or error, the case would be different. But the facts I do know, while they are not at all conclusive (and I hope they may never prove so), tend the other way.

First, I have scarcely seen anything from you at any time that did not contain imputations against your superiors and a chafing against acting the part they have assigned you. You have constantly urged the idea that you were persecuted because you did not come from West Point, and you repeat it in these letters. This, my dear general, is, I fear, the rock on which you have split.

In the Winchester case you were under General Schenck, and he under General Halleck. I know by General Halleck's order book that he, on the 11th of June, advised General Schenck to call you in from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, and I have been told, but do not know, that General Schenck gave you the order on the same day; and I have been told, but do not know, that on receiving it, instead of obeying it, you sent by mail a written protest against obeying it, which did not reach him until you were actually beleaguered at Winchester.

I say I do not know this. You hate West Point generally and General Halleck particularly, but I do know that it was not his fault that you were at Winchester on the 13th, 14th and morning of the 15th, the days of your disaster. If General Schenck gave you the order on the 11th, as General Halleck advised, it was an easy matter for you to have been off at least on the 12th. The case is inevitably between General Schenck and you.

Neither General Halleck nor anyone else, as far as I know, required you to stay and fight 60,000 with 6,000, as you insinuate. I know General Halleck, through General Schenck, required you to get away, and that in abundant time for you to have done it. General Schenck is not a West Pointer, and has no prejudice against you on that score.

Very truly yours,

A. LINCOLN.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN: THE WAGON TRAIN AND CAPTAIN BOYD.

IT was sound judgment on the part of Colonel McReynolds in leading his brigade from Berryville to Winchester, June 13, to send the brigade and regimental trains with all speed toward the Potomac. At Bunker Hill these trains struck the pike on their way to Martinsburg. They were in charge of Lieutenants Wm. H. Boyd, Jr., quartermaster, and B. F. McReyonlds, commissary. It was no easy work these young officers had before them. They had capable assistants in A. J. Merritt, regimental wagon master, a practical man of business; and Abram Bruce in charge of the headquarters train. The latter was familiarly known as "Buck." He had been in various kinds of business: an omnibus driver in New York, and a driver in Dan Rice's circus. He had traveled all over the country. He was a man of wonderful resources, and seemed equal to any emergency. If he was ever in special need of anything, horses, wagons, forage, he would find some way to supply his wants. He always managed to secure for his train "the right of way," other orders to the contrary notwithstanding. Lieutenant Martindale with Company H went with the train.

As has already been stated, Jenkins' cavalry made an attack on the rear of the brigade at the crossing of the Opequon. Being repulsed here, they followed the train, over-

taking it at Bunker Hill. Martindale was on the alert, and met the attack on the train guard with such spirit and determination that the attacking party was checked, while the wagons with all possible speed were hurried along the stone pike toward Martinsburg. Here the enemy attacked again. Lieutenant Boyd, the quartermaster, with what men he could get together, repulsed this attack. In the fight he was wounded, and Commissary McReynolds had to assume added responsibilities. General Tyler was in command at Martinsburg. He made preparations to repel an attack, at the same time preparing to move his stores and his small force to Harper's Ferry.

The night of the 14th Captain Boyd with Company C had left Winchester for Martinsburg. Martindale with Company H went with Tyler to Harper's Ferry. Boyd with C kept with the Berryville train that was hurried along to Williamsport. The advance of Jenkins' cavalry followed, attacking repeatedly until the train reached Harrisburg, Pa., on the 17th. It was then thought that the train needed no farther protection, and it kept on its way to Philadelphia where a place was found for it in Fairmount Park. It had made remarkably good time.

Boyd, having escorted the train until it was out of danger, proposed now to turn back and have a hand in the fighting that was to be done.

Lieutenant Oliver B. Knowles, who had shown such coolness and daring in the first fight of the company at Pohick Church, August 18, 1861, and who had shown himself cool, intelligent, and fearless on every occasion since then, had been home on leave of absence. But the reports of the fighting had hurried him to the front. He first reported to the part of the regiment that had crossed from Harper's Ferry to Maryland Heights. Here he learned that Boyd and his company were at Harrisburg, and he hastened there.

Boyd was impatient. Instead of consuming time in marching, he put his command on board the cars and hurried back to Shippensburg. Beyond this place the track had been torn up. Here he took his company off the cars and marched to Chambersburg. The enemy had been there and withdrawn. The 20th he moved on to Mercersburg. While waiting here a body of the enemy marched past not far distant, but was not seen by Boyd. He moved on to the vicinity of Greencastle. The 21st he was busy watching developments.

He was out early in the morning of the 22nd. An advance party of Jenkins' cavalry had been riding around in Franklin county. Boyd was looking for this party. Captain J. A. Wilson of Company I, Fourteenth Virginia cavalry (now, 1902, living at Taranta, Augusta county, Va., a firm believer in the "Union forever"), had been sent on ahead by Jenkins, with instructions, if he should meet any Federal cavalry to fall back and tempt them to follow in pursuit, when they were expected to fall into a trap that would be prepared for them. Near Greencastle he caught sight of Boyd's company on a hill in the timber. Wilson and his troop came on to the neighborhood of a small blacksmith shop. Out of this shop ran two of Boyd's men who had been having their horses' shoes tightened. They mounted their horses, and endeavored to rejoin their own troop, but both were overtaken by Wilson's men and were sent back to the main body as prisoners. Wilson now saw the Federal cavalry coming upon him at a "swinging gallop." The advance was led by Sergeant Wm. D. Hall. According to his orders, Wilson fell back until he came in sight of the main command, whose horses were all turned loose to graze. He ordered his own men to dismount and turn their horses loose. At a sharp turn in the road he quickly formed his men along the fences.

Boyd had but thirty-five men with him and was now in front of Jenkins' entire command of infantry, cavalry and artillery, four thousand strong. When he ran into this party in ambush he did not know the enemy's exact position, although he knew they were not far away. He halted for a moment at the Flemming homestead, which is represented in the background of the accompanying picture, to take some observations. Corporal William H. Rihl came riding out from behind the house and stopped his horse just on the spot where the monument stands. At this instant Wilson's men from their places of hiding fired a volley directly into the faces of Boyd's men. A bullet struck Corporal Rihl in the jaw and passed through the base of the brain. His death was instantaneous. He was *the first Union soldier killed in action in Pennsylvania in the war of the rebellion,* and, it is believed, *the first one killed on free soil.*

Sergeant Milton Cafferty was wounded in the lower part of the leg and taken prisoner. He was placed in the house of Mr. Card to remain there until his captors should call for him. He was well cared for here, and the enemy never called for him.

This action took place about five and a half miles north of Mason and Dixon's line. Boyd, having learned the force and position of the enemy, fell back to Shippensburg.

Corporal Wm. H. Rihl was born in Philadelphia, in 1843. He was 5 ft. 6 1-4 in. tall, with light complexion, blue eyes, and dark hair; by occupation a gardener. Mustered in as private in Company C, July 19, 1861. He was buried near where he fell. A few days afterward the citizens removed the remains to the Lutheran churchyard. After twenty-one years his body was again exhumed and buried with imposing ceremonies on the exact spot where he was killed. The G. A. R. Post at Greencastle was named in honor of him, "The Wm. H. Rihl Post." Through the efforts of a committee of this Post—Dr. F. A. Bushey, J. R. Davis, B. F. Winger, J. H. Shirey, S. H. Eley, Wm. Snyder, and M. W. Kissecker—a beautiful granite monument was

erected over the grave, and this was protected by a substantial iron fence.

The inscriptions on the four sides are: "To the Memory of Corporal William H. Rihl, Co. C, First N. Y. Lincoln Cavalry, who was killed on this spot, June 22, 1863."

"Erected by Corporal Rihl Post, G. A. R., of Greencastle, Pa."

"The first Union soldier killed in action in Pennsylvania."

"An humble but brave defender of the Union."

The monument stands 21 feet high, on a base 4½ feet square. It is of Quincy granite and weighs eight tons. It was erected by Jos. N. Forbes, of Chambersburg.

The willow tree in the rear of the monument was grown from a twig taken from a tree which grew on the Island of St. Helena, near the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte. Extremes meet. Here is a memorial of the selfish conqueror who in his ambitious career wasted nations, and one to the memory of the humble soldier who unselfishly gave his life in the defence of the Union.

To the courtesy of Mr. James H. Shirey, proprietor of the Crowell House, seen in the engraving, we are indebted for this picture. For accounts of this action we are indebted to Dr. F. A. Bushey, of Corporal Rihl Post, and to Mr. E. D. Card.

It was a generous deed on the part of the citizens of the place, this building a monument to a soldier who was a stranger to them, testifying their respect for the memory of one who gave his life in defence of his country.

The 24th, Boyd was forced back to Cashtown and then to Mount Rock. In falling back he was never out of sight of the Confederate advance, with whom he kept up a continual skirmishing. The 26th he was at Carlisle. He sent Lieutenant Knowles with all the men he could spare to save, if possible, the stores in the barracks. But the enemy was too strong to be opposed, and the barracks and stores were burned.

The 27th, Boyd was compelled to fall back to Kingston. The 28th, he found the enemy was between him and Harrisburg, and he had to make a hasty detour through the country to reach that place.

The militia that had been called out to meet the emer-

WM. H. RIHL'S MONUMENT.

gency had responded promptly, not only from Pennsylvania, but from other states, and especially from New York, whose governor was not in sympathy with the administration, but who had acted efficiently in this crisis. The Confederate advance had reached its limit, and now began to retire.

Boyd, always on the alert, followed. The 29th, the daring Lieut. Knowles with less than a dozen men dashed upon more than three times his number and captured them with their horses. But, a larger force coming upon him, he let his prisoners go to save his own men.

The 30th, the company captured a foraging party with their wagons and plunder. The 31st, Corporal Emerick Knowles was out looking for something to satisfy his hunger, and came upon three Confederates hungrier than himself, and used his empty revolver to persuade them to come with him to camp.

Lieutenant Oliver B. Knowles was a man of reckless daring. He seemed utterly devoid of fear. Near Arendtsville he had gone out alone to look around, not supposing that any force of the enemy was in the immediate neighborhood. All at once he found himself directly in front of seventeen Confederates. "The only safety to the conquered is to hope for no safety," said Aeneas in the last night of Troy. Drawing his revolver, he rushed upon them, calling to them to surrender. There was a grim humor in his demand. He was surprised to see the haste with which they complied. They crowded around him and handed over their revolvers faster than he could take them. He had to let them fall to the ground all around him. He could not understand it himself, until, looking back, he saw part of his men, who by some chance had come out in that direction and were now hurrying toward him. The seventeen had seen these, and supposed a large force was coming, and thought that if all

these were like their leader they themselves would stand a poor chance in a fight.

July 1st, the company came upon a foraging party that had taken from farmers nearly a hundred horses and mules and a number of wagons. Boyd's men captured them all. The captain, not wishing to be encumbered, turned the captured property and prisoners over to General W. F. Smith who had been short of transportation. To him the animals answered a needed purpose.

The two great armies were drawing nearer to each other. Outriding detachments were being called in. All the while Boyd was watching for some chance to strike. He was even laying plans to capture Lee himself. That general was reported to be at Cashtown, and Boyd was willing to take his chances in making a dash through the lines to the Confederate headquarters and out again.

In drawing near Fayetteville in the early morning, he came upon a party of cavalry that had been plundering near Chambersburg. He attacked with such vigor that they fled, leaving their plunder behind and causing such an alarm that the enemy became so vigilant that, with only a part of his company with him, he did not deem it prudent to attempt too much.

The rest of the company was with Knowles. The rebel General Stuart had made a raid around the Union army. A detachment of his force had captured a train of wagons. This train was moving toward the main Confederate army, guarded by a part of Fitz Hugh Lee's brigade. Knowles with his few men made a dash upon the rear of this train, and for a brief time held possession of a section of it. But the heavy guard of the train came to the rescue, and Knowles was compelled to abandon his prize. He succeeded, however, in bringing away a number of prisoners.

The 3rd, two small foraging parties were run down and

captured by Boyd's men. The 4th, a larger party that had gathered horses and wagons, was taken with all its booty. The 6th, there was another skirmish, the enemy being driven, and losing a few prisoners. The 9th, was another fight near Hagerstown. The 11th, the company reached Hagerstown. The 13th, it joined the rest of the regiment near Chambersburg.

These men had had a campaign of ceaseless activity, but they seemed to have thrived through it all. Many of them were soon afterward rewarded with promotions in other Pennsylvania regiments. It was the Pennsylvania company of the First New York. They had been fighting on the soil of their own state, and near their own homes.

CHAPTER XXII.

GETTYSBURG: WEST OF LEE'S ARMY.

THE larger part of the regiment and part of the 12th Pennsylvania that, on the morning of the 15th, succeeded in escaping around the right of the Confederate line, marched toward the northwest. The day was hot, and the roads rough. Some of the infantry had escaped in the same way. For a time these tried to keep up with the cavalry, and the cavalry were unwilling to leave them behind. The foot sore men were given a rest by an occasional ride. Past Berkley Springs and across the Potomac to Hancock was a weary day's march of forty miles. Here the cavalry rested for the night. The next morning the infantry came, and soon afterward came a few Confederate cavalry.

A captain with about a dozen men was sent to see if the enemy was appearing in force below the town. He crossed the canal bridge and went a few miles down the tow path. At a distance were seen two men on the turnpike on the Maryland side. The captain sent Valentine to see who these were. Valentine suspected that these were Evans and Peterson, and that they were not likely to stop short of Clear Spring. They had been here before, and knew the country well. (After the war Evans married a Clear Spring girl.) Two Confederates had forded the river and were on the tow path. Valentine returned and reported to the captain. The latter, perhaps, thought that these were

the advance of a large number. Perhaps he thought of the chase at Blue Gap the fall before when he was run down and captured. Perhaps he thought the state of Maryland afforded a wider field for military operations than that narrow tow path. It was a long distance back to the bridge by which he had crossed. There was a woman on the opposite side, and he called to her. "How deep is this canal?" She answered: "Well, you will have to take more than three jumps in one or else swim, if you want to get across." Beyond those two men he seemed to see a host in the Virginia hills just ready to swarm across the river. He was wearing his usual leg-long, funnel-top boots, and perhaps he thought these were higher than the water was deep. Telling his men to follow him, he spurred his horse into the canal. Not one of them followed him. In spite of their respect for authority they laughed as they saw him working his way across and floundering up the farther bank. Still they laughed as they saw him, drenched, trying to invert, first one, then the other, side of himself in his efforts to pour the water out of his boots.

The two Confederates were too well mounted to be taken. Undisturbed by them the captain's men leisurely but hilariously kept along the tow path until, coming to a culvert, they passed under the canal on dry ground.

John Stuart was a young Irishman with an unlimited fund of dry humor. George Peavey was almost his equal, with a little of the sarcastic. Both were irrepressible. Occasionally on the next day's march they would make allusions in a variety of forms of speech that never failed to appeal to their comrades' sense of the ludicrous, to "somebody that tried to bail out the canal with his boots."

Peterson and Evans on their return encountered the two Confederates. A lively skirmish at once began between the two equal parties on opposite sides of the canal.

Each stood his ground and continued the fight until the two Federals had used all their ammunition. Peterson's horse was wounded and himself received a bullet in his left thigh. This he carried the rest of his life. He rode his wounded horse back to Hancock.

The evening was lurid with the fire and smoke of burning bridges.

Beach and McKinley had been detailed to issue forage, plenty of which had been found in a canal warehouse. The regiment was in an open field outside the town. The two men had been busy all day. At night they deliberated—"It is more comfortable to sleep here on this hay under a roof than shelterless on the bare ground. Let's stay here." "All right; let's stay." An hour of comfortable rest, when a discomforting thought came: "McKinley, what if the regiment should move before daylight? We might be caught napping." "Guess we might." "Let's go to camp." "All right; guess we had better go." It was fortunate for them that they went. Before midnight the entire command was on the road, and before daylight the enemy was in Hancock.

Lieut. Col. Pierce of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry was the ranking officer of all these detachments, and assumed command. In the absence of any controlling orders it seemed best to go to Cumberland. Before reaching Flintstone it was learned that the enemy was in Cumberland. After a halt and a consultation it was deemed best to take a road toward the north into Pennsylvania. The day was hot and the road rough and dusty. The force reached Chaneyville at night, after a march of forty miles. The 18th the march was continued through Rainsburg, Charlesville, and past Bedford Springs to Bedford, nearly twenty miles. Along the way the most hospitable treatment was given by the people to the tired and hungry soldiers.

In some houses abundant dinners were prepared, the tables being repeatedly set, and all offers of payment declined. Along the wayside people, old and young, boys and girls, would stand handing refreshments to the men in the passing column.

Bedford was one of the pleasantest places in the state, a place of wealth and culture. In 1775 two companies had marched from here to Boston. The people had not degenerated. Now their homes were opened to enlisted men and officers alike. The 19th, the command moved to Everett, then called Bloody Run. Fiala, Peterson and others who had been wounded had kept along on horseback thus far. No ambulances had been brought from Winchester. Now the people of Bedford offered their best family carriages to carry these wounded men to the next camp. Here some of them were given furloughs.

The hospitality of the people of Bedford was gratefully remembered. Out of it grew many warm friendships —and a few *post bellum* marriages.

The 20th, General Milroy found his way back to this remnant of his division. He stayed but a day or two, being summoned to the court of inquiry called to examine his conduct of affairs.

There was much confusion and disorder among the militia that had been called out. Gradually they were being mustered and armed.

The quartermaster and commissary had gone with the train. The majors were called elsewhere. Captain Jones was the ranking officer. Hinton was acting adjutant and quartermaster. There was no organized department through which supplies could be procured. Several men were detailed to go out in different directions to buy forage. Vouchers were given to the farmers who brought in these supplies. Hon. John Cessna of Bedford was an able law-

yer and president of the bank. He was a man of strong character, sterling integrity and intense patriotism. His patriotism was shown in a practical and substantial way. He rendered all the assistance he could to the foragers, and cashed all vouchers for supplies purchased. After the war was over he was repaid by the government, and then without interest.

The foragers had a variety of experiences. One of them met a funeral procession. The procession halted and the sergeant was asked many questions as to whether it was likely to be interfered with by the enemy, rumors of whose coming had reached the people. He was hospitably entertained by Mr. Trout of Mill Spring. The 26th, he was returning after three days' continual riding. Just at night he reached Mr. Charles Stuckey's, two miles west of Bedford. Not knowing whether the regiment had moved during his absence, he accepted the invitation of the hospitable farmer to stay all night. He was tired and slept soundly. Long before day he became half conscious of a continuous rumbling as of wagons on the stone pike. He continued half asleep until he heard one calling loudly, "Mr. Stuckey! Mr. Stuckey! Get up and get away with your horses! The rebels are in Bedford, fifteen thousand strong! !" The sergeant was quickly awake, dressed, and at the barn with his horse saddled. Vehicles of every description, loaded with household goods and other things of every sort, were being driven along, the drivers plying the whip and shouting to their teams as if a host of furies were pursuing them. The sergeant, being well mounted and armed, felt no need to join in this mad flight. He turned his horse and rode slowly toward Bedford. To his inquiry, "What's the news?" a driver briefly said, "Rebels in Bedford, fifteen thousand strong!" and hurried on. After a little another replied, "Ten thousand rebels in Bedford!" A half mile farther,

there were only five thousand. Before sunrise he rode into Bedford. There were groups of excited people in the streets. They had heard that the advance of a column was at Bedford Springs, two miles from the town. Later it was learned that a few Federal scouts had been seen and these had been taken for Confederates, and in the telling, in the excited condition of those who told and those who heard, they had grown into an army "fifteen thousand strong!"

The regiment remained at Everett until the 29th when it moved back to Bedford.

There were continual rumors of the coming of the enemy. Scouting parties were all the while on the alert.

Some of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry had been sent out and had not returned. The 29th, Lieut. Col. Pierce sent Captain Jones to see, if he could, what had become of the missing men. With a detail of thirty-one men he went to McConnellsburg. Mr. J. W. Greathead, a merchant of the place, gave the following account of what happened:

At 8:30 a.m. the citizens were very much cheered by the sight of a company of cavalry coming from the direction of Everett.

The company stopped in front of the Fulton House. A newly recruited company of cavalry that had not yet received their equipments came in from Mount Union and also stopped. The captain of the latter asked me whose company the other was. I replied: "I don't know." He said: "Tell the captain I wish to see him." "What name shall I give?" "Captain Morrow." I found the officer and said: "Captain Morrow wishes to see you." Just then his picket came in. The captain said: "What's the matter, sergeant?" He replied: "They are coming down the mountain!" "How many?" "Don't know; not over two hundred."

We all followed the captain out of the house, and as he was descending the steps he said, in ordinary conversational tone, to his men: "Get on your horses and get to your places; I'll fight them." In a moment they were in line on a slow trot toward the west, the direction from which they had come. Captain Morrow with his com-

pany was hurrying northward toward Mount Union. The rebel cavalry could be heard coming in from the east. In a few minutes they came up the hill on a smart gallop, but slackened at sight of Captain Jones and his trim command, not more than three hundred yards off, whose every motion was a step toward business. The Confederates came to a dead halt just as the head of the company reached the alley between the Fulton House and Greathead's store. Not more than thirty seconds before this Captain Jones had wheeled by file, and as the sabres went up it seemed as if a bright sheet of steel, about two and a half feet wide by one hundred long, had been suddenly turned up on its edge, the sight of which struck the rebels with fear and confusion. Just then a fresh lot of six or eight came over the hill, the commander crying at the top of his voice, "Charge 'em, Captain, charge 'em!" On seeing Captain Morrow leaving toward the north he pointed in that direction with his revolver and said something we could not hear distinctly, at which the whole company broke up in a wild dash in retreat, with Captain Jones leading in pursuit. When the top of the hill was reached the Captain's file comrade fired his carbine at the fleeing rebels, and, looking to see the effect, we saw a man, two blocks ahead, come down on his horses's neck. The horse frantically wheeled around the next horse to his left and into the crowd again with all the energy and speed he possessed. Following up as closely as discretion would dictate, at the forks of the pike we met twelve or fifteen prisoners under guard of four soldiers coming down the Mercersburg pike; going on up, meeting prisoners under guard every few rods, we came to a man lying on the roadside in the agony of a mortal wound. Without an utterance he looked up in such supplicating despair that must melt the human heart to grace. I asked: "Where are you hurt?" He rolled over on his side. The ball had pierced near the spine about three inches below the shoulder blade. "Did this ball pass through you?" I asked. He turned on his back again, and opening his clothes from the neck down, we found the ball had raised the skin its full size and shape, a little below the base of the breast bone. I said to him: "You are very badly hurt; if you have any word to send to your friends I will make a memorandum and see that they get it." He said: "Send me to my wife." I told him we could not. "You cannot live more than an hour or two at most." He said: "I want my wife to have all my property." I asked for his name and residence. "William Shelton, Warm Springs, Bath County, Virginia." "Whom do you belong to?" "Imboden." "What company and regiment?" I understood him "Company I." He gave no regiment. During this time he continually begged for water. We saturated a handkerchief and wet his lips and cooled his forehead. He begged to have water poured on his fore-

head. I told him the shock would be too great; he could not stand it. Several citizens had come up, among them Mr. Conrad Orth, who, in response to his entreaty, took up the canteen and poured water on his forehead. With a shudder and quivering moan he ceased to breathe.

Going on up perhaps fifty or sixty paces, we found another Confederate lying obliquely on the road, dead.

A few of Captain Jones' men came down the pike and said to us: "It is all over, you had better return." Mounting a captured horse we came to town and counted thirty-two prisoners and thirty-four horses—the award of cruel war's arbitrament to Captain Jones and his thirty-one brave and true men, for their courage, discipline and undaunted will.

Aunt M—— gave me a sharp thrust from the point of her tongue for cheering Captain Jones and his men when passing, and wound up by saying: "You might 'a got the town burnt down."

About 3 p.m. we were again alarmed by companies of Confederate cavalry coming in from the south, east and west. They at once commenced searching for soldiers and arms. I was hunted up and ordered to open the store. After a hasty search I asked the officer if that was all he wished. He replied in the affirmative. I then asked: "Will you kindly give me a guard to prevent annoyance?" He said "Yes, sir," and called three of his men, instructing the first to "see that this man and his property are not molested." I thought of him as a gentleman out of place.

One of the guard and myself sat down on the door step and entered into friendly conversation. He asked whether we had "heard the news from Vicksburg." I said "No." He said: "The siege has been raised and we have taken Chattanooga." He then mentioned York, Pa., as having been taken. I said: "You have spoiled it all now. There are no fortifications at York worth naming. Your officers evidently are cheering you up with stories of victories not won." The guard and I went into a discussion of the war, when an officer rode up and asked: "How many of the Yankees was killed, sah?" "There were none killed." "How many wounded, sah?" "One slightly." "Whose company was it, sah?" "Captain Jones' company." "Was it of the First New York cavalry, sah?" Although I had not learned to what regiment Jones belonged, I felt convinced from his tenor that the name of the First New York had something of terror to him in it, and promptly replied, "Yes, sir." He made some very strong assertions as to how pleased they would be to meet Captain Jones. I asked how many there were of them. He replied: "About three hundred and forty." I said: "The telegraph line runs to Everett. No doubt, if you send your compliments to Captain Jones he will respond to your liking." He said: "You talk like a —— —— fool." I replied: "Well,

Captain Jones and his men don't fight like fools." By that he wheeled his horse and bade me go to a place noted for its heat. Perhaps the reader may think it very bold in me to talk thus under the circumstances. It was easy enough with the guard beside me inspiring me by nudging me with his elbow at every answer, who with his comrades broke into laughter when the officer left. They told me one trouble was, their officers were generally from the wealthy families and not liked by the men on account of their pompous presence at drills and parades and safe absence from the dangers of the battlefield.

The party appropriated a wagon or two and left. It was supposed they took the wagons to remove the comrades that had been wounded above the first acute angle on the pike, above which Captain Jones did not follow, his men emptying their pieces across the hollow into the pell mell of the retreating rebels.

The day was very warm, and for greater comfort during the return ride of twenty-five miles the men took off their blue jackets and, strapping them to their saddles, rode in something of undress. On coming in sight of the pickets at Everett, their appearance and that of the prisoners in gray, gave the impression that they were all Confederates. The pickets of recent levies retired in haste and gave the alarm that a large body of Confederates was coming. The captain told one of his men to put on his jacket and ride on rapidly and report the facts. But the rumor had the start and traveled faster than the blue-clad messenger of truth. The entire force fled a good way toward Bedford before the mistake could be corrected. This afforded great amusement to the prisoners. They enjoyed it more than anything else that they had seen that day.

The 30th, Captain Bailey with a part of Co. K went out in the direction of Hancock. He came upon a foraging party of about his own number. He attacked promptly and there was a lively fight. Several men and horses on each side were wounded. A lieutenant and ten men were captured. The lieutenant took the matter good naturedly, saying that Lee's plan was to take all the large cities, conquer

a peace, and let his men pass the rest of the summer in northern pleasure resorts.

Now came the news that Hooker had been relieved, and that Meade was in command. All were anxiously watching for the collision between the two great armies, and were impatient to be near the scene of the conflict. July 2, Major Quinn with a battalion went to McConnellsburg. He followed up a column of Imboden's men. He attacked their rear with vigor, taking a few prisoners and giving a quickening impulse to the speed of the retiring column.

The 3rd, the command left Bedford. The day was warm and the way rough, twenty miles to M'Ivaine's. The 4th, the march was begun early. The morning was foggy and sultry. The day was intensely warm. Halted the afternoon and night at McConnellsburg, the scene of Captain Jones' recent fight. The Confederates had been in and out of the place repeatedly. In the afternoon there were severe storms. The lightning and thunder were terrific, and the rain came down in sheets.

The cavalry of the brigade was at McConnellsburg, with Lieut. Col. Pierce of the Twelfth Pennsylvania in command. Only uncertain rumors had come concerning the movements of the armies. Pierce hesitated to act without orders. He was unwilling to assume too much responsibility. Captain Jones and Bailey were talking over the situation, and the lack of definite news. They were impatient to do something. Bailey proposed that Jones take the regiment, pass to the rear of Lee's army, and then join the army of the Potomac or return, as might seem best. Pierce was persuaded to consent to such a movement on condition that part of his regiment should go along. The order was given detailing one hundred men from each regiment. The morning of the 5th Captain Jones set out. At Mercersburg he halted for refreshments. The people fed both men and

horses liberally. On sending for the reports of the orderly sergeants, the captain found that there were only eighty men of the Twelfth Pennsylvania, and there were more than one hundred of the First New York. On passing the picket line, a number of men of the latter regiment had deserted the picket posts in order to go along. The captain here learned that a wagon train was moving toward the Potomac. He secured a guide and moved on.

At Cunningham's cross roads he found a good place for a surprise. A bluff ran parallel to the turnpike about two hundred yards from it. Halting his command under the shelter of this bluff, and taking a few men with him he went cautiously to the top. As far as he could see, the train was moving along. He could not see either end.

This train had left the field at Gettysburg the afternoon of the 4th. It was seventeen miles long. Imboden was in charge of it, with about 2,100 men and a few pieces of artillery. This force was distributed along the train, at intervals of less than half a mile. Many stragglers and wounded men who were able to walk were keeping along with the train. Many wounded men were riding in the wagons.

Without a particle of excitement in his manner the captain rode along his column, telling the men to do their best. "If you get into close quarters, use your sabres. Don't strike, but *thrust!*"

Leaving fifty men of the Twelfth as a reserve, and waiting till a detachment of the guarding force had passed the cross road, he quietly gave his orders.

Lieutenants Passegger and Woodruff, each with their detachments, sprang to their work. The former led his men toward the rear to attack and hold back the next section of the train guard. Woodruff led his men as with a loud cheer they distributed them-

selves along the train. They directed the drivers to "Turn off there!" pointing to the cross road and through the fields. As these orders were given with emphasis, and reinforced with uplifted sabres or cocked revolvers, they were promptly obeyed.

Captain Irwin of the reserves was told to distribute his men along the line of wagons and keep them moving as fast as possible toward Mercersburg.

Prisoners were hurried into the wagons, keeping their muskets with them. The captain then arranged his men so as to make as large a show of force as possible facing toward the rear of the train, and waited for the guard to attack, his object being to give as much time as possible for the captured wagons to get away.

It seemed a long time before the enemy could make up their mind what to do. Finally they got together a large force in line and throwing out skirmishers, began to move forward. The captain waited as long as he thought prudent, when he wheeled his command and galloped away.

While the men were busy turning the teams out of the pike, the captain saw a large covered wagon filled with prisoners, drawn by six mules, standing partly across the road, with no driver. Seeing a young negro standing near he said to him: "Can you drive that team?" "Yes, Massa, I drive um." Then jumping on the box he put his head inside the wagon cover and yelled to the prisoners: "By golly, you toted me off. Now I tote you off!" Then jumping from the box to the back of the saddle mule, with a loud laugh and a yell at the team, he soon had the road clear.

Wet, hungry and weary, the command arrived about midnight at Mercersburg.

One hundred thirty-four wagons, more than six hundred horses and mules, six hundred forty-five prisoners and

two pieces of artillery were the trophies of this spirited affair. Three hundred of the prisoners had been wounded at Gettysburg. The wagons contained much plunder that the Confederates had gathered from stores and houses they had passed. Of the captain's men three were killed, a few slightly wounded and several had their horses disabled.

One man having lost his horse, and seeing the train guard coming, was looking for some place where he might hide until the guard should pass by. He dodged into an old barn. To his surprise he found the barn occupied by a lot of Confederates who had taken refuge there during the attack on the train. They all threw up their hands, crying out: "We surrender!" "All right," said the cavalryman, "Just stay right here till I can take care of you." Getting out of the barn he sought another place of safety.

Bernard Dougherty, one of those dismounted, in wandering back to the regiment picked up, one after another, thirteen weary Confederates who were entirely willing to come with him as prisoners.

The force at McConnellsburg moved at noon of the 5th, over a mountain range and through Loudon to Chambersburg, twenty-five miles. "Glad to see you," was the greeting they received. At 2 o'clock the morning of the 6th, the march was resumed for Mercersburg, sixteen miles, and then back to Loudon. Valentine and three others, delayed on the march, followed hard on the track of some strolling Confederates, capturing one and quickening the speed of the rest.

The full story of the great battle was now known and the report of the surrender of Vicksburg was confirmed. The detachments that had been separated at Berryville and Winchester were drawing together, and all in high hope that they would have a hand in again defeating the Confederates before they could recross the Potomac.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GETTYSBURG: EAST OF LEE'S ARMY.

THE morning of June 15, while the train with Companies C and H was hurrying northward, and other detachments were on the way to Hancock, Milroy and most of the officers and men of the division were making for Harper's Ferry. General Tyler from Martinsburg took command and moved all the forces across the river to Maryland Heights.

In the temporary organization of this force, Col. McReynolds was placed in command of the cavalry, parts of broken organizations forming a somewhat irregular brigade. Of his own regiment only Lieut. Martindale with Co. H was with him. Lieut. J. H. Stevenson of Co. C. was his A. A. A. G. and Lieut. E. A. New was an aide.

Here on Maryland Heights they awaited developments. Pleasanton and Stuart were fighting east of the Blue Ridge and their guns could be distinctly heard. The Union cavalry was skirmishing with the Confederate advance. The forces on Maryland Heights were held in readiness. A portion of the Confederates was crossing the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, and Hooker was leading his army northward between these Confederates and Washington. Stuart was taking his cavalry around the rear, or rather through the Union army, moving not far from Washington. But it was

not easy for those on the Heights to know all that was going on. Lieutenant Martindale and his company were kept busy scouting for information. June 23rd, he captured fifteen Confederates, one of whom was the son of General Wight. The 24th, Hooker's army was crossing at Edwards' Ferry. The 27th, Hooker himself looked over the position and gave orders for the disabling of the heavy guns and abandoning the Heights. A courier bearing dispatches from Lee to one of his generals was taken. The information gained led to a postponement of this movement. A number of straggling Confederates were taken. They were wandering around freely in Maryland. An ambulance train with its guard was captured.

The 30th, these forces moved to Frederick and became a part of French's corps. Both armies were moving toward their "Philippi" in Pennsylvania.

The first of July a scouting party went up along the Potomac to see how Lee had crossed and what were his means of recrossing, and what guards he had left there. The scout returned the night of the 2nd. They reported finding a pontoon bridge at Falling Waters guarded by two hundred cavalry. At the Williamsport ford was a guard of a few hundred men.

Colonel McReynolds thereupon wrote to General French:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,

FREDERICK, MD., July 3, 1863.

LIEUTENANT: I beg to submit for the consideration of the Major General commanding, that I have information, which I deem reliable, that the rebel force in the vicinity of Williamsport is very small; that a force of cavalry about one hundred and fifty strong, could, in my opinion, successfully approach to that point, and, by a prompt movement, at break of day to-morrow, destroy the pontoon bridge at that place, which is the only reliance of the rebels for a retreat for their infantry, artillery and wagons in that direction. I sincerely hope the

General will permit me to make this movement, as I deem it not only quite practicable, but of vast importance.

I have the honor to be, Lieutenant,

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW T. MCREYNOLDS,
Col. 1st N. Y. Cav., Com'd Cav. Brig.

To LIEUT. W. F. A. TORBUT,
A. A. G. French's Corps.

This received the approval of General French. The communication was endorsed:

HEADQUARTERS, July 3, 1863.

COLONEL: I am directed by General French to say that he approves of the within, and that you will use your discretion in effecting the purpose. Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. F. A. TORBUT,
Lieut. A. D. C. and A. A. A. G.

To COLONEL MCREYNOLDS,
Commanding Brigade.

Colonel McReynolds intrusted this matter to Major Shadrack Foley of the 14th Pennsylvania cavalry. With about three hundred men from his own regiment, from the 1st New York, 13th Pennsylvania, and 6th Michigan, he started on the night of the 3rd. The men went fully prepared for their bold undertaking. They proceeded as quickly as possible and cautiously to the Potomac at Falling Waters. The pontoon bridge had been loosened on the Maryland side, and had swung over to the other bank. The guard was on the Virginia side. John Hetz, a bugler of the 6th Michigan, volunteered to swim across the river and cut the upper end of the bridge loose. This he accomplished. The current carried this end out into the stream. When the bridge lay athwart the river, the end was made fast to the Maryland bank. The major and his men then crossed the bridge and attacked the guard, capturing seventeen and dispersing the rest. Then recrossing, they de-

stroyed the bridge. After sending the prisoners under guard toward headquarters, the major proceeded to Williamsport. He routed the guard there, taking a few prisoners, and returned in safety. It was a daring act well done.

The 4th, Martindale had a fight with some cavalry that had taken captive some Union citizens near Frederick. After a hot pursuit he rescued the captives and took a few of the enemy.

After the recent heavy rains the Potomac rose so that it could not be forded. It seemed an auspicious occurrence. Lee was retiring with diminished forces and ammunition probably mostly expended. Now was the opportunity for the victorious army, strengthened by reinforcements, to make its work complete. The condition of the river and the destruction of the pontoon were reported to General Meade. But the pursuit of the enemy was delayed. Lee guarded his position well, and prepared to defend himself. Hostile parties encountered each other daily. The 5th, General Buford with his cavalry reached Frederick. The 6th, he marched toward Williamsport, but he found the enemy so strongly posted that it was useless to attack.

The 9th, Colonel McReynolds was directed to get together the scattered parts of his brigade. He went to Chambersburg where he found Boyd. The 13th, he reached Greencastle where Adams was waiting with the rest of the regiment. The men with the train came back from their far wanderings.

The reunited detachments of the regiment were glad to be together once more. They congratulated one another on what they had done during their active campaign. With the loss of but few men they had taken about three hundred wagons with their teams, two cannon and nearly a thousand prisoners. Though no part of the regiment had been en-

gaged in the battle itself, detachments had been busy on all sides and in the rear of Lee's army.

The 14th, the re-collected brigade, now in Gregg's division, moved from Chambersburg through Leitersburg to Greencastle. There had been high hopes that between the swollen Potomac behind, and Meade's army gathering close around in front, Lee's army might be defeated, perhaps captured. It was a severe disappointment now to learn that the Confederates were all safely across the river. But the southern confederacy, too, was disappointed. The desperate effort to win a victory on northern ground had failed. The rebel war clerk recorded in his diary: "The news from Lee's army is appalling."

The 15th, large bodies of troops were in motion toward Boonsboro on their way back to Virginia. There were hard campaigns yet before them. The enemy that had won so many victories, from the first Bull Run to Chancellorsville, had at last met a decisive check. But the riots in New York indicated an enemy in the rear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHEPHERDSTOWN FORD; MARTINSBURG.

THE afternoon of the 16th, the regiment moved from Hagerstown, for a distance along the entrenchments of fence rails and earth with which the Confederates had encircled themselves while waiting about Williamsport for the river to fall. The march was continued below Shepherdstown ford, over Antietam battle field. The men were interested in identifying the places over which they had moved on the 19th of September of the year before. Comfortable quarters were found in Blackford's barn. The night was rainy, and the 17th was rainy. The 18th was clear. The men studied the situation of Antietam, the sunken road, the cornfield, Miller's barn, the Burnside bridge.

The Confederate pickets were on the other bank. There were frequent friendly conversations with them. They kindly expressed a very favorable opinion of the First New York cavalry. They belonged to Major Gilmore's battalion. Men would meet in midstream to exchange coffee and tobacco. Gilmore himself came across the river and visited an hour with some of the 12th Pennsylvania.

Many of our wounded were in the hands of the enemy at Shepherdstown. Colonel McReynolds was anxious about their condition. He sent Captain Stevenson with a flag of truce. He gave an account of his visit:

I dressed in full uniform with sash, side arms and spurs, and had two men row me across. A sentinel halted us and demanded our business. I replied that I had a message for the officer in command. He pointed to a horseman approaching, saying, "That is the officer in command here." "Who is he?" "That is Major Gilmore." The major dismounted and beckoned me to approach. There was such a contrast between our respective "get up," that I wished I had not been so particular about my personal appearance. I informed him that my errand was to inquire after our wounded in his hands. He expressed himself well pleased at meeting one of the gallant First New York (Lincoln) cavalry; said our regiment had a good name in the Valley; and that he would be pleased to do us any favor in his power. We might send a surgeon and some nurses, with medicines, food, etc., for the wounded, but they would not be permitted to return until his troops should leave the place. I assented, as I felt *that* would not be very long.

He was standing by his spirited and powerful gray horse. He was dressed in gray, with a light felt hat on which there was a black, drooping feather. He had a pleasant expression, but his face had rather a German look with large blue eyes. He expressed a desire to see the war at an end, and in a manner satisfactory to all.

Dr. Elliott and several nurses with all needed supplies went to the relief of the wounded.

The 20th, Peterson, who had been wounded at Hancock, returned. He had gone home on furlough. He had not fully recovered, and his furlough had not expired. He could have had it extended, but the news from the armies had made him impatient to return. In New York he came near falling into the hands of the rioters to whom a Union soldier was an object of special hatred. He was a good soldier and was heartily welcomed.

For the first time in many weeks the regiment was in camp in clean woods near Dunker church, the little shelter tents pitched in order. The brigade was picketing the river for thirty miles, from Williamsport to Harper's Ferry.

Good news came from the armies in the West. Meade's army was east of the Blue Ridge, and Lee was sup-

posed to be falling back to his old position on the Rappahannock.

The 23rd, Major Quinn with two hundred men went across to learn the situation. He went to Martinsburg, picked up a few wanderers, and returned, having found no organized force.

The 29th, a force went out with two days' rations, making a circuit by Winchester and Berryville, finding no enemy. August 2nd, another party went out with a like result.

The 4th, the entire brigade moved by way of Harper's Ferry to Martinsburg. The lame and tired horses crossed the ford and took the shortest way. Here new camps were made. That of the regiment was in a piece of thin woods on a broad hill a short distance southeast of the town. It was a comfortable camp.

The 6th had been appointed by the President as a day of special thanksgiving for recent victories.

With a few exceptions, the people of Martinsburg were loyal. One of the exceptions was "Colonel" Faulkner. He owned a farm near the town and lived in a fine, large mansion. He had been prominent in politics, and had been minister to France. Since the war began he had found it convenient to remain within the Confederate lines. His wife and daughters remained at home. They had the appearance of cultivated ladies. They possessed the art of diplomacy. They were very hospitable, and managed to secure a guard for their premises. "Faulkner's woods" were a favorite camping ground, and in spite of diplomacy and guards, many of the fine old oaks in time disappeared.

Prominent among the loyal men was Edmund Pendleton who had used all his influence on the side of the Union. His sons were doing good service in the Federal army and navy.

There were places where the sympathies of the people

were with the party that was, for the time being, in possession. An elegant home in Maryland was brilliant with Union colors while a Federal column was passing northward. A Union officer captured at Gettysburg, passing the same house as he was taken southward, noticed that it was gay with Confederate banners. A part of the regiment was once greeted by a group of children on a porch with lusty cheers for "Jeff Davis." A word of warning from their mother checked them, when they began to "hurrah for the Union!"

In our previous sojourning in the Valley some very pleasant acquaintances had been made. On the Shenandoah near Berryville, on a fine, large estate lived Mr. Ware. His sympathies were with the South, but he was a high-minded, honorable man. Between him and some of the officers many courtesies were exchanged. He had some especially good horses. He was invited to attend the races at Berryville. When the brigade was obliged to leave that place, the private baggage of the officers was appropriated with other stores. Mr. Ware procured from General Lee an order directing that the officers' baggage be delivered to him. When a convenient time came he returned it to the owners.

Near Martinsburg lived Herman Bodha, a discreet and honest Union man who more than once did favors to the men of the regiment.

Here lived Belle Boyd who gained much notoriety as a rebel spy. After the war was over she kept herself before the public, sometimes an actress, sometimes a lecturer on her experiences as a spy. She had been engaged to a young captain in Jackson's corps. He had been killed in a skirmish and she "vowed vengeance." She related astonishing experiences in all sorts of disguises. She had been commissioned captain, and had ridden with Stuart at the head of his column; had been sent by Jefferson Davis with im-

portant dispatches and three kegs of gold to England; had been captured on a blockade runner and had captivated her captors.

A guard was placed about her mother's house. She had the assurance to send a request to Colonel McReynolds to call and see her. He sent Captain Stevenson. Him she entertained by appearing clad in a gold-bespangled uniform of a captain of Confederate cavalry, with revolver in belt. She was not favorably regarded by the better class of people in the Valley. Probably she was not so dangerous as a spy as her notoriety would lead one to think. The most efficient spies did not advertise what they were doing. Belle's later matrimonial affairs were neither creditable nor happy, according to her own admission.

The government did not furnish rations of cream or milk for coffee. But a bright little girl, Katie, brought regularly her pail of milk. She was a great favorite with the men. Her memory is a pleasant feature in the picture of camp life.

Before daybreak of the 7th two hundred men set out. They passed through Leetown, named after General Charles Lee, for a time next in command to Washington. He was dismissed from the service and came here to live. He shunned the companionship of men and stayed here in a rude hut with only a pack of dogs and a few books for company. Generals Alex. Stephens and Horatio Gates also lived near by. The line of march led to Charlestown. The beauty and fertility of the country were early known. Members of the Washington family located here. The place was named after Charles, a brother of the general. Southeast of the town was a noted cave. Five miles away were the Shenandoah Springs, a place beautiful in its prospect of river and mountain. In an open field were the ruins of an ancient church built, no one could tell when. Brad-

dock's army had marched through here. The story of John Brown had made the place famous. Shepherdstown was the home of James Rumsey who, in 1786 built a steamboat that moved five miles an hour.

Here were several prominent related families, honorable people—Aglionby, Yates and Beall, who traced their ancestry to the time of the Conqueror. Among their ancestors was "Belted Will," the hero of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The Beall farm had taken the first premium in Virginia. Some of the Beall sons had lived at Dubuque, Iowa, but they came home when the war began, to go with their state. John Y. Beall was an active leader in many daring enterprises. He served on the lakes. In the garb of a citizen he was arrested at Niagara Falls. He might have avoided an arrest, but he felt in honor bound to save a friend and ran too much risk. He was condemned under General Dix. A large delegation of Union people begged the President to spare his life. But the laws of war demanded the penalty, and he was executed. He met his fate like a brave man.

The party from Martinsburg went on to Berryville, forded the river and stopped for the night in Snicker's Gap, fifty miles. An early start was made the next morning. At noon stopped at Leesburg. This place was settled by the Lees. A few miles away was the home of President Monroe. This was also the home of John Champe of Lee's Legion, who, at the request of Washington, deserted to the British army in order to take captive Benedict Arnold and bring him a prisoner into the American lines. After the war an English traveler sought a stopping place for a stormy night in Champe's house. It was the British captain in whose company Champe had been placed.

A detachment of the Sixth Michigan was to have joined the New York men. But it had fallen in with a superior

force under Mosby and White, and had been driven out of its course.

Forded the Potomac at White's ferry and marched up the canal tow path to Point of Rocks. The infantry stationed here, seeing the cavalry coming from Virginia, prepared to receive them as enemies, but their mistake was corrected. Here a lot of goods in readiness to be smuggled into Virginia was captured.

Returned to Martinsburg on the 10th, a hundred and twenty miles.

The 12th, a scout to Winchester, bringing home a single prisoner. The 14th, one to Smithfield and another to Winchester, having a little skirmish. The 16th, a single captive taken at Winchester.

The 20th, the paymaster paid the installments for March and April. It had been a long interval between installments, but the men had managed to subsist.

Scouts were out every day. Orderly and quartermaster sergeants were busy on muster rolls, and were trying to account for property lost since June 13. The 21st, Captain Stevenson made a wide circuit to the west and around to Winchester, fifty miles in twelve hours, picking up five men and horses. Company K went to Berryville and lost four men captured.

The brigade was again in the Department of West Virginia, General Kelly commanding.

The 29th, a scout found part of Ewell's corps at Front Royal. September 2nd, chased some strollers out of Winchester. The 5th, exchanged shots at Middleburg; explored the mountains near to Romney; the 6th, almost to Strasburg. The night of the 7th, the pickets of the 20th Pennsylvania at Bath were driven in; the 8th, went hunting for those that did it. The 11th, Orderly Sergeant Ellis of C was accident-

ally killed in practice firing. He was a fine soldier, and deeply lamented.

The 12th, an alarm: "The rebels are coming; two thousand at Charlestown!" Ordered out to meet them, but they had gone.

A splendid new national flag had been sent to the regiment by the authorities of New York city. The afternoon of the 14th was set apart for the presentation. All the forces at the post were ordered out for review on a level field west of the town. Many from the town and country came to see. Colonel McReynolds presented the flag. Major Harkins, on behalf of the regiment, accepted it in an eloquent speech, in which he expressed the wish that one of the stars on the flag might descend and leave its impress on the colonel's shoulder, a wish that was heartily seconded by all the brigade.

The 15th, Quartermaster General Meigs, a gray and grizzled soldier, visited the post. The customary salutes were fired, and a review was held in his honor.

The afternoon of the 14th, Captain Jones went out with a hundred men—fifty from the First and the same number from the 12th, the latter under Lieut. Irwin. They halted for the night in a piece of woods near Charlestown. A party of rebels was in the farther end of the same woods. Both parties were cautious. There were no fires, no talking, no challenging of sentries. Both were waiting for the morning before troubling each other. In the morning both were on the move—the rebels moving away. Jones sent twenty-five to follow them up leisurely, while with twenty-five more he cut across the country to head them off. The enemy seemed increasing in numbers and courage, and were soon seen returning. The captain formed the 12th in line across the road, with orders to advance, when the other detachment would join in. But the 12th did not stand

their ground. Seeing this, the enemy came on with a yell. Bailey and Poindexter checked the retreat. The first twenty-five now charged in the rear of the rebels. It seemed to the captain that he had the enemy all secure, but the failure of the 12th to do what he expected of them spoiled his plans. He was left alone. In disgust he returned his sabre, and drawing a revolver, began firing among the enemy. It seemed that he could not miss that crowd. But at the fourth shot a ball struck his pistol guard, breaking it, and paralyzing his hand. Two of his fingers were partly shattered. He concluded he could not accomplish any more there, and looked to see how he could get away. It was too late for him to get into the road. He made for a gate in a high board fence, less than a hundred yards away. Five men followed him, one of them shouting, "You are my mutton!" "Old fellow, not yet!" the captain replied, and turning in his saddle fired at him. He succeeded in getting through the gate. Two of the five stopped. The other three followed him. He was delayed in trying to get his horse across a brook. His pursuers were not more than a rod or two behind him calling upon him to surrender. But they were delayed at the brook and he now increased the distance between them. But he found himself in a fenced cornfield. He tried to jump the fence, but his horse had been wounded and was failing. He dismounted, and taking his other revolver from the holster he climbed over, first one fence, and then a second, his pursuers still firing at him. They stopped to let down the fences, while he ran to a tree, and taking refuge behind it exchanged shots with them, keeping them at a safe distance. His ammunition was soon gone, and there was nothing to do then but to surrender. They were disposed to be rough with him until they learned to what regiment he belonged. Then they offered to go back with him to get his horse. But his horse was dying.

In passing through the opening in the fence the horse of one of them fell. Just then the captain heard a halloo, and looking up, saw one of his sergeants coming over a hill. Seeing three rebels the sergeant halted. The captain took off his hat and waving it, shouted: "Come on, sergeant, don't you know me?" The sergeant, flourishing his revolver, came on with a yell. The captain said to his two captors who were mounted, "If you want to get away, now is your time. The whole company is right behind him." They started off and the sergeant started after them. He brought back one of them, a prisoner. The dismounted man surrendered, handing back to the captain the revolver he had lately received from him, and his own arms as well.

In the meantime Bailey, Poindexter and Irwin, after repeated charges and counter charges, had got the enemy on the run, and after a chase of several miles had captured ten of them. Three of their own men were wounded.

The 19th, a large force with Captain Bailey in command went out for two days. At Strasburg eleven of Gilmore's men and some conscript officers were captured without much fighting. Philip Burke of D was accidentally shot. He died the next day at Martinsburg.

The 21st, news came of a battle by Rosecrans' army.

The 22nd, a scouting party was sent out for two days. It went to Gerardstown, Pughtown, and came into Winchester from the west. No armed enemies.

It was now known that the battle of Chickamauga came near being a disastrous defeat. For several days troops from the Army of the Potomac were passing over the B. & O. R. R. to reinforce the army at Chattanooga. These were the corps of Slocum and Howard, all under the command of Hooker. The picket lines were strengthened along the line of the road to prevent, as much as possible, news of this movement getting outside the lines.

The 27th, a scout went out for two days.

For a few days the men were busy moving the camp from the thin woods on the hill to an open field to the south.

October 1st, there was an alarm: "Saddle up, all hands!" A strong force was ordered to Bunker Hill. Imboden with several hundred men had come down the valley and gone back, without waiting for a fight.

The 4th, paid for four months, from May to Aug. 31. As usual a portion of this was due to the sutler. David A. Bennett had been captain of Co. F from its organization. He had always been interested in the welfare of his men. For some reason he had resigned his captaincy and re-entered the service as sutler. It looked as if the new camp was to be permanent, and the late captain had provided an abundant supply of all things that the men in camp would be likely to need. But just after "taps" on the evening of this pay day, there was a sudden rush in the darkness. Tent pins were pulled up, and in a few minutes the sutler's stock had disappeared. The next morning the officer of the guard, attended by a detail, passed through all the company streets and in front of every tent, but found none of the missing goods.

The Germans in the regiment built for themselves a "music hall," and here in the evenings they would meet for social enjoyment. It was always a pleasure to attend their concerts of songs and stories.

The 7th, Major Quinn went out to Berryville, White Post and Newtown, returning on the 10th with a few prisoners.

The 12th, two hundred were ordered by a roundabout way to Berryville. Here they rested till after midnight when they continued their way nearly to Front Royal and across to Winchester, and home. They heard rumors that

a large force was preparing to come down the valley, and orders in camp were to keep saddled and prepared.

This kind of service, interesting and exciting with its many adventures, brought out some daring young fellows who became expert in scouting. Citizens sometimes had been pressed into the service as guides. Among the mountains a Mr. Moss, who had been obliged to leave his home and family because of his opinions, had served the Union forces well. He had been captured by the Confederates and condemned, but had escaped. At Martinsburg a man called Noakes had done efficient service, who made his trips into the enemy's country pay him well in horses. Hyatt Brown had long been a trusted scout.

But now the men of the regiment had become well acquainted with every part of the Valley. They had come to know every road and byway.

Among these were Edwin F. Savacool and Charles D. Vosburg of Co. K; Napoleon Valentine, George S. Peavey, R. S. Dorman and Henry C. H. Wilson of Co. B; and James Dunn, Edward J. and Henry J. Goubleman of Co. D.

Some one of these men, in varying attire, as circumstances seemed to make necessary, would go on far in advance of a scouting party. He would assume a character that seemed at the time best adapted to his purpose. He would be all things to all men, if so he could pick up information, or capture a Confederate off duty and visiting his friends. His information, or his prisoner, he would hand over to the advance of the party following him. They would go out alone and be gone several days. Savacool acted the part of a mail carrier, collecting and delivering letters and packages along his route.

October 14th, he encountered Gilmore with his battalion near Newtown. It was too late to evade him. He had picked up some of Gilmore's men from time to time. He

was afraid some one in the troop might recognize him. The only thing to do was to put on a bold front, tell as straight a story as he could, and take his chances. It so happened that a lady in Winchester had handed him a letter to be left at some point for Gilmore himself. This letter he now took from his pouch and handed to Gilmore. The major's suspicions were quieted. The letter evidently contained good news. The two men became friends. "They drank from the same canteen," and that was the major's. He became communicative and imparted to his new friend a secret. He was on his way down Back creek to burn the railroad bridge. Savacool had important errands and could not delay. Leaving Gilmore he resumed his way toward the south. Then making a circuit he rode rapidly back to Martinsburg and reported to Colonel McReynolds.

A hundred men were at once detailed from the First and Twelfth, and sent out under Captain Prendergast of the former, and Captain Henry of the latter. The infantry at North Mountain station was notified to look out for the bridge.

Gilmore stopped to visit the writer of his letter, sending Captain Blackford on with his men. These had halted in a retired spot surrounded by woods, to wait until nightfall, and "Then darkling try their dangerous way."

Prendergast was fortunate in learning the situation. He sent Captain Henry around to the farther side to cut off the retreat. Some of Blackford's men were sleeping, some fishing, and some bathing in the creek when Prendergast and his men burst in upon them, capturing Blackford and his lieutenant, thirty men and thirty-six horses.

The 16th, another detail went to Smithfield, Berryville and Charlestown. Here six men from Co. B with a few of Somers' men were sent back to Berryville for some purpose. A number of the enemy appeared and disputed

the right of way. Sergeant Westbrook attacked them. There was a lively skirmish with what proved to be a superior force. Westbrook did his best, but had to retire, losing Jerome Bell and John Stuart, two good men, captured, but who, after several months in prison, returned to do good service.

At midnight of the 17th, another force set out under Captain Leavitt to investigate. At sunrise this force dashed into Winchester, taking three prisoners who were visiting friends. More were probably in hiding in the town. On towards Berryville. Before entering the place it was seen that the Confederates were there in too large force to be assailed. Back to Martinsburg by way of Jordan Springs and Bunker Hill.

Cannonading and musketry had been heard in the direction of Charlestown, and infantry and artillery were hurried off for assistance.

It was Imboden's force that had been seen in Berryville. From there he moved quickly to Charlestown where the Ninth Maryland volunteers, Colonel Simpson, were encamped. By a well-planned and vigorous attack, Imboden captured almost the entire regiment. He then quickly withdrew. General Sullivan from Harper's Ferry sent a force in pursuit, but Imboden was at a safe distance with all his 400, or more, prisoners. It was a bold thing cleverly done, and more than balanced all of our smaller successes. A few of the prisoners escaped and found their way back. They reported Imboden's force at two thousand.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLESTOWN.

TOWARD night, October 19, all available men of the regiment were ordered to Charlestown. It was a cold night. The mud was deep, with a frozen crust. They reached the town about 2 o'clock. Companies and messes looked for comfortable quarters, and as a general thing found them, for it had been a thrifty, prosperous town. Company B was fortunate in finding a large livery barn. There was a long dirt floor from front to rear, with stalls on either side. The loft was well filled with hay. The men were chilled with their long night ride, and now they built fires on the ground floor, and making thick beds of hay, lay around the fires like the spokes of a wheel, and slept as peacefully as if they had no memories of evil deeds to trouble them. The morning was clear and bright. The men were up early, foraging for breakfast.

By a fire of fence pickets at the edge of the sidewalk immediately in front of the barn, sat Charles R. Peterson leaning back against a tree. He had found some chickens which he had skinned, fried and eaten. His face was aglow with chicken grease and contentment. A tall, stern Virginian, with an anxious look on his dark features, came along. He stopped by Peterson and expressed some fear of danger from the fire so near his barn. Peterson with a grunt expressive of fullness and unconcern, replied: "Huh,

we have had fires inside all night. Look in there and see them, and you won't worry about this out here."

The 21st and 22nd Pennsylvania and Major Cole's battalion of Maryland cavalry had been ordered here, with Colonel Boyd, lately our Captain Boyd, of the first named regiment in command. The morning of the 20th, with all these forces Boyd set out for Winchester. Here several Confederate officers were found and taken. It was learned that Imboden with all his force was at Strasburg. The wagon train came with all the equipage, and the regiment made a new camp in a fine piece of woods just outside the town. Some of the men found cook stoves which they put up in their tents. Other articles of furniture were found that added to comfort in quarters. The court house in which John Brown was tried was explored. A table at which attorneys probably sat, made a very convenient writing desk for the orderly sergeant of B. Some things were done by a few lawless soldiers that were severely condemned by the better ones.

The 26th, all available men were ordered out with two days' rations. A part of this force went by way of Winchester, and a part by way of Berryville and Front Royal to Strasburg. Captain Stevenson with the advance picked up about twenty captives, some of them staff officers of importance. There was some skirmishing at long range with small bands.

Savacool, dressed in gray, as was his way, went on far in advance alone. Near Millwood he found a horse, fully equipped, tied by the roadside. His Confederate rider was overhead in a tree top picking persimmons. Savacool called to him to come down quickly, for a force of Yankees was coming. The Confederate "made haste and came down," when he found himself a prisoner. He submitted with as good grace as possible. Waiting till the ad-

vance came up, Savacool turned over his prisoner and again went on alone.

Between the forks of the Shenandoah lived Mr. Richards. Mrs. Richards' former husband was a Mr. Baylor. Her son was in Mosby's troop, and had become known as a bold and dangerous fellow in a fight. Savacool had been told by a colored man in the neighborhood, that young Baylor was then at his mother's. He determined to capture him. He fearlessly but civilly entered the house. Baylor was there, having laid aside his arms, visiting with his mother. Savacool, saying that he was a Confederate cavalryman, entered into a friendly conversation, hoping to entertain them until the advance should come up. After a while he noticed that Baylor began to be suspicious and restless. He noticed a gun resting on some brackets by the side of the room. Finally, rising from his chair, Baylor remarked to his mother that he had noticed some ducks out on the river, and he believed he would take his gun and go out and see if he couldn't get a few. Before he could reach the gun Savacool was on his feet with his revolver drawn, threatening to fire if Baylor moved another step. Baylor grasped hold of the revolver, but found his thumb caught under the hammer as Savacool pulled the trigger. He drew his hand away and endeavored to clinch with Savacool, but the latter was too quick for him. He held him at the muzzle of his cocked pistol, steadily watching him in the eye, and in this manner compelled him to follow him out of the room. His mother, hiding a small revolver behind her, endeavored to slip it into her son's hands, but Savacool's threat to fire if she attempted it, caused her to cease. He held his prisoner at the end of his revolver until the advance came up. The mother begged that her son might be treated kindly. But that same night the fellow got away from the guard and escaped.

It was learned that Imboden had gone back as far as Mt. Jackson. Some more of the prisoners he had taken at Charlestown had escaped, and were finding their way back.

The 29th, a scout to Winchester. The 30th, Captain Jones with A again went out, and after a lively skirmish and a quick pursuit, brought in ten captives, with no casualties in his own ranks.

Charlestown was a cultured, high toned community, a place of churches and schools. At an excellent school for young ladies here, Harriet Lane, the niece of President Buchanan, and mistress of the White House during his administration, had attended school. Many of the people were in intimate social relations with the most prominent families in the country.

The writer frequently received letters from an attorney in Dubuque, Iowa, relating to the business interests of the Beall family in that place, that have been mentioned. In delivering these letters he made the valued acquaintance of one of the most honorable families to be found either in the South or the North.

At midnight of November 3 a hundred men set out under Captain Bailey. By rough and crooked roads at daylight they reached Brucetown on the Opequon, the scene of the fight of June 13th. Here, dividing into several parties, they went in different directions with the purpose of closing in upon some Confederates, but they had disappeared. Five foolhardy fellows were found visiting their homes. They were torn away from their hearthstones and compelled to come along.

The 6th, Bailey took part of his company to Winchester. While waiting in the main street, a squad of Gilmore's men appeared at the farther end of the street and made a bold dash at them. Bailey retired a little, turned

a corner, rode around a block, and came in on the enemy's rear, killing one, wounding a few, and capturing five.

The same day there came rumors that Imboden was again coming down the Valley. A large detail was ordered out for four days under Col. Boyd. Started at sunset. Passed through Berryville and at midnight halted in the woods near Millwood. Started again at sunrise. Passed through White Post, ran down and captured five Confederates, forded the river, and at noon stopped in Front Royal. Again forded the river and went to Newtown, there halting for the night in the road by a cornfield that furnished supper and breakfast for horses and men. Joined in the morning of the 8th by Cole's battalion that on the way had killed one Confederate and taken two. The forces separated and went on in different ways to Strasburg, and reached Woodstock at dark. Captured twenty men and a number of horses and some stores. Returned to Strasburg and at midnight halted for the rest of the night around the former headquarters of Banks, Fremont and McDowell.

Marched at 9 in the morning of the 9th. Took dinner in Winchester, reached Berryville at dark in a blinding snow storm, and arrived at Charlestown at midnight, hungry, cold and tired, to find that General Sullivan, fearing an attack by Imboden, had ordered the tents taken down and removed to Harper's Ferry for safety! The night was very cold, and the situation was not conducive to cheerfulness or moderate speech.

The next day the camp equipage was brought back and the tents were pitched again in Tait's woods, the "Fair ground."

Sergeant Westbrook was out in charge of the picket post on the Berryille road. His tent mate was Besley, and both were good at foraging. Besley asked leave at night to visit the pickets. He rode a magnificent private Black

Hawk horse, coal black, well suited for scouting on a moonless night. He returned with eleven full grown turkeys hanging about his saddle. It was getting near Thanksgiving. Friends at home were remembering the boys with occasional boxes of good things. The new quarters were built for the winter, and were made to seem quite comfortable and homelike.

The 15th, the tireless Boyd went out again with seven hundred, and three pieces of artillery. Reached Strasburg and stopped for the night. The next morning at Woodstock the advance, A and C, under Captain Stevenson, found in their front a squadron of cavalry. These they drove before them, capturing an officer and a few men including a mail carrier. At Edenburg they encountered a larger force which attempted to check them. This force, too, was routed. Again near Mount Jackson the enemy made a determined stand. The men of the advance became excited over their success, and charged again, routing the enemy and pursuing them. But they went too far, and now found themselves in the midst of a large force, infantry, artillery and cavalry. Daniel Black of C was killed. Sergeant McGuckin of the same company and Ethan A. Taylor of K were captured. McGuckin died in prison. These were all brave men, as proved by their last reckless charge. They had captured an officer and several men.

Colonel Boyd now came up, formed line of battle and brought his artillery into action. The enemy replied, and the fighting continued for some time with vigor on both sides.

Corporal John H. Hoagland of F was struck by a shell which tore away the right side of his head. As he fell to the ground his horse ran forward into the enemy's lines.

Hoagland was a classically educated, intelligent, bright man. At the discussions in the old church at Springfield,

in the fall of 1862 he was a frequent and entertaining speaker. He had written regularly for the newspapers over the name of "Grape Shot." His letters were excellent descriptions of army life and operations. At the time he was killed he was at the front, not because he had been ordered there, but because he wanted to see all that was going on, that he might write an account of it. It was not an unusual thing to see correspondents out on the skirmish line and even in front of it, looking for news. Hoagland was a brave and efficient soldier, and his death was sincerely lamented.

At the beginning of this fight a skirmish line had been thrown out. Lieutenant O. B. Knowles in charge of this line pressed forward until he could see that the main body of the enemy had been withdrawn. Boyd then pushed forward. A body of cavalry taking the lead dashed forward, capturing a number of men and part of their wagon train. The rest had fallen back across the river, and were prepared to defend the bridge.

It might cost too much to attempt anything further. Imboden had been driven from his camp, with a loss of more than thirty officers and men as prisoners, ten wagons loaded with various supplies, more than a hundred horses, fifty tents and a considerable drove of cattle. Other property that could not be brought away was destroyed. Imboden's loss in killed and wounded could not be learned.

The enemy, at home among the mountains and through the valleys, always had the advantage. Different parties followed Boyd on his return. During a brief halt at Edenburg, and again at the night's bivouac a few miles farther on, these parties stole near and made several attacks without accomplishing anything except to teach the men vigilance. They reached camp the 18th, having marched one hundred and fifty miles.

The 19th, paid for the months of September and October. The same day Lieutenants Hinton and Poindexter, with six enlisted men, went home to recruit for all the companies. The detail had been well-selected. Hinton was a man well informed on all military subjects, and possessed excellent judgment in presenting matters to all asking for information. He had not been especially popular when first made a second lieutenant, but he came to be highly respected. Some of the men detailed could tell marvelous stories to arouse the enthusiasm of new recruits. One of them was known as the "boss liar of the regiment."

In the meantime the men were making their quarters comfortable for the winter. Unused lumber found anywhere around the country, even from old vacant buildings, was appropriated for sheds for the horses.

Scouts were all the while out, but nothing of special interest occurred.

The lieutenant colonel, the majors, and some of the captains were absent on scouts or on leave. Some were under arrest. One captain had been in Harper's Ferry for weeks under arrest, and his company got along very well without him. This was not his first experience of the kind, nor was it his last.

Captain Bailey, commanding the regiment for the time being, issued an order for the observance of Thanksgiving the 26th. He was a good man everywhere, and universally liked.

The good news from Grant at Chattanooga was a new cause for thanksgiving. The day was quietly observed, but there was sincere gratitude for progress made and for the hopeful prospect.

As had been done in every place where a permanent camp had been made, a race course was laid out.

There were companies without a single commissioned

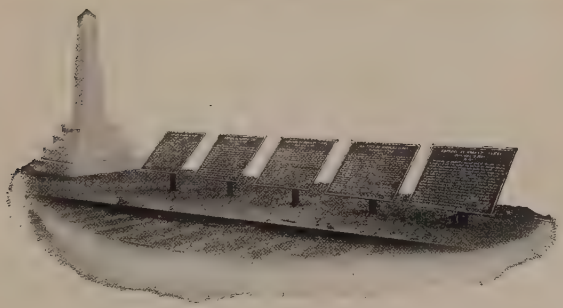
officer present. To one of these a German lieutenant had been temporarily assigned. A former sergeant, who had received a commission three months before, but had not been mustered because the company was below the minimum, had indulged in apple jack for relief in his disappointment. He looked upon the German as an intruder in his company. He showed fight. A crowd formed a big ring around the two. Neither one was a favorite. "Let them fight." Like the affair of the captain and his men over Nip's haggled tail, it might have been a case of "Nip and Tuck." By main force a few men kept the two apart. The German asked to be relieved from his temporary assignment, and the orderly sergeant remained for a long time the commanding officer of the company.

A scout brought in the report that Imboden's men had been seen around Millwood. The 5th, a large force went to see, but the enemy had crossed the river at Berry's ferry. Two prisoners were brought back.

General Sullivan seemed determined to protect the B. & O. R. R. and to suffer no more surprises, and he had the cavalry scouring the Valley and the region beyond the Blue Ridge continually.

HARPER'S FERRY.

JOHN BROWN'S FORT.



JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT AND TABLETS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIFTEEN DAYS' SCOUT.

AT noon, December 10, Boyd set out with a formidable force, a thousand infantry, nearly the same number of cavalry and a battery of artillery. A long train of wagons followed as if for a long campaign. The infantry took the most direct way, but the cavalry were busy on both sides of the direct line of march. The First halted at night in woods near Millwood, 25 miles. Cold. A few rebels about, and a few shots exchanged. The 11th, joined by a party that had gone through Loudon county. A rainy day. Marched to Newtown, seeing an occasional enemy at a distance. Stopped for the night in Chrisman's woods.

The forenoon of the 12th, waited for the infantry to come up. At 2 p.m. moved on to Strasburg, ten miles. A rainy day and night. Rested in the woods on Fisher's Hill.

The 13th was clear. The sergeant and men of Co. B voted to go with Bailey and Co. K. Across fields, through woods, over fences, after scattering Confederates, up the Back road. One party going up the pike found there were some Confederate cavalry just outside of Woodstock. Savacool and Warren were in the advance, but there were several others close behind. When the enemy saw these coming they commenced to scatter, some going toward the river and others to the west toward the mountain, while a single one kept right on up the pike. The two in advance

kept their eyes on this one, and were going at a rapid rate. The women in the houses cheered them on, supposing from their gray suits that they were Southerners, calling to them, "Run, run, the Yankees are coming!" The one whom they were after had a very fine horse. He turned in his saddle and called, "Come on, boys, I'll wait for you." The two came on as fast as they could, and ran up on opposite sides of him. Savacool said, "You are a prisoner; please dismount and I will change horses with you." He was very angry, as with his very fast mare he could easily have outrun his pursuers. The prisoner was Lieutenant H. H. Riddleberger, afterward United States senator from Virginia.

The same day these two men, reinforced by William Parker of Co. F, a capital fellow and soldier, were moving along a few miles beyond Woostock. A quarter of a mile ahead they saw four mounted men coming toward them. The three halted and waited for the four. They had their revolvers in hand, hanging down back of their legs. They waited until the four were within twenty feet of them, when they raised their pistols and called to them to surrender. The four were a captain, two lieutenants, and an orderly sergeant. The last named was a little behind the others and turned and fled. The captain threw up his hands and cried, "What is the matter with you? We are all right." Savacool replied, "We are Yanks, and we want your arms. Unbuckle your belts and hand them over, and be quick!" The captain said, "I did not think there was a Yankee within a hundred miles of here. You fellows sat there so unconcerned that I took you for some of our own men. But, young men, if I ever get away, and get a chance at any of you, I will hang you on the highest tree I can find." They gave up their arms, and Parker, with drawn pistol, stood guard over them until the regiment should come up, while Savacool and Warren took after the sergeant. They chased

him a mile or more, when Warren saw soldiers in various directions and told Savacool to hold up. But the latter saw only that sergeant and he could not rest till he had him. Warren had to ride up along side and catch hold of Savacool's bridle and stop him, for fear those scattered soldiers would close in upon them. On the return some Confederates followed. Captain Jones with Companies A and C had scouted east of the pike. A trap was set for the enemy and fourteen more belonging to O'Farrell were taken. After a busy day and about thirty miles, returned to Mrs. Kindrick's farm near Strasburg.

The 14th, there were some scouts, but the command rested near Strasburg. The 15th was cold. Another party went out among the mountains to the west, coming into the pike two miles beyond Woodstock, bringing a number of horses and two prisoners, leaving some wounded enemies behind. Reached camp at Mrs. Kindrick's after dark and a ride of over thirty miles. The 16th, there was no important movement. Parties were on the lookout.

The morning of the 17th it was raining hard and freezing. The main force moved up the pike. The First cavalry went up the Back road, halting near Columbia Furnace among the foot hills west of Woodstock. It was raining still and the trees were loaded with ice. The companies became scattered, each looking for shelter where it could find it. Bailey sent Savacool to a house to ask the owner to allow the use of his barn for the horses, and his kitchen and dining room for the men. Savacool tied his horse at the gate and went in. A minute afterward some one came out, mounted the horse, and rode toward the barn. It was supposed to be Savacool. But he soon came from the house and his horse was gone. With the farmer's lantern Warren led in a search, following the tracks which led past the barn, down through the field, out into the road and away.

There had been a rebel in the house, and in the dusk he had tried the only thing that would have prevented his capture, and he succeeded.

Boyd was on the pike and Bailey wished to send him word as to where he was. He selected the fearless, trusty Savacool to take the word. Borrowing a horse of one of the other men, he started. He had to feel his way, as the night was very dark. He did not know where Boyd was. As he was riding along, ruminating on his chances, a pine limb, overloaded with ice, snapped in two with a report that in the stillness sounded like two or three guns. He thought he had run into a picket post of the enemy. He stopped and listened, and it was a minute or more before he realized what had happened. He admitted that for an instant he was a little scared. He found Boyd near Woodstock, and by morning was back with the company.

He then had to find a horse. There was none to be found but a large clumsy mare that belonged to the farmer. He had to take her or walk.

The morning of the 18th, the companies got together and started on up the Back road. Savacool, Andrew White and Warren were the extreme advance. They were on the lookout for another horse. On a ridge road parallel with that on which they were riding were two horsemen which, they were sure, were Confederates. Just here was a cross road, and Savacool and White started for the two men. The rebels turned to meet them, supposing they were friends. They met in a small piece of woods in a hollow. The rebels, coming near, suspected something was wrong and turned to go back. The rest of the advance heard two pistol shots, and in a few minutes Savacool and White appeared with one prisoner, and Savacool was mounted on a spirited white horse. When fired upon, the one who had been riding the

white horse rolled off and darted into the woods. The woods were so thick that he escaped.

Warren said: "You never saw a happier boy than Ed was when he rode up on his white horse. He was a regular peacock, his head and tail up in the air, and looked like a trained race horse."

A few more wandering Confederates were taken that day. The companies continued up the Back road, turning back to the pike at Mount Jackson, and then going on to New Market, a march of thirty-five miles.

Captain Stearns and Lieut. Weiss with Companies H and E were left to guard the bridge at Mount Jackson.

The 19th, the companies again started out on the Back road, the rest of the force following the pike. It was a rough, poor country. The late storm had been a severe one, and many trees had been broken down by the ice formed by the freezing rain. Again the intrepid advance, Savacool, White, Warren, the Goublemans and a few others had their usual satisfaction in running down Confederates who were wandering loose about the country. Halted at night, after a march of twenty miles, on Kratzen's farm, about five miles from Harrisonburg. The weather was intensely cold. The men found shelter in barns where there was plenty of hay.

The people, of course, were Southern in their sympathies. Many of them did not really know what the war was about. Some of the women were bitter in speech. Nearly all of them had the habit of "dipping snuff". But they could talk. There were men who would find it more agreeable to get inside of a warm house, as a shelter from the cold, than to stay in a barn, though most of them were thankful enough for that. Valentine and McKinley found such a comfortable house. Naturally they got into an argument with the women. These fellows were good in an argument.

The last resort of the out-argued women was: "You are no gentlemen." To which the gallant McKinley responded: "Madam, I have no ambition to be a gentleman. My highest aspiration is to be a *man!*"

Companies H and E under Captain Stearns and Lieutenant Weiss had been left at the bridge near Mount Jackson. Gilmore's men had followed the column, and had circled all day around these two companies. When night came the men were on the lookout. It was very cold and they had built fires along the road. After midnight those who had been relieved lay down to rest, when they were suddenly fired on by about eighty men. The night was very dark. The bright fires were a hindrance rather than a help to the assailants. Their shots fell short. One bullet went through the heel of Fiala's right boot. He was asleep. The thick leather prevented the bullet from doing much damage, and only a little flesh was taken off. "They mixed right among us and yelled like Indians for us to surrender. But we gave them a good reception and soon drove them off."

Stearns and his men fought determinedly. An old house close by, in case of extremity would have afforded a defence. The enemy tried to burn this, but did not succeed. The most of the fighting was in the open air and at close quarters, some of it hand to hand. Gilmore and his men finally withdrew. It was supposed that some of his men were killed or wounded. None were to be seen in the morning. They succeeded in taking with them Gleich, Ruhkolph, Foerster and Schultz of Company E, and three or four of Company H, and several horses. Stearns and his men held the position and "kept the bridge"—the important thing.

Four of the men of Company E were excellent musicians, and had formed a quartette. The evening before they had been invited to the house where some of the officers were staying, to sing and play for the entertainment of the family

and the officers. This affair broke up the quartette. Ruhkolph, Foerster and Gleich died in Andersonville.

The 20th, the forces marched into Harrisonburg. This expedition had been for the purpose of attracting the attention of the Confederate authorities while Averell had been marching from west of the mountains for the purpose of destroying the bridges on the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad. It was now learned by a captured dispatch that he had accomplished his purpose and that he was at Salem, having "marched, climbed, slid and swam" nearly three hundred miles.

But now Early was coming toward us, and Rosser was on his way down the Luray valley to cut us off at Strasburg.

The afternoon of the 20th, the command marched out of Harrisonburg, the First New York again taking the Back road, reaching New Market, twenty miles, before midnight.

On the march the next morning Savacool, White, the Goublemans and Warren were again in the advance. These daring fellows were never satisfied to be anywhere else. Warren related:

"We caught sight of three or four rebels and were after them with a rush, when a turn in the road just before we got into Mount Jackson, showed us a company of about fifty drawn up in line awaiting us. We immediately checked our horses—all but Ed. His white horse would not stop, but took him sailing past the rebels down the pike. They were a little disconcerted at first, but finally took after him. He dropped his pistol and took both hands to try to stop the horse, but he would not stop. He finally headed him toward a fence. He jumped the fence and took through the fields toward a barn. Then the rebels stopped and opened the barnyard gate and were coming up after him, when he started the horse across the field in our direction, hoping that the regiment would come up in time to save him. He made for a very high fence. The horse for a wonder refused to jump this time. He stopped so suddenly that Ed went over his head on the other side of the fence. He was not hurt at all, but, fortunately for him, the regiment came dashing up at this time and the rebels had to run for it themselves. Ed had broken one stirrup in the run, lost his

hat and his revolver. But in less than an hour afterward he captured a rebel further down the pike, took his hat, which was not a very good one, and replaced his revolver. He gave that horse away after getting back to camp, as he could not manage him at all. The same horse ran away with Sergeant Diamond at Luray, the day that we captured the two men that were hanged for spies. He carried him right past the rebels, and one of them shot him in the arm.

In 1864, when General Sheridan had come into the valley, the Confederates were supposed to be in Charlestown. We made a charge into the town and found them in force, and had to check up, but this same horse with Sergeant Diamond on his back determined that he would go ahead. The sergeant saw no way of stopping him, and steered him for that old stone blacksmith shop in the edge of town, and ran his head against the wall before he would stop. That was the only thing that saved Diamond. After that he, too, gave him up."

The 21st, the advance caught several of the enemy. At Woodstock they found Captain Logan, of Stuart's staff, wounded. Stopped for the night in "Bushwhackers' Hollow," near Woodstock.

The 22nd, reached Mrs. Kindrick's farm, near Strasburg. Rosser was reported to be at Front Royal, but after the recent rains the Shenandoah was too high to ford.

It snowed during the night, and the next morning was very cold. The command started early, passed through Winchester and Berryville, and at 9 that night was in the camp at Charlestown, forty miles.

The most direct way to Harrisonburg was eighty-seven miles. The side marches and out of the way scouts by the different companies of the regiment would add many miles to twice the direct distance on this fifteen days' expedition.

The loss in these fifteen days was two men wounded and six captured.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLESTOWN—VARIOUS SCOUTS.

THE 28th, another scout went out for three days, but no enemy was seen.

A company of Confederate cavalry had been raised in and around Charlestown, known as Baylor's Company, and some of the members frequently came home to see their people. Savacool, on a detail under Vermilya, had word of this and proposed to see if some of them could not be caught, and hence a special trip, the date of which is not remembered. Savacool and his few comrades caught sight of two or three horsemen, and there began a lively chase to see who would get them. They caught only one of them, however, young Wilson, a likely fellow. This was William L. Wilson, afterward member of congress, who won a national reputation as the author of the "Wilson Tariff Bill," and later a member of President Cleveland's second cabinet.

The 31st, the regiment was mustered for pay for the months of November and December.

The subject of re-enlisting for another term of "three years or during the war" was being considered. The government was offering a large bounty and a furlough of thirty days with free transportation home and back, to all who would re-enlist. The offer was very generally accepted. In some of the companies whose officers had proved effi-

cient, almost every man determined to remain in the service until they could see the end of the war. In others there was dissatisfaction. One of the captains had been under arrest in Harper's Ferry for weeks. He was now informed that there was charged against him the sum of $2,500 for ordnance and other property for which he had not accounted, and his pay would be withheld until he should make a satisfactory return. He seemed incapable of doing work of this kind. It was the work of weeks for the recently appointed orderly sergeant to make out these reports. There were many things besides scouting and making dashing charges that had to be attended to by an efficient cavalry officer.

The first of January, 1864, was bright and mild. It was reported that the enemy was in force near Bunker Hill. "Saddle up!" Wagons were ordered back to Harper's Ferry for safety. All available men of the regiment and a battery of artillery went out through Smithfield, and within eight miles of Winchester. The weather had suddenly changed, and it became intensely cold. It was too cold to fight. It was decided to let the rebels go this time. Returned to Bunker Hill, and stopped to make coffee. Just as it began to be dark, started for home. The cold became intense, and the wind blew so hard that the bugler could not sound the call to mount. The men had to walk and run to keep from freezing. As it was, many had their ears, faces and feet frozen before reaching camp at midnight.

The night of the 2nd, another scout went out, and returning reported Imboden with a brigade in Winchester. The 3rd, a large force of cavalry with some artillery reached Winchester early in the morning. Imboden had left an hour before. A number of his men who had lingered were coming from the houses, mounting their horses and hasten-

ing away. Several of these were caught, and there was some sharp exchanges with the rear guard.

Most of the men had signed the re-enlistment rolls, and on the 5th they were mustered in by Captain James H. Stevenson of Co. C, who had been appointed mustering officer.

Captain Stevenson on this occasion made a general statement of what had been done by the regiment. His estimate was more than 2,000 prisoners, 1,000 horses, 400 wagons, 4 cannon, 1,000 muskets, 1,000 revolvers, and 700 sabres captured.

January 6, Quinn set out. At night he was near Newtown. Warren and John Hogan, dressed in gray, were a mile ahead. They stopped at a house to ask for something to eat, saying that they were Captain Blackford's men. The frightened woman who answered their knock said that the captain and some of his men were getting their supper at Aunt Mary's. Aunt Mary kept a boarding house. Perhaps they could get their supper there, too. They rode past Aunt Mary's slowly, and then turned back to meet the regiment. Meeting the column at the toll gate, Warren reported to Savacool who was commanding his company, suggesting that they take three or four and try to capture these men. But Savacool replied, "Don't say anything to anyone. Come on and we will try it alone." The two started ahead at a fast trot. In front of the house they threw the reins over the pickets of the fence, and entered the house without knocking, pistols in hand. No men were in the room. In reply to a question, the landlady said that Captain Blackford was not there. They went through the back door into the garden. No one was visible. It was getting dark, but tracks could be seen in the fresh snow. There were many bushes in the garden. They looked among these, and were about to give up the search when suddenly

four men sprang out of the bushes and ran. The two men fired. Two of the four jumped over the fence and escaped; a third was on the fence. He cried out, "Don't fire; I'm shot. I'll surrender." Thinking that he was going to do as he said, the two men lowered their weapons, when he slipped off the fence and ran. Savacool immediately jumped over the fence and followed him. Warren took the arms from the fourth man and hurried him back to the street, opened the gate and pushed him through, calling to men in the regiment, which had just come up, to take care of him. Warren then ran back through the garden, jumped the fence and hurried after Savacool, who was having a running fight with the man he was pursuing, the two firing at each other as rapidly as they could. Warren was a hundred yards from them when they both stopped, facing each other. Both fired at the same instant, the two shots seeming as one report. Both fell. Warren hastened to his comrade, who had been shot in the thigh and could not get up. Blackford called for help. Savacool said, "Go and see what he wants. I am not suffering. I am pretty sure that he is wounded this time." Warren went, watching him closely lest he should try his trick again. "Where are you hit?" "Here in my breast. I am badly wounded this time. I am not playing off." "Where is your pistol?" "Here it is lying on the ground." Warren unbuckled the captain's belt and pulled it out from under him, when he noticed another holster, and it was empty. This led him to ask, "Where is your other pistol?" "It is under me. I dropped it and fell on it." He had fired six loads out of one and had just drawn the other when he was wounded. He was given the drink of water that he asked for, and expired almost immediately.

Warren went back to Savacool and tried to carry him to the house. They heard voices in the direction toward

which the first two had escaped. If more of Blackford's men were coming it would go hard with these two dressed in Confederate gray. But they recognized the voice of Sergeant Smith of Co. K saying to those with him, "Don't shoot until we find out who they are." Warren called to him to come and help. Savacool was taken to the house of Mr. Hull, a Union man.

A few months before Blackford and some of his men had been captured by Prendergast. He had been taken to Fort McHenry, but had escaped. He was now taken into the room where he had eaten his supper. The women and children lamented loudly saying "he was worth the whole Yankee army," and berating those who had killed him. As one said, "He would have been a worse plague to us than Mosby."

The 10th, another party went out for an all night ride to look for an enemy, but found none.

The 13th, the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Pennsylvania regiments went home on their furlough, having re-enlisted. The former was Boyd's regiment that had been raised for six months' service. On the reorganization of this regiment for three years Oliver B. Knowles was made a major. By the time the war closed he had become lieutenant colonel, and brevetted colonel and brigadier general. The younger W. H. Boyd became a captain, and in the final campaign commanded the escort of General Wright of the Sixth corps.

The time for re-enlisting had been extended and some who had hesitated at first were signing the rolls. As a conseqence of some of the inducements offered by some of the officers, there was an occasional disorder in the camp, but "the work went bravely on."

The 16th, two parties went out, returning the next day

with a Confederate lieutenant, and the report that three hundred of Imboden's men were on Fisher's Hill.

The 17th, the Twenty-first New York cavalry arrived to take the place of the regiments that were going home on furlough.

The 18th, a disorderly man of this regiment had been tied to a tree by his officers. Beer had been flowing too freely. A few of the First had been asked by his comrades to cut the tied man loose. They indiscreetly did so. He was tied up again, and a guard placed over him. This guard fired upon a few who tried again to cut him loose. The fire was returned. The new regiment "turned out" and formed a line. It was nine men against a regiment. A force of infantry was sent for. Several men and some horses had been wounded, when the disturbers were arrested and quiet was restored. But for the coolness and good judgment of some of the officers of the First, this might have proved a more serious affair than some of our affairs with the Confederates.

Outriders from the camp now and then would catch sight of small parties of the enemy riding carelessly around the country. These careless outriders on both sides were taking risks.

The 22nd, orders were given for a scout to start early the next morning. It was a large force and an early start. Quinn was in command, and Jones and Bailey went along. A part of the force was from the Twenty-first. Went to Woodstock, fifty miles, and found a small body of the enemy, taking twelve of them. Rosser was reported to be at New Market. One of the prisoners was recognized as one who had been taken before, but had escaped by snatching his captor's pistol out of his hand and dismounting him.

On the return Bailey had the rear guard. A force of cavalry followed, frequently firing upon him, but falling

back whenever he turned to fight them. At Bailey's suggestion, Captain Jones with Co. A turned aside from the column and waited out of sight until the rear guard and the pursuing Confederates had passed, when he turned into the pike and attacked the pursuers in the rear while Bailey faced about and fought them in front. They surrendered; the lieutenant in command remarking: "O'Farrell might have known better than to *pirouette* around after the First New York cavalry. You are the worst men to fool with in this Valley."

The 26th, a small party went out to Col. Morgan's and almost succeeded in taking several Confederate officers visiting there on some special occasion. The same day a party of sixteen picked men of the Twenty-first ventured out. They had not yet the necessary acquaintance with the ways of the country, and all but four went on with their captors.

The 28th, a scout went to Kernstown, seeing some enemies, but not within reach.

The 29th, was another mustering of re-enlisting men.

The 31st, it was learned that Rosser was riding about among the mountains west of the Valley, gathering up cattle and whatever else could be found that would be of use to him. Nearly all the First and Twenty-first were ordered out with rations for five days. Quinn was in command. That night they stopped at Winchester, the next at Capon Bridge, the third at Romney. Rosser was getting away with his stolen cattle and horses and many wagons loaded with plunder. Colonel Marshall with some cavalry was guarding his flank and rear. In a skirmish with this guard at Mechanicsburg Gap, the First had a man and several horses wounded, the enemy losing one killed, several wounded, and five captured. Quinn led his force back to Romney. Here he learned that Colonel Mulligan had gone from Cumberland with about four thousand cavalry and in-

fantry, and two batteries. He was expected to be at Moorfield the next day. Quinn, after an all night march, joined Mulligan the next morning. He took the advance and drove Marshall's force several miles. He thought with an additional force he could capture the entire train. He continued his pursuit and skirmishing, sending back word asking for reinforcements. But for some reason the additional force was not sent. The long train was winding its way in plain sight up the mountain road. There were not a few imprecations as the men saw the train moving away from them, feeling sure that with proper support they could capture it.

On a little side scout Savacool, dressed in gray, was on the advance. He came upon a Confederate who suspecting that all was not right, turned and fled, with Savacool in hot pursuit and firing. A stream, knee deep to the horses, ran across the road. This checked the Confederate's horse, and, coming out of the water on the other side so suddenly, he stumbled and fell across his rider in such a way that the latter could not rise. Savacool's horse coming out of the stream fell in the same manner, and he was lying helpless with his leg under the horse. But he had his pistol in his hand and pointed it at the other who cried: "I'll surrender; don't shoot." Those behind had heard the firing, and came dashing up, and helped both out of their predicament.

Quinn reached Green Spring Feb. 3, and Charlestown the 7th. It had been a tedious midwinter march of nearly two hundred miles, especially severe on the horses, and without any results to compensate.

In the meantime the camp at Charlestown was thought to be exposed to an attack, the infantry having been withdrawn from the town and so large a part of the cavalry being away. All stores, tents, unarmed men and lame horses were moved to Halltown. The serviceable men and horses

were to remain with what shelter they could find and be ready for an attack.

The 4th, a party of fifteen encountered twice their number at Berryville. One of the Twenty-first was killed, several wounded and captured. Captain Bailey set out at once, and at White Post found several companies—too many for his small party. The 5th, Captain Prendergast routed a small force at Smithfield. The 7th, the entire regiment went into a new camp at Halltown.

Muster-out and muster-in rolls had been made out, and all were waiting for the paymaster.

There was dissatisfaction with one of the captains who had been unfortunate in every affair in which he had undertaken to lead. There was a general protest against re-enlisting under him. But it was the best job he had ever had, and he proposed to keep it.

The Thirty-third New York infantry had re-enlisted as cavalry. It was properly the Seventeenth cavalry, but as it was the first to re-enlist, it assumed the name of the First New York Veteran Cavalry. The Thirty-third had done good service on the Peninsula and in all the campaigns since. But the names might lead to some confusion.

At 4 o'clock the morning of the 12th there was a sudden awakening. "Officers' call," followed immediately by "saddle up." A railroad train had been captured at Duffields. A Confederate lieutenant and four men came in with a flag of truce bringing the bodies of some Federal soldiers who had been killed.

There was a friendly feeling among the regiments. The evening of the 12th, the First was the recipient of a serenade by the band of the Twenty-first.

The 13th, Major Keatly paid for the months of November and December, a month's pay in advance, and an installment of the bounty offered for re-enlistment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON VETERAN FURLOUGH.

THE men who had not re-enlisted were to remain at Halltown. These were to be under the command of Liuet. Colonel Adams.

February 14, 1864, the regiment marched to Frederick, Md. The horses were placed in stables to be cared for by a detail of the men who had not re-enlisted. At 9 p.m. a train of cattle cars loaded with the veterans left for Baltimore, arriving there at 4 a.m. The men, released from discipline and long service, were jubilant. Some of them, distrusting their ability to keep safely the generous amount of money they had received, intrusted it to their officers. An orderly sergeant carried several thousand dollars for his men until they should reach New York. At night reached Philadelphia. Entertained at the Volunteer Refreshment Rooms. Reached New York via C. & A. R. R. and steamer at night. The regiment was dismissed subject to call in the papers.

The recruiting office, 600 Broadway, was headquarters for making out furloughs and reports. Called together the afternoon of the 18th. Formed line in front of the City Hall. The day was bright and pleasant, though cool. The regiment was the guest of the city. A banquet had been provided by the Common Council in the Jefferson Market drill rooms. To that place the regiment was escorted by

the Seventh Regiment New York National Guards under Colonel Lefferts. The streets were brilliant and crowded. The reception was demonstrative and enthusiastic. Mayor Gunther welcomed the regiment. The procession passed up Broadway to Eighth street, on Eighth to Sixth avenue, and thence to the drill rooms. Alderman Hardy, Chairman of the Committee on National Affairs, made an appropriate speech of welcome in which he alluded in complimentary terms to the services of the regiment, and proposed the "Health of the First New York Cavalry." Colonel McReynolds responded, saying, that of those who went out with him only a third were now returning, and expressed his thanks for the welcome and the hospitality extended by the authorities of the city. Major Quinn replied to a toast offered to "The Officers of the Regiment." Alderman Hardy read a letter from General Sullivan, when General McClellan was announced. He was greeted with cheer after cheer. Crowds surged around him in their desire to shake hands with him. After tumults of applause order was restored, and the general addressed the men:

"My friends and comrades: I came here, not to make a speech to you, but to welcome you home, and to express the pride I have always felt in your career, not only when you were with me, but since I left the Army of the Potomac. You have been fighting battles under others than your late commander. I can tell you now, conscientiously and truly, I am proud of you in every respect. You have not one stain on your career, not a line of it of which you, your state, and your country may not be proud. I congratulate you on the resolution that so many of you have formed to re-enter the service. I hope and I know that your future career will be as glorious as your past. I have one other hope, and that is, that we may yet serve together sometime again."

There was the greatest enthusiasm over the general's presence. It was with difficulty that he was able to get away.

Mr. Philander Reed, a prominent citizen who had done,

and was yet to do, many things in the interest of the regiment, was called upon, and responded happily, concluding by saying that Mrs. McClellan had remarked that she was sorry that she could not be present to take every man of the regiment by the hand. Finally the enthusiasm subsided and the men departed to their various homes.

Company C went to Philadelphia where an ovation awaited them. On their re-enlistment the men of this company had been credited to the quota of the Twentieth ward of that city. Rev. Mr. Hall, pastor of the North Baptist Church, whose son, Sergeant Wm. D. Hall, was a member of the company, welcomed the men home. There were feasts and speeches and songs. A new silk guidon was presented to the company, and a sword, sash and belt were presented to Captain Stevenson by the ladies of the church.

The men of Company K presented Captain Bailey with a sword, belt and sash. Other honors were conferred on deserving men. Warren was made a non-commissioned officer, and Colonel McReynolds presented to Savacool a pair of splendid shoulder straps of a second lieutenant. The brave fellow had recovered from his wound received in his fight with Captain Blackford, sufficiently to enable him to go with his comrades on their furlough. He was more embarrassed as the recipient of his well-earned honors than if he had been facing an enemy in the field.

Company K went to Grand Rapids, Mich., and F to Syracuse, N. Y. The men of other companies separated to their homes in and around the city. There were some good fellows who had no homes. Some of these clubbed together at convenient places where they made themselves at home. Some of the Germans enjoyed themselves in musical societies.

In the meantime those who had been detached on recruiting service were busy, with all the inducements they

could offer, in persuading able-bodied young men to enter the ranks of the regiment. Men who had nothing else to do volunteered as recruiting agents. Some of the companies had fallen below the minimum that entitled them to a captain and two lieutenants. Several sergeants had been for several months commissioned as lieutenants, but not mustered because their companies were below the required numbers. The recruiting force had done well and when it was time to take the field again the companies were entitled to their full quotas of officers.

$450 CASH IN HAND.

ENLIST AT ONCE, AND AVOID A DRAFT.

JOIN A VETERAN REGIMENT.

THE 1ST NEW YORK CAVALRY

The oldest Volunteer Cavalry Regiment in the U.S. Service, and whose reputation is excelled by none.

TOTAL BOUNTY:

TO VETERANS, $777; TO ALL OTHERS, $677.

HEADQUARTERS:

600 BROADWAY.

Lieutenants A. C. HINTON and G. S. POINDEXTER,
RECRUITING OFFICERS.

The 1st New York Cavalry.

This regiment has re-enlisted for the war, and only requires about 200 men to fill it up to the maximum standard.

The men of this regiment are allowed 40 cents per day extra for their private horse, thereby making the pay of an enlisted man from $26 to $34 per month, according to grade. Read the following letter from BRIG. GEN. SULLIVAN, under whose command the regiment has been serving for the last year.

Headquarters First Division, Dept. of West Va.
Harper's Ferry, Va., February 14, 1864

MAJOR T. QUINN.
Commanding 1st regiment New York Cavalry.

I desire to acknowledge the valuable services you have rendered during the time you have been attached to the First Division.

The gallantry and zeal displayed by the officers and men on all occasions, and the promptitude with which you have discharged your arduous duties, have been excelled by no other cavalry in the United States service.

I trust you will meet with that hearty welcome you so well deserve, and that, at the expiration of your furlough, you will join my command.

I am, Major,

Very Respectfully,

J. D. SULLIVAN,

Brigadier General.

(THE TWO SIDES OF RECRUITING CARD.)

The furloughs expired the 24th of March, and the men of the different companies re-assembled ready to return to the scene of war. The 26th, they reached Frederick, and the 28th, the regiment was again at Halltown in the comfortable quarters of an infantry regiment that had been ordered elsewhere. A few men were yet at Frederick: In Pleasant Valley, four miles from Sandy Hook, was Camp Davis, a camp of unmounted men of different regiments waiting for horses. Those on recruiting service were still gathering in, and occasionally sending on recruits.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ADVANCING WITH SIGEL.

LIEUTENANT General U. S. Grant was in command of all the armies. There was to be a forward movement all along the line. And there was to be a plan in all the movements. Sherman in the West was to move toward Atlanta. The armies in Eastern Virginia were to move upon Richmond. Those in West Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley coming from different directions were to unite at or near Lynchburg, where they were to be joined by Sheridan with the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

Crook and Averell were to march from the Kanawha, while Sigel was to go up the Shenandoah Valley.

The regiment had won a good name for its operations and for its being so well acquainted with every part of this region. Averell asked for the regiment to go with him. Sullivan wished to retain it as part of the force under Sigel. Finally it was determined that Major Stearns' battalion of four companies should go with Averell, and the other eight companies remain.

April 9th and 10th, a scout went out on the Berryville road to White Post, crossed over to Newtown and came back through Winchester, but saw no enemy.

The 12th, Captain Stevenson set out with a hundred men among the mountains to the west. For several days he roamed up and down the narrow valleys, but he, too,

found no armed force. General Averell sent an order to him to report at Clarksburg. But on reaching Cumberland he was ordered by General Sigel to return to Martinsburg. The battalion that had been sent to Averell, after some of the men had watered their horses in the Ohio river, was also ordered back by railroad to the rest of the regiment.

The regiment was now under the command of Lieut. Col. Adams, and the brigade under Colonel McReynolds. General Julius Stahel commanded the cavalry, and General Franz Sigel the division. By an order of the secretary of war, Colonel Boyd of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania cavalry, whose regiment was at Chambersburg, was directed, without his regiment, to report to General Sigel for special service. This was supposed to have been done at Sigel's request because of Boyd's acquaintance with the region, and his uniform success.

April 19th and 20th, a detachment had a skirmish near Cedar creek, and was forced to retire. Captain Robert H. O. Hertzog, on the retreat, was obliged to abandon his failing horse. He tried to avoid capture by taking refuge in a wayside house. But his pursuers found him and compelled him to come forth from his hiding place. He was a very large man, genial and genuine, but his proportions rendered him not quite adapted to the quick movements expected of light cavalry.

The 24th, another party went to Woodstock and exchanged shots with a small force that fled.

The 29th, Sigel started on his march, reaching Bunker Hill. Company F was detached as his special escort. May 1st, marched to Winchester. The 3rd, a scout went to Woodstock, finding no enemy.

In the meantime Captain Stevenson had been scouting along the Shenandoah river, and watching the gaps through the Blue Ridge. No one could tell when or where to ex-

pect Mosby, Gilmore and McNeil with their atcive partisan rangers. They were quick in their movements, and it required unceasing vigilance to guard against their sudden attacks.

Captain Stevenson's force joined the main body at Winchester the 6th. The 7th, Captains Battersby and Leavitt with their companies were sent to Berryville. The night of the 8th, Colonel Boyd with Cole's battalion, a battalion from the First Veterans, some companies of the Twenty-first New York and Company C of the First, went with a wagon train to Bunker Hill. The next morning the train went on to Martinsburg while the cavalry proceeded through Summit Point to Berryville.

A detail of several men had been sent from Winchester with a dispatch. On the way to Berryville these men were suddenly attacked by some of Mosby's rangers. One of them was killed. The rest succeeded in getting away in different directions. Collins of Company D succeeded in reaching Berryville alone with the dispatch, and reported what had happened.

Several detachments immediately set out to capture, if possible, this party. Battersby with Co. B took the Winchester road; Lieutenant Vermilya with Co. H started for Millwood; Captain Leavitt took a route between these two. Leavitt's advance first caught sight of the enemy and gave chase. The main body followed rapidly.

As Stevenson relates it:

"They found an old darkey throwing his arms about in wild confusion, shouting, 'Fo' God's sake, gemmin, some ob you go down dat road. Mosby and fifteen men done gone dat ah way, and only free of you all's men after dem!' The two Peaveys, father and son, and Bernard Dougherty of Company B, started down the road at a gallop, and soon came upon the three men who had pursued the enemy. Young Peavey dashed on, calling upon the others to follow, and as he

ascended a little hill in the road, he was confronted by the whole party of graybacks.

He looked around to see where his supports were, and found he was a hundred yards ahead of the nearest, while the others were scattered along in single file at about the same intervals. He rose in his stirrups and yelled for the company to charge, at the same time giving the "Johnnies" the contents of his carbine, then drew his revolver. At that moment they opened on him with revolvers, being only about fifty yards distant. Just then a few of our men hove in sight and the graybacks began to waver. Mosby called on them to "charge," and dashed forward himself, making straight for Peavey, but not one of his men followed him. They had nearly all emptied their revolvers, and two of them had been struck by Peavey in this unequal duel. The brave fellow reserved his fire until Mosby was within three yards of him, and then pulled trigger, expecting to send him into eternity, but his pistol missed fire. He says: 'I thought I was gone then. I still see the ugly smile that came over Mosby's face, which was as pale as death, his hat gone and his hair blown back, as he took deliberate aim and fired, the muzzle of his pistol almost touching me, the bullet passing through my right hand, striking me in the right breast, doubling me up in the saddle. He then dashed on, exchanging shots with Charley Clark who was coming toward us, and the next moment he met father and exchanged shots with him, the bullet passing through the rubber coat and shelter tent strapped on the pommel of father's saddle. He next met Dougherty, and they also exchanged shots, but without effect on either side. Mosby seemed to think his men were following him, and that every one of us he passed was a prisoner. On passing Dougherty he pulled up and, as he did so, father, who had been pursuing him, and had emptied his pistol in the chase, dashed past him. Mosby's pistol was now empty and he returned it and drew a fresh one. While he was doing this Dougherty got into the field close to the fence and fired, causing Mosby to crouch low in his saddle, and I thought he was 'gone'; but he was unhurt. He then made for me, pistol in hand, shouting, 'Surrender!' My pistol was empty; I thought I had my death wound; and, my horse being much heavier than his, I charged right on to him in order to ride him down. He jerked his horse aside, however, and our boots just touched as I shot past him like a rocket. He then fired at Clark who was in rear of me, killing his horse. Then, seeing the rest of our boys coming on a run, he rode for his life and escaped."

This George G. Peavey had on every occasion shown a bravery that bordered on recklessness. It was a great

disappointment to him and his comrades that now he was unable to go on with the rest. He was taken back in an impressed carriage to Charlestown. An estimable family, with which he had become well acquainted, living several miles from Charlestown toward the Shenandoah, insisted upon his staying with them until he should recover from his wounds. He had taken risks in visiting this family. On one visit some Confederate cavalry stopped in front of the house. He was hurried up stairs. From a window he looked out upon them. They were in some excitement. They had captured two or three Federals and were evidently in fear of pursuit. One of their number sat on his horse at ease and unconcerned. This was Mosby. Peavey had purchased for himself a splendid rifle, a more reliable weapon than the carbines furnished by the government. For a moment he could not resist the temptation to take deliberate aim at the head of the dreaded Confederate leader for whose capture a major's commission had been offered. But this would not be the honorable warfare such as Peavey had always waged—giving his enemy an equal chance with himself in an open field. He could not take such a mean advantage, even of an enemy, and he dropped his rifle by his side. And it is only justice to Mosby to say that, active as he was in his partisan fighting, he was an honorable and magnanimous warrior. After the surrender of Lee he disbanded his rangers and accepted the situation. President Grant was attracted to him and gave him a consular appointment.

This family cared for Peavey until he had recovered from his wounds. Some Confederates learned of his being here, and planned to take him. The family had notice of their intentions and Peavey spent the night in the adjoining woods. It was not long before he was again ready for active service.

CHAPTER XXX.

NEW MARKET GAP.

AFTER Mosby had been beaten off the Union force was divided. Lieutenant Vermilya went on to Front Royal. Boyd with the rest, the next day, crossed the Blue Ridge through Ashby's Gap and moved southward, encountering Mosby's men at Paris, Upperville and Rectortown. They were not in sufficient numbers to make a stand, but they were continually skirmishing around. From time to time parties would start out to run down these rangers. They succeeded in killing one and capturing a few.

The 12th, Boyd passed through Manassas Gap to Front Royal where Vermilya was waiting. Detachments from the First Veteran and the Twenty-first were sent to Winchester with the prisoners. Companies F and M of the First were with Sigel. Details from all the other companies of the First were with Boyd. This force of about two hundred and fifty on the morning of the 13th, moved on toward Luray Gap, with the purpose of crossing the Fort Valley, and the Massanutten Mountain and joining Sigel at New Market. This Fort Valley was named from "Powell's Fort." Powell, an Englishman, in very early times found silver mines here. He coined the silver into money. He secured himself against annoyance or arrest in the fastnesses of the mountain.

Several Confederates started up in front of the column,

and on account of the superior condition of their horses kept within a tantalizing distance ahead of the advance guard, defying every effort made to run them down. Lieut. E. A. New who was acting as Boyd's adjutant, was with the advance. Boyd rode to the head of the column and asked why these men had not been captured. Boyd had been remarkably successful ever since his first gallant charge at Pohick Church. He now manifested a little impatience. When told that these Confederates had not been captured because they were too well mounted he sneeringly remarked: "It is very strange." A little nettled at this, Lieut. New said: "You have a race horse, colonel, suppose you and I try it." Boyd acquiesced and they at once started, New taking the lead, and in less than a mile succeeded in running down two, who made no resistance. Leaving these to be taken care of by Boyd, New kept on after another who was now only a short distance ahead. This man was a brave fellow who made a desperate resistance and did not surrender until he had been shot through the body and New was about to sabre him. Sergeant McClellan of Co. C had previously run down one of the rangers.

Several wagons loaded with flour and salt were taken and destroyed. At Luray other stores were destroyed.

Late in the afternoon they reached the top of Massanutten Mountain, and from a height of a thousand feet looked down upon a magnificent scene. The valley, with New Market in the foreground, lay spread out before them. Just above New Market they could see troops encamped, and farther up the valley toward Staunton they could see a baggage train and a herd of beef cattle.

Here a halt was made and a conference of the officers was held. Every one except Colonel Boyd expressed the opinion that the army they saw was the enemy. He alone insisted that they were our men, even when it was repre-

sented to him how absurd it would be for Sigel to place his wagon train between his army and the enemy. His attention was also called to the fact that our army had no herd of cattle.

To settle the question New volunteered to take a couple of men and find out. He rode down the mountain and toward New Market until he came to the bridge over Smith's creek. Here he was fired upon by the pickets who, after firing, fell back. Going a little farther he saw Confederate troops in position in his front and near the bank of Smith's creek on his right. He then started back to inform Boyd, but he had not gone a hundred yards before he met him at the head of his entire force. He was stunned and bewildered by the unexpected news. After a short consultation it was decided to make their way down along the foot of the mountain. They turned to the right and recrossed the creek below the bridge. This creek flows along about half-way between the foot of the mountain and the Valley pike. At the bridge it turns to the left; farther down it flows to the right. The left bank at this point is high, while the opposite one is low.

The column had gone but a few hundred yards when a body of cavalry was seen crossing the creek on the left, with the evident purpose of intercepting the retreat. New turned to Boyd and said: "We'll have to fight now." Boyd said: "Yes." New gave the order: "Left into line." This brought the men into line facing the creek and the enemy, who were about a third of a mile distant.

Back of our line, probably a little more distant, was the mountain. The side of the mountain was very steep and covered with timber and huge bowlders, and scored with ravines. The timber extended with varying distances from the base of the mountain out into the plain.

New proposed to take a detachment and drive the en-

emy back. To this Boyd assented, promising to give him efficient support in case he should be driven back. Taking about eighty men he gave the order to unsling carbines, and advanced rapidly to meet the approaching enemy. Seeing that the fire of his men was ineffective, when about a hundred yards from the opposing line he ordered his men to sling carbines and draw sabres. The rebels evidently did not relish the prospect of contact with the cold steel, for they fell back in confusion across the creek. New then ordered his men to fall back. They fell back slowly, continuing to fire upon the rebel cavalry on the other side of the creek. They had got about half way to the woods when a large force of infantry reached the bank of the creek and opened a galling fire upon them.

At the same time, looking around to their right, they found that Boyd and the force with him had disappeared, and in their place was a heavy column of rebel cavalry moving rapidly along the foot of the mountain, threatening to cut them off from the woods.

The men, realizing that their only hope of escape from capture was to reach the woods before the rebel cavalry could cut them off, now pressed their horses to their utmost speed, and passed into the woods and part way up the mountain, almost side by side with the rebels.

In the meanwhile Boyd, who should have moved his men to the right oblique, appears to have held them in line where New had left him, until the rebels brought up their artillery to the bank of the creek in front and opened on his men with grape and canister. They almost immediately got the range, and men and horses were struck down. Boyd, seeing that his position was untenable, ordered his men to move toward the woods. Before entering the woods the line was thrown into some confusion by a rail fence through which the men had to pass under heavy fire, and after get-

ting into the woods, the rough nature of the ground separated and scattered them so that organized resistance was impossible.

As the trap was now sprung, the Confederates proceeded to block every way by which escape might be effected. With a force many times more numerous than that of Boyd's, they were able to surround our men on all sides. Even the crest of Massanutten Mountain was carefully picketed and patrolled, as was found by some of our men, who, after exhausting efforts, reached the top, and were compelled to seek escape in other directions.

The open ground between Smith's creek was carefully guarded for miles toward Woodstock, and large parties in every direction scoured the woods where our men lay hidden in thickets, awaiting the coming darkness to help them to escape.

Owing to the steep and rough surface of the ground, and because the girths were slackened by the day's march, many saddles slipped, the riders were thrown to the ground and the excited horses could not be caught. Other riders were swept off their horses by limbs of trees and other obstructions. The horses of many gave out. All these had to make their way on foot.

Desperate as was the situation, the men did not despair, but with a resolution hardened by a knowledge of the impending horrors of Andersonville, they set themselves to work to escape from the perilous predicament in which, in consequence of Boyd's blind obstinacy, they found themselves.

Welcome darkness came to their relief, and enabled them to slip unseen past the enemy's scouts. Singly, by twos, by threes, or in larger parties, they pressed northward. The mountain on their right, a sure guide as to direction, kept many from getting confused and losing their way. Through

the whole night they pressed forward, bruised by the rocks and other obstacles, oppressed with fatigue, hungry and desperate, sometimes overcome by sleep, the allurements of which were most difficult to resist. The night, too, was rainy.

By daylight they had made good progress toward Sigel's army. Those who were mounted were comparatively safe from pursuit. The foremost of these reached the Shenandoah about noon, and crossed, some by swimming their horses, others in boats or on hastily built rafts, and Sigel was informed of the disaster. Those who had lost their horses were straggling into our lines for several days. Why a force was not thrown across the river to cover the retreat of the fugitives was never explained.

But all did not escape. About one hundred men of the First New York, nearly half the number engaged, were either killed or captured. The dead, including those who died in rebel prisons, amounted to at least forty of the First. Of those who survived the horrors of the prisons nearly all died prematurely, their vitality destroyed by starvation.

Cole's battalion lost proportionally.

Gilmore and Mosby had observed the movements of Boyd's force east of the Blue Ridge and up the Luray valley, and had reported them to Imboden, and all three had laid the plan to capture the entire force. If Boyd had turned back from the top of the mountain he would probably have had to fight in the Fort valley.

As an illustration of the severity of the firing from the infantry, in a very short space of time a bullet passed through the cap of Lieutenant New; another cut a button off his coat; a third cut his stirrup strap, and a fourth passed through the blanket roll on his saddle.

Bartholomew Besley had dismounted to tighten his saddle girth when a bullet struck him in the calf of his leg.

E. L. Mitchell was riding past when, seeing Besley wounded, he stopped and dismounted to assist him on his horse. While he was doing this three Confederates rushed past. A shot from one of these broke his horse's knee. He darted into the woods on foot, and finally, through the help of an old negro, reached camp in safety. Besley's fine, private Black Hawk, one of the best horses in the regiment, was killed, and Besley was a prisoner. Charles R. Peterson was intent on doing the enemy some damage while trying to get away from them. While urging his horse to the utmost along the mountain side, he would now and then turn in his saddle and, giving a loud and peculiar war whoop, give his pursuers shot after shot from his carbine. He, too, was a prisoner.

One bullet struck Captain Stevenson's scabbard; another passed through his blanket strapped in a roll on the cantle of his saddle. Sergeant J. J. Snyder and several others wandered together on the mountain all night in the heavy rain. In the morning they came in sight of a house, Snyder proposed to go to the house. The others thought best to avoid houses. Snyder went alone. On entering he found several Confederates there eating breakfast. Seeing no chance of escape, and thinking he might as well make the best of it, he deliberately sat down at the table to eat with them. He was their prisoner. Soon some shots were heard. Snyder told his captors that they had better get away, as a body of Federal cavalry was scouting along the river. They hurriedly left, taking him with them. But he took advantage of their excited condition and soon got away from them. He returned to the house, finished eating his breakfast, compelled his unwilling host to row him across the river, and he was soon among his friends.

The heaviest company losses were in D, I, and L—fifteen, sixteen and sixteen respectively. C lost six, and B

seven. Other company losses were between six and sixteen. The wonder was that the whole of Boyd's command was not captured. Hemmed in between mountain and river, with superior forces on all sides, it was individual determination that saved those who escaped.

Charles B. Evarts, son of Hon. William M. Evarts, U. S. senator, and secretary of state to President Hayes, was a student in Yale College. He was nineteen years of age. His father was in Europe. Impulse and a sense of duty to the country led him to leave college. He went to New York, and, February 15th, enlisted in this regiment, and was assigned to Company K. This affair at New Market Gap was his first experience in active service. He bore himself well. He was among those who escaped on foot. He served through the subsequent campaigns of Hunter and Sheridan. He was discharged for disability, January 23, 1865, at United States hospital, New York.

He was a young man of sterling character, greatly esteemed by his comrades in the service and after the war.

Although anticipating somewhat, the following letter and resolutions seem a fitting conclusion to this chapter:

HARRISONBURG, VA., Nov. 9, 1885.

Mr. Charles B. Evarts.

MY DEAR SIR: By express to-day I forward to you the carved cane which I promised you at the period of your visit to the Valley of Virginia with Sheridan's Veterans. You will permit me to add the following account of the cane and its symbolism:

The wood is Haw, grown in the most historic part of the South, the Valley of Virginia, the scene of the charges and marches of Jackson's "Foot Cavalry." Upon the handle of the cane is carved almost the full equipment of a cavalryman. Here is the trenchant sabre, but sheathed, as Heaven grant it may ever be, except against a foreign foe. Here is the "Colt's", but pointed harmlessly to the ground; here the steed, "the steed of matchless speed;" here the canteen, uncorked and free to every thirsty lip; here the field glass, which shall sweep the South and find everywhere loyalty to the Union, and friendship for

her Veteran Soldiery; here the National Eagle, with wings outspread; finally, here is the Historic Haversack, carried by the Crow that in 1864 was in need to bear his provisions when flying over the Valley behind Sheridan's army, a little empty, as you see, for now smiling peace has resumed her quiet sway, and the sturdy farmer hoards his grain for the nourishment of his own, and the willing entertainment of his brethren from the North.

The spurs, only, are omitted. The gallantry with which Boyd's cavalry extricated themselves from the *cul de sac* in New Market Gap would indicate that such splendid horsemen did not need to wear, such mettled steeds to feel, a spur.

I am neither artist nor artisan, but the work, such as it is, was executed by my own hand with a pocket knife as its only tool.

May the years be many before you need the aid of a stouter support.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) JAS. H. DWYER.

To the family of the late Charles B. Evarts:

At the Regular Annual meeting of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry Association, held at Turn Verein Hall, East 67th street, New York City, April 19th, 1892, Robert I. Wallace presiding, it was unanimously

"Resolved, That we, the surviving members of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family of our late comrade-in-arms, Lieut. Charles B. Evarts, in their sorrow at the untimely removal from this life of a dutiful son and loving brother. During the many years, amid the imminent dangers of war and in the more pleasant scenes of peace, he became endeared to us as a true soldier, a faithful friend—a man—"without fear, without reproach," ever courteous, and considerate to those with whom he came in contact. While in the home circle he will be more sadly missed and his loss more deeply felt, we desire to testify that their loss is ours, less only in degree, and not in kind, and that we shall cherish his memory as long as one member of the organization shall survive."

GEO. G. PEAVEY,
LEMOYNE BURLEIGH,
WM. VERRINDER, JR.,
Committee.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, NEAR NEW MARKET.

B. & O. R. R.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLES R. PETERSON'S PRISON DIARY.

DIARY of Charles R. Peterson, taken prisoner at New Market Gap.

May 13, reached the little village of Luray at dinner time. Stopped and fed, then continued our march westward. Pass over a spur of the mountain toward New Market, expecting to meet there the forces of General Sigel whose instructions to Colonel Boyd were to enter the town. From the top of the mountain forces could be seen about the village. These were supposed by some to be our own. When the pickets were reached they were found to be rebels. It was then too late to retreat. In less than ten minutes two heavy columns of cavalry were charging down on us, one in our front and another in our rear. Two pieces of artillery began to send grape and canister at short range through our ranks. Our three hundred men stood firm, awaiting their attack until they were close upon us. Then drawing sabres we charged the column in front driving it before us. But owing to the nature of the ground it was impossible to break through. The only alternative was to turn about and charge those in the rear, break through their lines and take to the mountain which was close at hand. This was done. Our loss proves the hardest kind of fighting. I am one of seven of Company B taken. Kept at New Market that night without any kind of shelter, the rain pouring down on us in torrents, and we had nothing to keep it off. The villains took the blankets, rubbers, overcoats, and in many cases the hats and coats of the prisoners.

May 14—They started us off this morning toward Staunton. Progress very slow owing to the continued rain, and the condition of many of the men who seemed to be giving out. Stopped for the night in an old house near General Breckinridge's headquarters. Drenched to the skin, so sleep but little. Seven miles.

May 15, marched to Harrisonburg, eight miles. Rested and went on. Roads very wet. Fine sand getting into our shoes and boots makes

bad walking. Walk nine miles this afternoon and stop at a church. Received rations of blue bread and fat bacon, very small pieces.

May 16, marched to Staunton, eighteen miles. A hard tramp. Received rations of hard bread and bacon—five crackers and a half pound of bacon per day. Not U. S. rations. Lodged in the guard house. Slept soundly. All tired out.

May 17, stepped into the cars this morning. Pleasant ride to Charlottesville. Bought a few pies at $2.00 a pie. Very poor ones at that. Could eat six of them at once. Reached Lynchburg at 6 p.m., 130 miles.

May 18, Lynchburg. Encamped in a small valley called Yankee Hollow. High hills all around us. A small brook near the camp, which is a great blessing this hot weather.

May 19, eighteen hundred more prisoners came in to-day from the Army of the Potomac. They report hard fighting between Lee and Grant, with no decisive results. We are all anxious to hear how the battle is going. Expect to be moved to-morrow.

May 20, left camp and took the cars. Busied myself looking out of the car door at different objects, and comparing this section of Virginia with the Valley. Soil appears poor and the timber light. The Valley is ahead of this part of Virginia.

May 21, reached Danville this morning, 180 miles. Spent a very uncomfortable night in the cars. Could neither lie nor sit down on account of being so crowded. At times could hardly get my feet to the floor. Marched from the cars to prison and closely confined. Given rations of corn bread, very coarse, ground cob and all, and one-half pound of bacon. Not enough to make one fat, but enough to keep alive on. Many of the men are sick and seem to be discouraged. Some of us were singing "The Star Spangled Banner," when the guard below fired at us. The ball passed through the floor and lodged in the ceiling above. No one hit.

May 22, started this morning for Andersonville, Georgia, 400 miles. It will be a tiresome journey, as we have to ride in freight cars crowded so full that no one can lie or sit down with any comfort. This is worse than fighting.

May 23, still in the cars. Not allowed as much water as we want to drink. This is horrible this hot, dusty weather. Passed through Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. Suffered intensely from thirst. Curses of the boys, too numerous and bad to mention, rest on this city and those in charge of us.

May 24, slept but little last night. Hope to reach our destination soon, as this is hard business. Passed through Augusta this morning.

Appears to be a fine place. Changed cars and guards. From the looks of the new guard, I think we will receive better treatment.

May 25, one night more in the cars and we have at last reached our destination. Some delay occasioned by counting the men off into companies of 270 men. Then each company was marched into the stockade prison. Here the scene beggars description. Within the space of sixteen acres are confined sixteen thousand (16,000) Union prisoners. There is a small brook running through the center of the plat. The ground rises on either side, but in the center is a pestilent swamp of four acres, so that the remaining ground is thickly covered. In fact there is hardly room to place a small tent. The sun is very hot. The heat will cause the death of many who have no shelter. Five of us have erected a slight shelter consisting of one woolen and one rubber blanket. This comprises our whole stock of covering, so that we have nothing to lie on, and nothing to cover us with at night. This will be inconvenient on cold, rainy nights.

This is the third day without anything to eat. One day's rations for four days make slim living. Can't expect much here, but don't like starving. Rations have come at last. Will soon be chewing more corn bread and bacon.

Retiring is a very simple thing, simply lie down on the sand and sleep the best you can—or lie awake.

May 27, nothing special to-day. The camp is filled with rumors of release. Reported that Sherman's cavalry is at Macon, fifty miles distant, and that we will be free in three days. Also, that Atlanta is in our possession, only rumors, of course.

May 28, more prisoners have come in to-day. They were captured fourteen days ago, and bring us nothing in regard to what the army is doing. This is a miserable place, but it will not do to get discouraged.

May 29, this is the Sabbath with little to remind one that it is a day set apart from all others. On the small space of unoccupied ground at the brook, are many engaged in card playing and gambling, while near them are men unable to help themselves. They are on the verge of the grave, beyond human help, in a dying condition.

May 30, seven hundred more prisoners come in to-day from the Army of the Potomac. The space is all occupied and very much crowded. The rations have been cut down to a slice of corn bread per day, and meat in proportion. Not enough for one meal.

June 1, many are sick and unable to move. The condition is horrible. Language cannot describe it. The hospital is little better than the camp. No blankets and none of the comforts of life.

June 2, the air was cooled to-day by a refreshing shower. It seemed so nice and cool, but it drenched those who have no shelter.

June 3, another fine shower. Five hundred more prisoners from Grant's army. No news, as they were taken some days since. One man was shot and instantly killed yesterday by the guard. His offense was leaning against the dead line. Another was killed to-day. A just retribution will sometime come for such deeds.

June 4, steady rain all day.

June 5, the rebels have done another great thing. They have ceased to give us cooked rations. They give us dry corn meal, one-half pint per day. We have almost no cooking utensils, and they do not give us wood enough to cook with.

June 6, another shower. Feel a little weak from the heat and improper food. The mortality is ninety per day. The average for some time has been fifty a day.

June 7, 20,000 prisoners here now. Many sick. A negro soldier died to-day. He had been wounded, and had suffered intensely. The surgeon said with an oath, "Good enough for him."

Our day's rations are not half enough for one meal.

June 9, this morning as the sick men were being taken out in blankets to see the doctor, one poor fellow wanted to be taken to the hospital. He was told to await his turn. When they reached him it was too late. The heat of the sun had killed him. Another man shot by the guard and instantly killed.

June 10, to-day eighteen men went out in the woods with six guards. They overpowered the guards, taking their guns, and compelling them to go along, and made their escape. Hope they will get to our lines.

June 13, rain all last night. A cold, stormy day. Very bad for the sick. One hundred and two died last night.

June 14, still raining. Very cold. It is terrible to see the suffering of the men in this camp. Numbers are without shelter of any kind—coatless, bootless, friendless and forsaken. Some of them have nothing on but a shirt or a pair of drawers.

June 15, cold and stormy. Our rations for the past few days have been a half pint of rice and a quarter pound of bacon per day—just enough to keep life in the body. The chronic diarrhea seems to be killing off the old prisoners very fast. Two brothers tenting a few steps from us have both died of it—the last one last night. A poor fellow lay in front of our tent all night in convulsions. Nothing could be done for him. I am thankful there are none of my relations or dear friends in this prison.

June 16, many are affected with the scurvy, mostly those who have

no money with which to buy vegetables. Everything is so high: $1.00 for an onion; $1.00 for a quart of beans; $5.00 for a bar of soap; $1.00 for a pound of salt.

June 18, more prisoners came in to-day from Hunter's command. Saw some of our boys. Sorry to see them here. Hardships change some men into villains. There are those here who would rob and murder our own men for their possessions.

June 20, cleared off. The sun came out scorching hot. Then came up a heavy thunder storm. Such a rain I never saw before. It was astonishing, the quantity of water that fell in so short a time. Wish it would wash down the stockade and give us a chance to get away.

June 22, met some old friends to-day. Hardly knew them. Had not seen them for three years. They belong to Company A, 148th N. Y. Sorry to see them here.

June 24, the hottest day I ever experienced. There are now 25,380 men in this pen, divided into 94 detachments of 270 each.

June 25, rumors of exchange. They say it will begin the 7th of next month. Don't much believe it.

June 26, attended a religious meeting this afternoon, the first of the kind I have seen since entering the stockade. Some of the men seem very earnest in their purposes. Some consolation and hope are needed in this valley of sin and suffering.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

June 28, a few more prisoners came to-day, among them fifty Indians. They are very stout, athletic men. The raiders have been at work again to-day. They robbed a man of $180, and beat him so severely that his life is despaired of.

June 29, last night one of the raiders tried to rob an Indian. It was a costly undertaking. The Indian struck him with a knife, killing him instantly.

June 30, the guards, assisted by some of our own men, who have been robbed, are going through the camp arresting raiders. They are succeeding well.

July 1, the raiders are under trial by a judge and jury of our own men. All the detachments from the forty-fifth up moved into the new stockade to-day. Ours, the fifty-ninth, was, of course, one of them. Our new position is too far from water.

July 2, commenced a well to-day by the side of our tent. Not very hard digging. Lowered it twelve feet. Red sand.

July 3, Sunday morning. The people at home are preparing for church. I will try not to feel downhearted. If it were possible for

them to get one glimpse of us in this place they would feel worse than we do.

July 4, nothing going on to remind us that it is the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—no salutes or anything of the kind. The heaviest thunder shower I ever saw. It was grand.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

July 6, there seems to be less sickness than there was a few days ago. Our well is thirty feet deep. No signs of water. There is one near us sixty feet, and no water.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

July 9, our well is going down finely. Fifty-five feet deep. Hope we will get water soon. The walls stand firm. Some wells have caved in—work all in vain.

July 11, six of the raiders were hanged this afternoon—stretched up by the neck until they were dead. One of them broke the rope. He begged for his life, but was put up again and dropped the second time. There was no excitement over it; all quiet. The execution took place inside the stockade near the south gate. It was an impressive scene, one not easily to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The men were, without doubt, guilty and met a deserved fate. May God pity them.

July 12, how hardened human nature can become, lost to all feelings of humanity. Four prisoners were shot by the guard for being over the dead line. Shot without a word of warning, and with no chance of trying to get on safe ground. Every guard that shoots a man, they say, gets thirty days' furlough or $30; and the guards watch for an opportunity. Our well is sixty feet deep. No water yet. Will find it to-morrow.

July 14, cannot finish our well to-day on account of having no rope. The captain in command sent for the sergeants of the companies and ordered them to warn the men not to try to make a break or he would open on them with artillery, and not leave a man standing in the camp. In view of this it was thought best not to try this time, but wait until our tunnels are finished and then go in the night. The rebs may get their eyes open some day. They have been looking for tunnels to-day, but did not succeed in finding any.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

July 16, to-day they succeeded in finding our main tunnel, and have been busy in filling it up. Too bad. There must be traitors in camp. Our well is finished, seventy feet deep and plenty of good water.

July 17, two men shot by the guard. No wonder that men will dig deep under ground to get out of this slaughter pen.

Quite an excitement this morning as the man who disclosed the secret of the tunnel was found out. He was taken in hand, one-half of his head shaved, a large letter "T" branded on his forehead in India ink, and then marched through camp with a huge placard pinned to his back, and the word *"Traitor"* on it in large letters. The boys threw sand and mud at him, kicked him and made all sorts of fun of him. The reward of his treason was half a plug of tobacco.

July 18, another poor fellow shot in the night. The guard said it was accidental. No rations to-day on account of yesterday's proceedings.

July 20, the rebels are throwing up breastworks. This looks suspicious and indicates that something is up. It is possible that some of our forces are trying to get to us.

July 22, three men shot to-day by one of the sentries. This I saw.

July 23, one of the rebel sergeants was shot to-day. He was wearing blue clothes; some that he had taken from our men. He stepped into the dead line for something and was shot instantly.

July 24, the Sabbath. Have spent most of the day in reading the Bible, and have tried to be contented. The nights are getting cold. Hot days and cold nights are hard on those who have no shelter at all. We must keep our courage up and take good care of ourselves. They give us cooked rice now, but not enough to do us much good. Hungry times.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

July 27, four hundred and ninety-six prisoners came in to-day, and among them are two more of Company B. Nine of the company here now.

July 28, 1,900 from Sherman's army, taken near Atlanta. Sixteen of the sick died at the gate this morning in a very short time. They were carried up to see the doctor. Between sixty and seventy die daily. They get homesick and give up to discouragement.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

July 30, excitement runs high. Rumors that Stoneman's cavalry is at Macon. Rebel earthworks are completed and guns mounted. They have been at work all day. They are afraid of something.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

August 2, more men brought in. They were taken near Macon. They were under Stoneman. They were making for Andersonville, but they were repulsed.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

August 9, a very heavy shower this afternoon. It washed away a part of the stockade, but there was no chance to escape, as they had

their men out at once and artillery in position, and actually fired two shots over the camp to let us know they were out and ready for us.

August 10, they have been repairing the stockade, but their labor was in vain. Another shower undid it all, and a little more.

They have issued beans to-day, the first in a long time. But as we have no wood to cook with, we have to eat them raw.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

August 12, within the last eight days one thousand men have died. Three hundred sixty were lying dead outside the gate this morning. Saw one poor man so covered with vermin that one could scarcely see his clothes.

August 18, lumber brought in for barracks; each detachment is to build its own.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

September 6, all the detachments from 1 up to 18 ordered to be in readiness to move out.

September 7, five detachments have gone, and all the sick who were able to move from the hospital. Some think they are going to our lines, and some to another prison. It is rumored that Hood's army is beaten, and that Atlanta is in our possession.

September 8, several detachments went in the night. They may go to many better places, but it is hardly possible for them to get into a worse one.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

September 11, under orders to go 9 p.m. Find myself on the cars going toward Macon.

September 12, reached the junction of the Savannah and Charleston railroad this morning. Reached Charleston at 3 p.m. Marched to the Fair Grounds just outside the city. The sea breeze is refreshing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

September 14, no rations to-day, as they are trying to get men to go out and work for them by offering them all they want to eat and plenty of tobacco.

September 15, only two crackers to-day. They mean to starve us out and then offer us the oath.

September 16, they give us raw rations, and very scanty at that.

September 17, our guns on the gunboats were at work all night. It is sport to see those large shells burst over the city.

September 18, Sunday morning. How nice it would seem to be at home and going to church. Looks like storming and our shelters are of the poorest kind, in fact useless.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

September 23, our gunboats continue to throw their shells into the

city. Can hear them crash through the buildings and then burst. They must make sad havoc.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

September 26, heavy firing all night. Would not be a resident of Charleston for anything. Must be hard for the women.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

October 1, fifteen hundred men left camp this morning; report says to Florence, and that all will go soon.

October 6, two thousand more go this morning. Find myself in the lot. Bring up at Florence, a hundred miles north of Charleston. Cold. Kept out in the rain all night without shelter.

October 7, our eyes are greeted this morning by the sight of another stockade. However, some of our boys are here who have sufficient shelter for us all in the shape of a shanty built of boughs and mud.

October 10, very cold and frosty. Terrible for those who have no shelter, and there are many such. Don't see how men can endure it.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

October 12, raw rations, meal, beans, sometimes molasses; no meat.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

October 16, no rations, and, of course, nothing to eat.

October 17, half rations.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

October 22, they are giving out sanitary clothing, shirts, drawers, stockings, to those who are the most destitute.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

November 7, many are going out on the oath of allegiance to the C. S. They do this to save their lives. They would die if they stayed in this pen, as they have no shelter, no clothes, or boots or hats, and the wind blowing hard from the northwest every night, as it is at the present time.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

November 8, quite an excitement in camp to-day, holding election. Lincoln seems to be the choice. The rebels go for McClellan, as they seem to think he would give them all they want. The votes have been counted—about 3,500 for Lincoln and 1,600 for McClellan.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

November 18, they are sending in some of those who took the oath of allegiance. This is a hard piece of business. Some of Company B men were asked to take the oath of allegiance. Their answer was: "We'll die first."

November 20, raining all day and no rations. They say they will give us no more rations until some one tells where the tunnels are. It is not right to starve us all for the doings of, may be, two or three men.

November 21, storm still continues and no rations. Begin to feel faint.

November 22, cold and freezing. The wind cuts terribly, with nothing in you to produce warmth. Twenty-two men froze to death last night.

November 23-26, Scanty rations. Very cold. They are parolling the sick.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

November 29, the sick of the first, second and third thousands have been picked out and sent away.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

December 5, eight hundred more taken out to-day. Could not get away with them. May be I will in the next lot.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

December 9, they have taken out all the sick, and I am left behind. Received a letter from home to-day. It did me good. It was four months on the way.

December 14, one thousand more taken out to-day. They are the last—no more to go at present. This makes us feel bad. We were in hopes it was a general exchange.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

December 21, cold and stormy. Very hard work to keep life in the body this severe weather. Well, it can't last forever.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

December 25, Christmas. What a place to observe it in. Not much like home. Very cold and frosty this morning. Had a fine breakfast of mush and dumplings. Will have the same for supper. It was the best we could get. There is no good in murmuring. That would only make matters worse. It is best to feel contented as possible, and not fret over it. Some of those who have taken the oath and have been sent in are the most abject looking of men.

December 26 to January 1, cold and clear. Many are sick with a species of fever. The doctors pronounce it typhoid. In many cases it assumes a malignant form, and then the patient lives but a short time —not more than three days. No doubt the cause is the locality and the poor water that the men are compelled to use. The guards have filled up all the wells and we have nothing to use but brook water

which is not fit to use. My health is not good. I am troubled with pains in my bones and other symptoms of fever.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

February 15, my symptoms grew worse until I was sick enough. My appetite left me so that I could eat nothing. My case began to look desperate, but I did not despair. I was in this condition about fourteen days when a change for the better took place. My appetite returned and very slowly my strength and flesh came back to me, but it was a long time before I could move around with anything like my usual vigor. I am thankful to God that my life has been spared. Many of my acquaintances and friends have died. One of my company and an old tent mate has died. Another is very sick and not likely to recover. I have been doing all I could for them since getting well enough to walk. If one gets too far gone there is little use in trying to bring him up again. We have nothing but corn meal to live on, and that is not very palatable to a sick man. We do the best we can and try not to get discouraged. The number of sick men in this camp is beyond belief. There is not a healthy looking man in the camp. Some are only walking skeletons. There is a general look of fear on the faces of all. It is a reign of terror. If my life is spared through this I hope I may never be obliged to witness such scenes again. Many of the sick get no help from the rebel doctors. The doctors don't seem to care for the Yankees. In fact, their design seems to be to kill off as many of us as they can. One of the doctors, a Scotchman, told one of the boys that they were going to move us soon to some better place, and that if they did not there would not be a man alive by the 1st of April. Our old mess of twenty-five now numbers only eleven.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

February 17, they have been moving some of the men. Those who are able to walk are compelled to go. The sick are left behind. Warm and pleasant. It would be pleasant riding on the cars, only we are too crowded. Reach Wilmington in the night. Do not stop, but pass on to Goldsborough. Then started back toward Wilmington.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

February 19, they ran us out ten miles and left us in the woods. We can hear the big guns at Wilmington. Our men have taken Wilmington, and the rebels are moving us up toward Goldsborough, out of the way.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

February 27, we were delivered this morning to our officers at N. E. station, ten miles above Wilmington. Our joy at being once

more in the realm of civilization and humanity was unbounded. The men gave cheers and expressed themselves in every way they could think of. * * * After marching two miles we were formed in companies, and rations of hard bread, cooked fresh beef and a cup of coffee given to each man. With gusto those half-famished men devoured the rations given them. You should have seen the smiles of contentment on their faces, as if all trouble was past and they were once more in God's country. But how about the sick left at Florence?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

March 2, shipped to-day for Annapolis. The ride down the bay, some twenty miles, was pleasant, but when the boat got out on the ocean the men began to get sea sick, and such a time you never saw. I was sick only a short time, and then felt better than ever.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

March 5, landed at Annapolis this morning. Met some old friends. Soon had on clean, whole clothes, and felt like a new man—Like a transition from a living death to life!

Sergeant Peterson died at East Lake, Lake County, California, of pneumonia, March 25, 1880. He had three brothers in the army. Lieutenant Pierson B. Peterson of the 78th New York was mortally wounded at Antietam. Doctors Orton W., and Wilson Peterson were field and hospital surgeons.

B. & O. R. R.

NEW MARKET, VA.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEW MARKET.

IN Boyd's force were details from all the companies except F and M. These had been detached for special service at Sigel's headquarters. Boyd himself, after his disaster at New Market Gap, went back to his own regiment, the Twenty-first Pennsylvania, at Chambersburg.

A detachment made up from the rest of the regiment under Captain Martindale was on its way from Winchester toward Berryville. The Goublemans, White and Warren were the advance. At the toll gate at the Opequon three of them stopped to get a drink of milk. Warren went on alone on foot leading his horse. Here there was a hollow in the road, and half a mile farther on was a hill. A mounted man in blue suddenly appeared on the hill and called to Warren: "Come up here and surrender!" The challenger was pointing his pistol at Warren. The latter, thinking he might be shot in the act of mounting his horse, delayed until his comrades could come up. Each took the other for a rebel. Warren called out: "What command do you belong to? I belong to the First New York." The other said: "It makes no difference what you belong to, you come up here and surrender." Warren replied: "If you want me come and get me." Seeing that the stranger was getting excited and was waving his hand to some one behind him to come up, he took advantage of this mo-

mentary diversion of his adversary's attention, and mounted his horse. Just then the other three of the advance joined him, and all four went up the hill on the run, while the stranger turned and fled down the other side of the hill. For a few seconds they saw only the one mounted man. Then such a sight struck them as they had not expected. Five or six hundred uniformed men were throwing their knapsacks over the fence, and two companies had formed line across the pike. Just at this moment they noticed the mounted man fall off his horse, the girth having broken, as was afterward learned. The two companies opened fire on the four men who were coming down the hill at a rapid rate. There was a fence on each side of the road. They could not turn off nor turn back. The bullets were pouring around them like hail. They had to keep on until they were close to the others, where the fence on the right ended. Here they turned into a small piece of woods, ran through and around it, jumped the fence, and came back to the top of the hill. When entering the woods Harry Goubleman said: "I believe they are our own men." Ed said: "I don't care who they are. I am not going to let them fire at me for nothing," and let go at them. He hit one of them under the eye. After getting back on the hill the four men waited until the detachment came up, with Martindale in command. He saw what the matter was. The strange men were colored troops. Our men had never seen any before, and were puzzled by their appearance. Martindale sent a messenger with a handkerchief on a sabre. When the major commanding them saw that he was safe, he began to abuse Warren for not coming up and surrendering. Warren said: "I told you what command I belonged to, and asked you the same question. As you refused to answer, I supposed you were one of Mosby's men, as there are so many of them around with our uniform on." This

did not quiet him. He continued to abuse Warren, when Martindale asked: "What rank do you hold?" He replied that he was a major in command of the colored detachment. Martindale replied: "Well, if you don't shut up I will turn my regiment on you and kill every nigger you have here." He "shut up" instantly. The white major showed less discretion than his colored troops.

It was while waiting at Winchester that Sigel had sent Boyd east of the Blue Ridge and up the Luray valley, for the purpose of guarding against an attack on his left flank. At about the same time he sent Col. Jacob Higgins with 500 cavalry among the mountains to guard against an attack on his right. May 9th, this force was met and defeated between Moorefield and Wardensville by a detachment of Imboden's brigade, and driven back to Romney.

Sigel moved the greater part of his army to Cedar Creek, eighteen miles from Winchester. His cavalry reported no force in the upper Valley except about 3,000 men under Imboden. and these in scattered detachments. Sigel had in all about 6,500.

The 10th, the cavalry advanced to Woodstock, fourteen miles, driving some Confederates out of the place, and capturing some telegraphic dispatches. From these it was learned that General Breckinridge was at Dublin station the 5th, preparing to move with 4,000 men. In another dispatch he was anxiously inquiring if there was any movement from this direction toward Grant's army. On the 12th, he was at Staunton. When Sigel reached Woodstock Imboden was a short distance south of New Market, waiting for Sigel from the north and for Breckinridge from the south.

New Market was then a place of about 1,000 people. It was about twenty miles south of Woodstock. Eleven miles from Woodstock was Mt. Jackson. Four miles south

of Mt. Jackson the North Fork flows east at the base of quite a prominent bluff. Here was a bridge. Beyond the bridge the pike for a mile or more crossed the Meem bottoms, a wide, low plain. Beyond these bottoms was Rude's Hill, about eighty feet high, presenting a bold front extending east and west on both sides of the pike for a considerable distance. Four miles from Rude's Hill, beyond a high and gently rolling country, was New Market, about midway between the river on the west and Smith's creek on the east and about a mile from each.

The 13th, parts of Troops F and M, twenty-eight men in all, under Lieutenants Lewis and O'Brien, were sent from Woodstock to Columbia Furnace, ten miles to the southwest, reported to be occupied in force by the enemy. They moved carefully, and for the purpose of better concealing their approach, they abandoned the road and moved through the fields along the river bank. So successful were they that the advance, C. T. Williamson of F, and John Trevor of M, unwittingly passed the enemy's videttes on the road before they were noticed and fired on. These two men immediately spurred their horses in the direction of the road in order to cut off the retreat of the fleeing videttes. In this attempt they were foiled by the precipitous descent from the field to the road, which was so steep at that point that it was necessary to dismount in order to get down into the road. The check caused by reining in the horses enabled the videttes to get past our advance and escape for the time. One of the advance now dismounted and led his horse down the bank. The other, noticing that the descent was much easier a few rods back on the road, and realizing that the charge of the main body would be checked by that steep bank, rode quickly back along the road until he came to an easy descent. Here he directed the main body, now coming on a full gallop, jumped his horse over the fence into

the road, and reached his comrade who had dismounted just as he swung himself into the saddle again, and together they raced pell mell after the fleeing videttes to the ford at Columbia Furnace, not much more than one hundred yards away, which they reached before the others had succeeded in crossing to the other side. Directly across the river they noticed a long line of horses tied to a fence in front of a house out of which which were rushing a number of the enemy, about equal to our party. Some of them were shooting, but the most of them were intent only on getting away.

The water was about belly deep, but Lewis and his men pushed their horses into it, and succeeded in getting across before more than half a dozen of the enemy had been able to mount. In emphatic terms they were calling upon the enemy to surrender. The best mounted, without stopping, kept on after those who had succeeded in getting mounted, the most of whom were captured.

Among those who kept on after the fugitives was Williamson. A quarter of a mile from the Furnace the road divided. Williamson took the left fork where only one of the fugitives had gone, leaving the other road to be taken care of by the rest as they should come up. Before he had gone a mile the Confederate's horse gave out. Seeing that he would soon be overtaken, he reined his horse aside, jumped off, and left him. He climbed over the fence into some woods that skirted the road. His pursuer followed him, but was delayed a little in getting over the fence, and so lost sight of him. He rode rapidly through the woods until he came to a farm house surrounded by cleared fields. He knew that his man had not had time to cross the fields, and as there was no other shelter than the house, he was sure that the enemy must have hidden here. The farmer and his wife both stoutly denied that he was in the house. Williamson was all alone, and naturally hesitated about getting

off his horse to search the house. While he was considering what to do, Sergeant John Cummings of Co. F rode up. After deliberating a few seconds, the sergeant, perhaps as a moral support to the other, shouted in a loud voice: "I order you to search the house." Williamson went through the house carefully, but could see no sign of the man he was after. Finally he noticed, up stairs, a covered square opening into the attic. He stood on the railing around the stairway, pushed aside the board and was able, standing on tip toe, to lift his head through the opening. There in the attic was the man he had been searching for. To add emphasis to his demand he covered him with his revolver and commanded: "Come down out of there!" He came down willingly. He was Lieutenant Reilly of a battalion of Maryland cavalry, who had commanded the outpost.

On the way back to the Furnace he deplored his bad luck, and expressed the opinion that if he only could get a good drink of whisky he would be better able to bear up under his misfortunes. His captor told him that if he would only direct him where to find it he would get him some.

At the Furnace they found that Lewis' men had rounded up almost as many prisoners as there were men in their own number. There were twenty-two of them. These they had shut up in a corncrib where there was standing room only for them, while the captors were making coffee for themselves. The lieutenant was put into the corncrib with the rest, while his captor, provided with a written order and explicit directions as to the house, started out with the lieutenant's canteen to get the whisky. The man to whom he had been directed, when asked for whisky, denied having any. But when shown the written order of Reilly he brought out a large jug and funnel, and filled Reilly's canteen. When asked to fill a second canteen he refused to

do so, although offered pay for it. Whereupon the Union soldier, on the ground that it had never paid any revenue tax, confiscated the whisky and the jug. Friend and foe shared alike. Reilly was a good fellow, and he and his men expressed their appreciation of their captors' magnanimity. A more friendly lot of enemies was never seen than these captors and their hilarious captives on the way back to Woodstock, where long after dark they arrived in safety.

The 13th, Sigel sent from Woodstock two regiments of infantry under Col. Moor, and 500 of the First cavalry under Major Quinn. The 14th, these forces encountered the enemy at Mt. Jackson, and drove them across the bridge, across the Meem bottoms, and beyond Rude's Hill even to New Market.

Encouraged by the report of this success, Sigel decided to move forward at five o'clock the next morning. But there was some delay, and it was ten when the column reached Mt. Jackson. Here was a good defensive position, and it occurred to Sigel to wait here and receive the attack of the enemy. But good reports came from General Stahel and Colonel Moor who were on the high ground near New Market. With Companies F and M of the First cavalry as his escort, Sigel rode forward to examine the ground. He rode all the way to New Market. From what information he could gain he estimated the enemy's force about equal to his own, but not all on the ground. The action of the day before had been in his favor. His men were in good spirits. He thought the chances were favorable if he should risk a general engagement.

He ordered the forces at Mt. Jackson to move forward. But thinking the position of Col. Moor, just outside the village, not the most advantageous, he directed that officer to fall back to higher ground about three-fourths of

a mile farther north. Here Sigel formed his line with excellent judgment. But he was deceived in that two regiments did not come up to the position in time.

In the withdrawal the enemy was ready to follow. Captain Battersby with a detachment deployed covered the withdrawal. His falling back encouraged the enemy, who formed their advanced line with skill. As Imboden says, they worked their guns "for all they were worth." The village lay in a slight depression so that the shots from the opposing lines passed over the place.

On his way Breckinridge had called on all the forces within reach. The "reserves" from Augusta and Rockingham counties, peaceable, non-combatant citizens, staying at their homes except in an emergency such as this, were called out. The cadets in Lexington Military Institute, boys from sixteen to eighteen years of age, to the number of two hundred and twenty-five, commanded by Colonel Ship, one of the professors, were brought along. They readily responded and were assigned a place in the fore front, west of the pike.

The battle was well fought on both sides. Imboden himself reached a favorable position in advance of the extreme right of the Confederate line, and with well-managed guns disturbed the cavalry massed in the rear of Sigel's extreme left. The enemy also advanced with courage upon Sigel's right. One of the Union batteries west of the pike was doing such execution that Breckinridge determined to dislodge or capture it. It was directly in front of Col. Smith's Sixty-second Virginia and the cadet corps. To Col. Smith and Col. Ship, Breckinridge gave the order to charge for those guns. They started at once. About three hundred yards in front of the battery was a gulch, full of scrub trees, stumps and rocks. The men suffered from the fire of the battery before reaching the gulch. Here they were partially protected. But their business was to take that battery.

The boys were a little quicker than the men of the Sixty-second in getting out of the gulch. They kept their formation on the bank until the Sixty-second was ready. Then all together they started on the "double quick" for the guns, and captured them and the gunners. "A wild yell went up when a cadet mounted a caisson and waved the Institute flag in triumph over it." Of the cadets eight were killed and forty-six wounded. Of the five hundred and fifty of the Sixty-second, two hundred and forty-one were killed or wounded.

Lieut. Col. W. S. Lincoln of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, who was supporting the battery, was severely wounded and caught under his horse, which was killed. Even in that condition, Imboden states, Lincoln tried to use his pistol, and desisted only when a cadet threatened to bayonet him.

It has been stated that one of the gunners, watching those young cadets coming up so gallantly on the charge, had not the heart to fire upon them. But the fearful losses in the charging lines prove that the guns were well served.

Sigel tried to maintain his position by a counter charge. But this was received with a destructive fire, and the line forced back. The left had given way and the whole line became untenable.

The Union forces engaged numbered 5,150 and 22 guns. The losses were 93 killed, 552 wounded, and 186 captured—831. The Confederates engaged were about 5,000. Their losses were 42 killed, 522 wounded and 13 missing—577.

On the whole, in this battle Sigel was out-generaled and out-fought. He retired to Rude's Hill where the regiments that had not come to the battle, had formed line. The entire force then fell back in the rain to Mt. Jackson, Captain Battersby covering the rear. Here the men halted for

a couple of hours, looked to the wounded as well as they could, counted the missing, and resuming their night march, reached Edinburg at seven the morning of the 16th. At five in the evening they reached Strasburg. The morning of the 17th, the army crossed Cedar Creek and rested in its former camp.

The 21st, General Sigel was removed from command, and General David Hunter appointed in his place. Lt. Col. Adams had acted as chief of staff to Sigel during this unfortunate campaign. The 23rd, with a part of the regiment as escort, he accompanied the deposed general to Martinsburg.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UP THE VALLEY: PIEDMONT.

GENERAL Hunter was a man of dark, stern appearance, and prompt manner. Prominent families of the name, relatives, were living here and there in the Valley. But he spared no rebels "for relation's sake."

His chief of staff was Colonel David Hunter Strother, of Bath, the "Porte Crayon" of so many illustrated sketches of Virginia; a very genial man. His A. A. A. G. was Charles G. Halpine, "Private Miles O'Reilly," who in the busiest campaigns found time to write his entertaining poems.

The First cavalry, under Major Quinn, was kept near headquarters ready for special service. Company F was detached as the general's escort. Major Harkins was made provost marshal of the entire command. Captain Alexander was made chief quartermaster.

At dress parade on the 25th, various orders were read. Some officers were dismissed from the service for allowing a picket post to be surprised. The command would march at 8:30 the next morning.

At 8:30 the next morning the march began. The entire force was about fifteen thousand. An empty wagon train was started back. Some houses from which a wagon train had been fired upon were burned. Notice was given that if wagon trains should be attacked, the town nearest the scene of such attack would be burned.

There was a short halt on Fisher's Hill. A few Confederates were ahead, keeping at a safe distance.

In a carriage Mrs. Henry with some children and an attendant was on her way north. A gallant captain with the advance detailed a trusty cavalry sergeant to act as guard and protector to the lady and her party until General Hunter should come along, and then report to him. The lady was sure that General Hunter, being a Virginian, and therefore a chivalrous gentleman, would give her a special escort as far as his "outmost guard." The sergeant reported to the adjutant who reported to the general who simply said, "Let her remain where she is till we get past. Then let her go on her way." He had no time for special gallantry on this campaign.

The camping place for the night was at Pugh's creek, near Woodstock, in the vicinity of an unfinished house, a night's resting place during the fifteen days' scout of the previous December.

The 27th and 28th, the army lay still. Scouting parties were out in all directions. It was convenient for scouts to go out in Confederate gray—convenient, but dangerous. It was easier for a scout going thus to get information, but his life was forfeited if he should be taken. But Savacool, Warren, the Goublemans, Forkey and Valentine had become experts. There was plenty for them to do. They ran great risks without seeming to mind it. Valentine was cut off from all the rest and so closely pressed that he could only escape by abandoning his horse and springing into the woods.

The work of these scouts was rendered all the more risky because of orders read at dress parade on the 28th, to appropriate horses and other needful things on the way. Foraging was necessary. For a hearty man to carry ten days' rations was an impossibility.

This morning a captain of the regiment was put under arrest for not being out with his company at roll call, and there was no sympathy expressed for him.

The 29th, the march began at four o'clock, the First cavalry having the advance. Bridges had been torn up. There was a prospect of a fight at Mt. Jackson. But the enemy fled on to New Market, the scene of the battle of the 15th. There were the graves of the dead. The Union wounded left behind had been well cared for by the people.

The 30th, the regiment was ordered back to head-headquarters at Mt. Jackson.

The 31st, two hundred of the regiment under Major Stearns started early on the road back. Marched steadily, halting for short rests at Edenburg, Woodstock and Strasburg. At one of these halts a man of Co. L was shot. A supposed bushwhacker was arrested and charged with the act. It almost came to the point of hanging him. But on further examination there was found a reasonable doubt. The man was probably shot accidentally, and the arrested man who had protested his innocence, but faced his threatened fate bravely, was released.

Bivouacked on Stickel's farm near Newtown. A wagon train had been captured and destroyed by Gilmore at Newtown. It began to be suspected that the purpose of this expedition was to burn the town. There were murmurings of disapproval. Burning houses of citizens was not the business of soldiers.

On the march early the next morning. The apprehensions of the object of this move were confirmed when silently, and more like a funeral procession than a marching army, the column moved into the one long street of the town and halted. The old people and children were standing in the doorways with an expression of mute helplessness on their faces. The hearts of the men beat with more

trepidation than when going into battle. Those who spoke did so to express their purpose to obey no orders to burn.

But the officers had consulted together and decided to disobey the order of General Hunter.

Some conferences with the citizens were held. It was found that Union men wounded in the attack on the train had been carefully nursed in these homes. It seemed best to have the people take the oath of allegiance to the Union, and spare the town. The officers agreed to stand by Major Stearns if he should incur the wrath of General Hunter.

It was a relief to all when the column headed toward the south and the houses in the town still standing.

Gilmore, in his "Four Years in the Saddle," states that he sent word to Hunter, that he had a number of prisoners in his hands, and that for every house burned a prisoner would be hanged. He attributes the saving of Newtown to this threat of his. But Major Stearns and his officers knew nothing of this threat of Gilmore's. They had made up their minds before reaching Newtown, that they would not obey the orders to burn.

On the return march, the command stopped for the night at Bushong's, near Woodstock. There were some apprehensions of a night attack from Gilmore. The disaster to Boyd's command and the defeat at New Market had their effect on the men. They were preparing to sleep with their arms at hand, and were discussing plans if Gilmore should come upon them in the night. But Captain Jones moved quietly around among the men, assuring them that there was no likelihood of Gilmore's coming. If such a thing should happen they were to keep cool, and no man should mount his horse. The captain did a good service here in allaying fears, as often he had done by inspiring courage in a fight. He was an officer to be depended on at all times.

The 2nd, the detachment hurried on to overtake the

army. McNeil with a hundred men had been hanging on around the rear of Hunter. It would be a fine thing if this detachment could capture some of these fellows. Hunter might accept them as an atonement for not burning Newtown. The captain who, a few days before, had shown such conspicuous gallantry to a Virginia lady, and who, another day was under arrest for not being out with his company at morning roll call, started out in charge of the advance. It was considered an honor and a privilege to be on the advance, especially at such a time. But the captain was lacking in the skill and sharpness necessary to catch those lively rebels, and the company was recalled from the advance.

In the boat race in Virgil's Trojan games an unskillful pilot lost the race. The crew were angry, and the unfortunate pilot was hurled from the boat into the sea. The men of that company were so incensed at their losing the advance that they could have thrown their captain in the river for his self-satisfied inefficiency. None of McNeil's men were caught that day. Stopped for the night at Mr. Cowan's, six miles from New Market.

The 3rd, the detachment started early and toward evening overtook the rest of the regiment and the army near Harrisonburg, from which place Imboden had been driven with some loss. The advance to-day captured two of McNeil's men.

Major Stearns was uncertain as to the way in which his report would be received. Possibly he and all his officers would be dismissed from the service. But, putting on as bold a manner as possible, he approached the general, saluted and reported, "General Hunter, I am the officer that was ordered to burn Newtown and didn't do it!" Hunter seemed somewhat pleased to find some one who could be almost as gruff as himself, gave a good-natured grunt, and

let the matter pass without even ordering the major under arrest.

This was Rockingham county, a most interesting region. The soil is very fertile with outcrops of limestone. This part of the Valley was settled a few years before the French and Indian war, mostly by Germans from Pennsylvania. There were Quakers among those that came. Their simple, primitive, industrious, honest ways made them a prosperous, highly respected people, and the country became known for its abundant harvests and growing wealth.

It has been mentioned that Lincoln's ancestors had migrated from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania, and then to this part of Virginia. There was pointed out the fine residence of a substantial farmer named Lincoln, said to be a relative of the President.

Cyrus McCormick was a resident of this county, and here, with very little to encourage him, he labored for several years in perfecting his reaping machine. The farmers in the vicinity had no faith in his invention—the greatest labor-saving invention of modern times.

It was necessary from this time on for Hunter's men to live largely on the country. But with this foraging, it is believed there was no wanton wasting of private property, and no act of cruelty toward the people.

One of the conservative officers whose policy seemed always to be to cultivate friendly relations with the enemy, had always tried to be very strict in restraining his men from foraging. There were times on this trip when he was allowed to suffer. One morning it was supposed that the command was drawing near to the enemy. It was hurried forward toward the supposed position of the hostile forces. The enemy had retired and the regiment was allowed to halt. The men were allowed to dismount, but were ordered to stand to horse, ready to mount and go into

the fight at an instant's notice. It was the first leisure the men had had to pick up a breakfast from what was left in their haversacks from the night before. The most of them, while standing there, had made out a very comfortable breakfast. But there was not much left.

The captain strolled among the men, his tall, gaunt form more "caved in" than usual, and a look of intense unsatisfiedness on his dark face. He had evidently gone supperless to bed the night before, and certainly he had had no breakfast that morning. Literally he had no "stomach for a fight." "Sergeant," he said in his most melancholy tones, "haven't the men something they can give me to eat?" "Captain, I don't believe they have much left for themselves." "Can't you detail a man to go and find something for me? Egad, I'm 'most starved."

Daniel Dailey offered to go out and try to get something for him, and Dan was good at foraging.

Later, when a woman complained to the captain of one of the boys whom she caught milking her cow, he simply said: "Never mind, your cow will give more milk by and by."

Some of the men became expert in locating stored-away provender of which they stood in need. A few minutes' halt on the pike, in front of a spacious farm house, and the men were busy as ants, bringing sacks full of shelled corn that had been stored in the attic. The horses at such times were not unaware of what was going on. They were watchful and appreciative.

The afternoon of the 3rd, Lieutenants Vermilya and Savacool went out with a hundred men, and after a long, hard ride over rough and rocky roads, brought in twenty-five horses. They had better help us than help the enemy.

Moved early the morning of the 4th toward Port Republic. The enemy was ahead, but withdrew as our forces

advanced. Forded the South Fork. A rainy day and night. Stopped an hour after midnight with orders to move again at four o'clock.

At four o'clock the morning of the 5th, the regiment was moving. It was a rainy morning. After a two hours' march the scouts came back reporting the enemy in force. The First cavalry was in the advance. Skirmishers were thrown out in front and flankers to the right and left. Major Quinn was prompt in his movements. Company C was formed in line in the woods to the right of the column, and A to the left, with instructions to go forward in line abreast with the head of the column. There was some delay on the right, the men having to dismount and tear away some fences. The remaining companies in column moved forward until the first squadron was out of the woods. Through some mistake the men were not deployed as fast as they emerged from the woods. Perhaps they were a little surprised to see immediately in front of them a broad, rounded hill filled with the enemy. After going forward a little they halted and became a mark for all the Confederates on the hill. They were taken at a disadvantage. But they held their ground and promptly and continuously returned the enemy's fire. Lieutenant Vermilya at the head of the column was shot and fell from his horse. There seemed to be no one just there to give the command to deploy and charge. Such a movement would have been safer than to wait in column receiving that murderous fire. The supports on the right were delayed by obstructions. A Confederate officer with uplifted sabre led a charge down the slope of the hill with such vigor that these companies were forced back into the woods.

In the first forward movement Lieutenant Savacool's horse got beyond his control and carried him into the ranks of the Confederates. It had been raining, and he was wear-

ing a light-colored rubber coat. He mingled among them unobserved in the excitement, and in the counter charge he came back among his own men.

Sergeant Buss, George Mason and several others of Company M, and twenty or more of other companies were wounded, and a number of horses killed or wounded in probably less than five minutes. Lieutenant Clark Stanton was shot in the thigh. Thomas Gorman of M, in falling back tried to jump the fence. The fence fell and his horse with it, falling upon him. Two Confederates coming up helped him out from under his horse, and held him prisoner. By this time Major Quinn and the other officers had rallied the men and were moving forward again. Gorman said to his two captors, "Now you are my prisoners."

As has been stated, the regiment quickly rallied and made a prompt and determined advance. Behind it came the long, compact line of the Twenty-first New York cavalry, and the enemy gave way.

Dr. Douglas and other friends hastened to the assistance of Lieutenant Vermilya. But he had been mortally wounded, and in a few minutes was dead. He had been the first orderly sergeant of Company D, and was universally respected as an honest, faithful soldier.

Those who had been sent out on the extreme right of the skirmish line, from a high hill looked down on all that was taking place—the round-topped hill covered with mounted Confederates waiting for their assailants to come out of the woods; the column that had dashed ahead of the companies deployed in the woods, receiving the fire of the enemy at such a disadvantage; the spiteful shots on one side and on the other; the first recoiling of the Confederates; their leader, with uplifted sabre, calling upon his men to follow him in a headlong charge down the hill; Vermilya shot from his horse; the column falling back; the advance

of the rallied lines; the determined charge up the sides of the hill; riderless horses running wild over the dead and wounded, and among the living; the enemy driven in confusion before their assailants.

These mounted Confederates were the advance of the forces of Imboden, Vaughn and Jones, which, to the number of 5,000 or 6,000 were a mile or more farther on. These were strongly posted in the edge of some woods, behind hastily thrown up defences of rails and earth. On their left was a stream with a high bluff. General W. E. Jones was in command.

The Federal cavalry advanced within artillery distance of these entrenchments, and waited for the artillery and infantry to come up. Several of the officers were lounging under some trees, taking their ease, in front of the regiment, when a shell passed in and out among them, exploding a little farther on. It seemed best to move the regiment to the left to a less exposed position. In the moving it passed across a field in the range, it would seem, of all the big guns the enemy had, and the guns were well aimed.

The battle line of infantry went at those Confederate defences with a coolness and steadiness that could not be surpassed. The artillery hammered away at them unceasingly. Dismounted cavalry went in on the flanks. General Stahel commanding the cavalry, watching for a chance to use his men to the best advantage, conspicuous by his wide-brimmed straw hat that he was wearing that day, was wounded in an arm, but remained on the field.

The artillery made some breaches in the defences; the infantry was ready to charge through these breaches. The First cavalry was to charge around on the right of the enemy's position.

To get under good headway Major Quinn led the regiment off somewhat to the left, then wheeled to the right and

bore across a clover field toward the woods. To the Confederates in the woods, that long line of horsemen with drawn sabres bearing down upon them, must have been a formidable sight. The woods were full of Confederates. But between the clover field and the woods was a high rail fence, staked and ridered. Before getting into the woods it would be necessary to dismount and take down the fence, for it was impossible to jump it. The enemy fired some lively volleys at the cavalry as it came near the fence, then broke and fled. But in their excitement their firing was wild and high. Captain Jones riding in front of his squadron, had his horse killed. The horse falling upon the captain's leg, held him fast to the ground. To get free he had to pull his foot out of his boot and leave the boot there, and he came back from the field with one foot bootless. Corporal Oliver Lumphrey had his horse shot.

There were cheers for Tim Quinn as he led this charge. But one lieutenant, thinking it impossible to jump the fence, and thinking it useless to sit still on his horse on one side of the fence with the woods full of the enemy on the other, chose to exercise the right of private judgment, and sheered off to the right, without orders, and though loudly called upon to come back, rode away as fast as his horse could carry him.

It has been related that on another field a soldier hurrying to the rear was stopped by an officer, who asked why he was running away—"You are not wounded." "No, but I am fearfully demoralized!"

Another lieutenant felt something strike him behind the left shoulder as he was turning about. He broke from the ranks and rode rapidly to the rear, lustily shouting, "Dr. Douglas! Dr. Douglas!!" Often men would be severely wounded and not know it at the time. In this case a spent ball, probably, had hit the lieutenant, but it had not so much

as left a mark, as was found by the doctor's examination. It can be supposed that spent balls could be felt.

Behind the rail and earth entrenchments was a long line of dead men lying two, three and four deep. In places this line had been set on fire, and bodies were partly consumed. All through the woods the dead and wounded were lying. Among the killed was General W. E. Jones, shot through the center of the forehead. He had the appearance of having been an intellectual and cultured gentleman.

A wounded man lying by the side of a tree wished to change his position so that he could partly sit up, leaning against the tree. A Union soldier helping him observed that the wounded man's leg did not turn as the man himself turned. The leg, broken at the thigh, was limp and helpless. "Oh, I am so sick," were his words as a faintness all but death came over him. He was helped to the desired position, but nothing more could be done for him.

One was lying on his back with a bullet hole in his forehead. "That poor fellow never knew what hurt him," said one standing by him. The supposed dead man opened his eyes and looked at the speaker, as if he had heard the remark, and was conscious of his condition, but could not speak. The woods were full of such sights.

About fifteen hundred prisoners, three cannon, and three thousand stand of small arms were taken.

The Confederates fled. The cavalry followed in swift pursuit, gathering in prisoners and capturing the guns that some determined men had placed in position to repel the pursuers and cover the retreat. These guns they persistently continued to fight until the cavalry were right upon them.

The republican national convention was in session at Baltimore for the purpose of renominating President Lin-

coln, when the news of this victory was published. It added greatly to the enthusiasm of the occasion.

The 6th, after burying the dead and burning the captured arms, the cavalry moved on to Staunton, twelve miles. The Confederates had withdrawn.

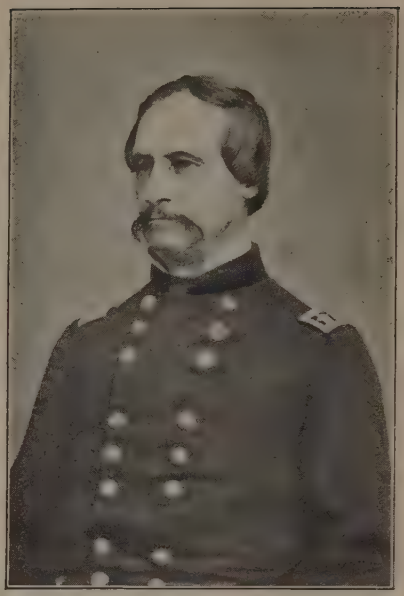
The following account of this affair from the Confederate point of view, a little too highly colored in some particulars, is taken from Peyton's History of Augusta County:

When the Confederates reached Piedmont, a hamlet two miles north of New Hope, General Jones halted, and formed his troops in line of battle. The Augusta officers in the force, knowing the country better than the general did, urged a further retreat to Mowry's Hill. This was a short distance south of New Hope, and a very strong position, where, it was believed, a successful defence might be made. The general, however, declined this advice and kept his ground. The Federal force was soon in the Confederate front, advancing in that cool, dogged and deliberate manner so characteristic of the Yankee, and this force was composed almost entirely of native troops. The Confederate cavalry was ordered to advance, and did so at a gallop, the blooded horses bounding lightly over ditches, fences and every obstruction. They rushed upon the Federal cavalry like an avalanche, sabering the officers and men and driving them from the field like chaff before the angry winds. As the enemy's cavalry broke and fled the Confederate troopers found temselves confronted by long unbroken lines of Federal infantry, and retired. The Federals continued their dogged advance in line of battle. When a short distance from the Confederate lines, they halted to gather breath, and after a little rest, during which many were shot down, they advanced in the face of a destructive fire, and made a fierce attack on our lines. The Confederates behaved like veterans—the boys emulating the example of their sires, those old heroes who had been so hewed and hacked to pieces during the war that there was now nothing whole about them but their hearts. Incredible as it may seem, this force repelled the enemy's attack, driving them back broken and confused, like the waves which dash impotently against the rocks. The Yankees halted at the point from which they made their last advance, stunned and astounded. Not dispirited, however, they closed up their ranks and moved forward a second time—not with Confederate impetuosity, but with the same deliberate, sullen determination which belongs to that eminently bull-dog race. They were again driven back with much

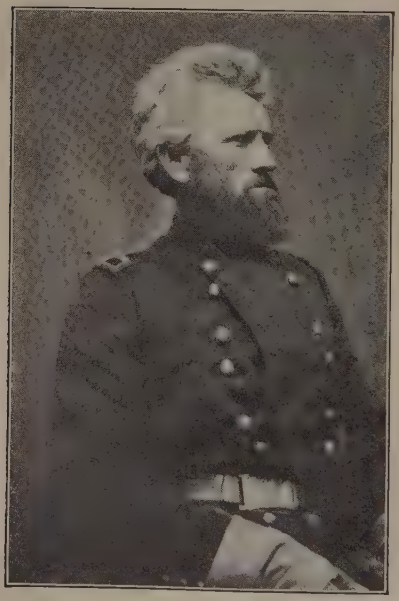
slaughter. Once more they formed in close order, and a third time advanced to the attack. This time they brought up their reserves. These fresh troops were directed to the weak points in the Confederate lines—the left wing—which was decimated by a withering fire kept up by these cold-blooded Federals, whose guns seemed never empty, however frequently fired. Many were armed with Winchester rifles which fire thirty times before it is necessary to reload. The Confederates, finding longer resistance impossible, began a retreat—gray-headed cripples, one-armed convalescents and young boys, retiring slowly, loading and firing as they fell back, and thus preventing a panic and rout. The retreat was continued to Fishersville. * * * *

Lieutenants Carter Berkeley and H. H. Fults commanded two sections of McClenechan's horse artillery. When they saw the left wing of Jones' force fall back, heard of the death of Jones himself, and saw the right give way in confusion, they advanced without orders to the front. Here they took up a position with their guns on either side of the highway, opposite the center of that imperturbable mass of phlegmatic Yankees, which was still advancing with a slow pace and determined air. Acting on their own impulses, Berkeley and Fults now opened fire on the host in their front, cutting wide gaps in the Federal ranks and retarding their advance. The enemy, seeing the desperate conduct of these batteries unsupported by infantry, ordered the First New York cavalry to spike the Rebel guns. This fine regiment of knickerbockers advanced at full speed. As they galloped up the guns plowed wide gaps in their ranks, hurling riders and horses to the ground. This did not stop them. On the troopers came, sabering men right and left. Reaching the batteries, a free fight occurred over the cannon. * * * The Confederate fragments of an army made good its retreat without confusion or panic.

WM. B. FRANKLIN.



DAVID HUNTER.



ROBERT MILROY.

WM. W. AVERELL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LYNCHBURG.

AS the cavalry entered Staunton they received no loyal greeting. Only a few colored people seemed glad to see the old flag. Before leaving the place there were some pleasant acquaintances made that were kept up long after the war was over. There were many prominent families living here, some of them well known throughout the country. There was the appearance of refinement about the people and the place.

Staunton was an important town in a pleasant valley between the Blue Ridge and the eastern range of the Alleghanies. It was surrounded by moderate hills. It was the seat of several state asylums and some noted institutions of learning. It had its history, too. When Cornwallis' bold cavalry leader, Tarleton, was raiding about Charlottesville, the temporary seat of the state government in 1781, the legislature moved to Staunton to finish its session. The asylums, located in beautiful grounds, had been converted into hospitals.

Rockets had been seen by night off toward the southwest. These were signals indicating that Crook and Averell were coming. They had done their work on their way from the Kanawha Valley. They had moved in two columns. Averell had struck the Virginia and East Tennesse railroad and destroyed many miles of it. The 7th, Hunter sent out

a large force to meet them. The forces were united as originally planned. Railroad and other public property was destroyed.

The same day a detachment was sent back to the battle-field to escort to Staunton the long train of ambulances loaded with the wounded. Mounted Confederates, singly or in small squads, were riding about, ready to pick up any one so unfortunate as to wander a little way from his command. Two men seeing a corn crib thirty or forty rods from their detachment which had halted in the road, went there to get a feed for their horses. While they were busy filling their sacks a Confederate rode across a field and from a distance of a couple of rods rapidly fired two revolvers at the crib. To the men inside, the shots seemed to strike against the side of the corn house with a peculiar vindictiveness. As soon as they were ready to respond, the Confederate coolly rode away. The 8th, a detachment went toward Waynesborough and found the enemy in considerable force. In a fight with them William Mulligan of Co. H was killed. The 9th, a foraging party encountered about thirty of the enemy, gave them a lively chase, and returned.

At dress parade the farewell orders of Colonel McReynolds, who had for so long a time commanded the brigade, were read. A force was to escort a train and the prisoners back to Martinsburg. The colonel's term of service was about to expire, and he was to return and be mustered out. General Stahel was to command the escort, and Captain Bailey was to go with him as one of his staff.

There was a general feeling of regret at the separation of the colonel from his command. While a younger man would naturally possess more of the dash expected in a leader of cavalry, yet, in the command of a brigade and at times in that of a division, he had shown bravery and judgment. His patriotism no one ever questioned.

Orders were to be in line at three the next morning, but these orders were anticipated at eleven by an alarm. A picket post had been attacked in force and driven in. Remained in the street, around headquarters, until morning, armed and ready to mount.

The 10th, the train with prisoners and escort started back. General Alfred V. Duffié assumed command of the brigade. Hunter's army, now increased to about 18,000, was advancing in three columns. Himself with the infantry and trains kept the pike, with Averell's cavalry to the right, while Duffié on the left moved toward Waynesborough. The left followed a narrow, crooked road through a rough and poor country. Entered Rockfish Gap, burning Mt. Tenney iron furnace. The night was cold, and it was necessary to be on the watch. Early on the morning of the 11th, the march was continued up a steep and stony road and along the bed of a swift mountain stream. Upon reaching the mountain top a magnificent view was spread out to the east, a limitless plain sloping down to the horizon, seemingly almost to the ocean. The descent of the mountain was a fearful road. After reaching the bottom the column moved out over a pleasant country toward Charlottesville, finding good foraging, and capturing a few wagons of a train. In these were found a paymaster's supply of Confederate money and other stores of some value. The railroad track was torn up and telegraph wires were cut.

Stopped for the night on the bank of the Tye river, keeping horses saddled. There was probably some Confederate force in front. If this should prove to be the case, the position in which the command would find itself would be something like a pocket.

The morning of the 12th, there was waiting for the return of some fast riders who had been sent to Hunter. They had ridden forty miles and back in ten hours. The

command marched for a few miles along the pleasant bank of the Tye, then turned to the right and entered upon a road that skirted the eastern base of the mountain. It was one of the worst roads the regiment had ever traveled—rocks, ravines, steep pitches up and down, and sidling places where it was difficult to keep the wagons from tipping over. All day and all night the slow and toilsome march was kept up. More than a hundred horses gave out. As the team horses gave out some of the few wagons that had been brought along could be taken no farther. These were burned. The moon in its first quarter had early gone behind the mountain ridge that rose, steep and high, on our right hand. The night was intensely dark. Only now and then a faint star could be seen through the openings among the tops of the tall trees that hung over the pass. On the left was down into deep blackness. There was only the light from the abandoned wagons that were burning at intervals along the steep road. The march was kept up until almost daybreak, twenty-four miles.

After a brief rest the march began again at seven o'clock. Crossed the summit of the Blue Ridge again through White's Gap, by a reasonably good road, and came down into the Valley. Rested and fed on the banks of the pleasant South river, a tributary of the James. Near by were the smoking ruins of Jordan's furnace, just burned. Marched on to Lexington, seventeen miles. Found General Hunter here. He had had a fight with Imboden before taking possession of the place, but he had driven the enemy in haste before him.

Here Hunter more than made up for the non-burning of Newtown. The young cadets of the Lexington Military Institute had borne a part in the battle of New Market. From a professorship in this Institute Stonewall Jackson had entered the Confederate service. Hunter ordered the In-

stitute to be burned. He stood looking at the burning building, saying as he rubbed his hands and chuckled with delight, "Doesn't that burn beautifully?"

The burning of this Institute was a legitimate act of war. It had been a school for the training of soldiers. Hunter also burned the house of Governor Letcher. In a printing office at Lexington were found copies of a handbill issued and signed by Letcher, that had been posted through the country, calling on the people to "bushwhack" Hunter's men, murder them by shooting them from concealed places. This was not open warfare. At the time of the burning of the house the governor's daughter, it was said, expressed herself in vigorous terms. Notwithstanding Letcher's proclamation, the men of the regiment could not be made to look upon the burning of private residences as a proper act of war. Nothing was gained by it, as was proved when, a few weeks later, Early entered Maryland.

Hunter proposed also to burn Washington College that had been endowed by President Washington. But so many of his officers protested so vigorously that it was spared. This college was begun as a school in a log house, in 1776. It soon grew into Liberty Hall Academy. Its first rector was Rev. William Graham. In 1781, when Tarleton reached Charlottesville, the legislature barely escaping capture, the men of all this region came together without a leader. Mr. Graham was chosen leader, and the whole band was determined that no foreign soldiers should enter this Valley. In 1796, Washington was presented by the legislature with some shares in the James River Improvement Company. These he turned over to this institution. His name was given to the college. After the civil war it was named the Washington and Lee University. As president of this college, Robert E. Lee passed his last years.

This county was named Rockbridge from the Natural

Bridge, fourteen miles southwest from Lexington. The county is full of traditions and reminiscences of the greatest historic interest and value. The early settlers were people of the strictest religious principles, and very many eminent men have gone out from here—among them Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, and Sam Houston, of Texas.

The country, too, was exceedingly beautiful with its variety of scenery—mountains, valleys and streams. The soil was fertile. Mineral springs poured forth from the bases of the hills copious streams of healing.

The night of the 13th, after a march of seventeen miles, the regiment stopped on Tutweiler's place. The 14th, the command marched slowly till near night, then rapidly till midnight, twenty-four miles, to Buchanan. The Natural Bridge was within three miles of the pike. A party of foragers went that way, and stopped to visit it.

Captain Martindale was out a few miles from the line of march. His party, made up of details from several companies, was about passing a dense thicket when some strange actions of a "negro in the woods" attracted their attention. They stopped to investigate. A shot was fired. This intensified their interest. It was soon found that several wagons were hidden away in these thickets, and there were people there to defend them. Captain Martindale and his men proposed to know all about it. There was some lively skirmishing in which several were wounded.

Colonel McDonald, a venerable, white-haired man, the recent commandant of the Military Institute, had loaded his most valuable records and possessions on these wagons, and hoped to remain unnoticed in his place of concealment until the army had passed by; or, if discovered, with some few trusted servants and friends, well armed, he hoped to defend himself. It was the very anxiety of one of his party to escape notice that awakened suspicion and led to the dis-

covery. The colonel said he would rather have died than been taken. Nevertheless, he was soon on very friendly terms with the officers of the regiment. He had not fallen into such very bad hands. Some of them had been on friendly terms with the McDonalds and other related families in Winchester.

The morning of the 15th, the command forded the James river at the pleasant town of Buchanan. A few of the people here were courageous enough to say they were glad to see the old flag again. The column now entered upon a very rough road that led up the mountain, where, after a march of seventeen miles, the cavalry stopped for the night. The 16th was an easy march of only nine miles down the mountains between the Peaks of Otter, and over old Indian battle plains.

The Peaks of Otter were the highest mountains that many of the regiment had ever seen. They were nearly conical in shape. The higher one stood 4,200 feet above the plain, and 5,300 feet above the level of the sea. Down at the base of the mountains was the pleasant village of Liberty. It seemed almost an ideal situation with its mountain background, while before it lay the broad, rich plains watered by the James and the tributaries of the Roanoke.

Here were comfortable hospitals. Many miles of the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad were torn up, and public stores were destroyed.

The 17th, the cavalry marched toward New London, forded the Otter, a branch of the Roanoke, and bivouacked early in a piece of woods. An old barn-like building was pointed out, once the court house of Lunenburg county. It was in this court house that Patrick Henry made one of his famous speeches. He was defending a commissary who had taken, for the use of the Revolutionary army in its last campaign, some cattle from a wealthy Scotch farmer, John

Hook. The farmer brought suit to recover the value of the cattle. Henry eloquently described the general rejoicing of the people and the army over the victory at Yorktown, and the promise of independence and of peace; "and this rejoicing was rudely disturbed by the voice of John Hook hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *'Beef! Beef!!'* " The plaintiff had to contribute his cattle for the public good. There were similar conditions in the same locality now. Contributions had to be taken for the public good.

There was considerable skirmishing around New London. But the enemy retired and the cavalry, after a march of seventeen miles, bivouacked in the woods near Hunter's headquarters, three miles from Lynchburg.

Ordered out early on the morning of the 18th. There was marching and counter marching in making disposition for attacking the town. The infantry and artillery were arranged on the south side; Averell's cavalry was on the right, and Duffié's on the left. There was a scattering firing at long range all along the line the greater part of the day. It became evident that the place was well defended, and no direct assault at close quarters was made. Railroad trains had been coming from the east the night before, and they were coming all day. Breckinridge's division and Early's entire corps were being hurried here from Richmond.

Parties of cavalry were out. One accompanied Lieut. Meigs, engineer, to a bridge over the Otter. The bridge was to be burned. Williamson went across to start a fire at the farther end. Another was kindling a blaze at this end. Each was so intent on his work that neither watched what the other was doing, until Williamson found himself in the middle of the bridge between two fires. He had to climb down to the river and work his way ashore.

A company was sent to the left of the entire line to

guard against a surprise from that direction. The sergeant in charge placed his men, in squads of four or five, on posts that made a wide semicircle. One man he kept with himself in the center. For a couple of hours all was quiet here, and the sergeant, fastening the bridle reins to the pommel of the saddle, dismounted and allowed his mare to graze. He had wandered off nearly thirty rods, when he observed that a shell had started from a Confederate gun and was coming his way at a high rate of speed. He calculated that it would pass very nearly over his mare. There was not time for him to reach her. He had reason to have a good deal of confidence in her good sense, natural and acquired. But how she would behave if that shell should burst near her, he did not feel sure. He had seen riderless horses running wild, uncontrollable, on the battle-field, and he felt a little nervous. The shell came on, tearing its way through the air, and exploded less than twenty feet directly over her. She was a well-bred, intelligent mare. As, startled by the explosion, she stood for an instant, black as coal, clean-limbed, deep-chested, with arching neck, waving mane and tail, small head and ears erect, dilated nostrils, flashing eyes, quivering with excitement, she was as fine an embodiment of equine spirit as one ever saw. But what was she going to do? The sergeant called to her loudly. In another instant she had recovered herself and trotted directly to him, seemingly conscious that she had done the sensible thing. It was a good exhibition of "horse sense."

One came in from one of the posts loaded with empty canteens. The men had become thirsty out there. Some distance in front, below a wooded bluff, it looked as if there might be a creek. The sergeant went with him to see. Following a wagon path down a ravine and below the bluff they found an abundantly flowing spring. While the sergeant held his horse the other dismounted and plunged the

canteens into that deliciously cool water. But across the creek at a short distance was a farm house, and just beyond this on a hill was a picket post. There were some suspicious signals from the house and hurrying up and down. "Hurry up, Dick," said the sergeant. "Hurry up." But the water would run into the narrow necks of those canteens only just so fast. It could not be hurried. Finally the canteens were filled and the two men were quickly riding up back of the bluff. No sooner were they there than a shot came over the bluff. The man who was waiting there dismounted, fell full length forward. The two rode quickly to the fallen man expecting to find him dead. But he jumped up unhurt. "What did you fall for, if you were not hurt?" "Why, I thought if they saw me fall they would think I was killed, and they wouldn't shoot again." Some carbine shots from the bushes that fringed the bluff, aimed at the puffs of smoke that indicated the location of the enemy, served as a better check on further shooting from that direction.

Just before dark the cavalry fell back to a road in the rear. It was observed that Hunter and his chief officers were consulting together, and that all the army was falling back. Lynchburg was too well defended, and ammunition was giving out. Sheridan had been checked at Trevilian station, and was unable to make the junction that had been planned.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE RETREAT ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

THE retreat was silent as possible and rapid along the crowded, dusty road. The cavalry marched till two o'clock, and stopped in some thick woods near New London. Part of the regiment under Major Quinn had been on picket. Quinn had received no word of the proposed retreat, but he soon learned of it, and by flanking the column of the enemy that had already set out in pursuit, he overtook the part that had moved on. Sergeant Hall in carrying orders found himself in the neighborhood of the enemy, but evaded them.

Aroused at daylight of the 19th. Though the men were tired and hungry, the march was at once begun, back along the hot and dusty road. There was a brief halt in the camp of the 16th. Rested and fed at Liberty, and moved on. The Confederates were following closely and attacking the rear. The fighting was kept up till after dark. After a weary day of marching back and forth, more than twenty miles, and continually fighting off the pursuing enemy, the regiment halted at midnight a few miles from Liberty.

June 20, move at daybreak toward Salem. At noon halt in a restful place, hoping to stay all night. The enemy again and persistently attacking the rear. The best mounted men are sent on ahead up the mountain to look out a road and look out for the enemy. Wait till dark, and then move on. A bad road filled and choked with wagons, artillery, pack horses and mules, and weary men hardly able to walk on, many apparently sleeping as they walk. Keep

on the move till just before daybreak, twenty-eight miles, and stop near Bonsack station in Buford's Gap.

June 21, burn the station, tear up the railroad, destroy public stores and move on. Pass through Salem, and three miles beyond. Halt, intending to rest and feed. But word comes that the Confederate cavalry have made a dash down a by-road and struck the artillery moving along in the column some distance ahead. Hunter is angry. The regiment is ordered out of its hoped-for resting place, and forward after the enemy that have captured the guns. The road is blocked. Turn out to one side and get on ahead. Start up an open hill too steep for horses to climb at any other time. "Move up! Move up lively there!" orders Hunter. The horses dig their toe corks into the hill side, climbing almost like cats, and pushing on past and over everything in the way, reach the place of the attack on the artillery.

The Confederates have made quick work. Horses are lying dead in their harness. Harnesses are cut. Spokes of the wheels are hacked to pieces. Gun carriages and caissons are demolished. The enemy have gone—all but one who is sitting on his horse, a prisoner. The recaptured guns are lying dismounted on the ground, spiked.

After a march of twenty-two miles halt at seasonable bedtime, for once, and expect a whole night's sleep, but we are scared out of most of it. An alarm, but no attack. In the Catawba valley.

At four in the morning of the 22nd a squadron was sent on in advance about three miles to picket. Here was good foraging. Plenty of corn for the horses. There was a house near by whose owner was said to have cut down trees to block the way. He needed to be taught a lesson. In his house were found flour, bacon, lard, in abundance. In his yard were long rows of beehives. Till noon the squadron stayed there. For

days they had suffered from hunger. Now they satisfied their present wants. They cooked pancakes, or "flapjacks," in their spiders, and ate them with a generous dressing of honey. They made provision for the future. From some convenient piles of lumber they arranged long benches on which they laid out great slabs of bacon. These they cut into blocks two inches square, convenient for carrying. Still there was an abundance left. Some of the men, for no assignable reason, had brought out into the road several five- and ten-gallon cans of lard. What they expected to do with so much lard no one could tell.

But the head of the column of infantry was coming, a West Virginia regiment, tall, brown-haired, stalwart mountaineers. You could tell, as far as you could see them, that they were hungry. "Let's divide the rest of this among those men." The benches were moved up toward the traveled way. The foremost of the infantry, seeing the benches covered with the squares of bacon, stepped out of the ranks and, holding out a silver half-dollar, said: "Party, I'll give you half a dollar for a piece of that bacon." The pieces were handed out "without money and without price," a piece to a man so long as they lasted. When there was no bacon left, those men would dip their tin cups into the cans of lard, each taking a cup full and eating it as he plodded wearily along. The lard cans were left clean.

Late in the afternoon the rest of the regiment came on, bringing up the rear of the entire army. After a march of twelve miles, halted on a poor, brier-covered farm.

At daylight of the 23rd, the men were aroused by skirmish firing. A party of Early's cavalry had been following, but here they were checked.

So many horses had given out from hard service and little to eat, that horse power was getting valuable. Company F had impressed a convenient light wagon for carry-

ing many of the effects of the men. But the team failed on the road, and wagon and effects were left behind.

From Winchester some of the men had brought along a heavy city omnibus. It was a good thing in itself, but it required horse power. The time came when horse power was no longer available and the omnibus had to be given up. Its last appearance before all the regiment was on a wide, high, open hill top. There was a long, clear, steep descent from the hill top toward the setting sun. From the bottom of this descent there was a corresponding ascent. Geologically, the situation was a synclinal axis, and the angle at the bottom, between the two slopes was about a right angle. The omnibus, with its supported pole sticking out in front, was started straight down the hill. With every increment of its velocity the men of the regiment cheered. Down the hill it sped, faster and faster, until the end of the pole struck squarely against the opposite incline. The momentum carried the cumbersome body of the vehicle in the plane of a vertical circle, in a complete summersault over the end of the pole as a center of revolution. As it lay on its back, its four wheels rapidly rotating in the air like the pawing feet of a huge turtle flopped on its back, it presented an instance of the ludicrous in the inanimate.

June 23—The regiment makes a detour to the right and follows up Barbour's creek, a wild and pleasant ravine, in order to get ahead of the slow-moving train. Climb another mountain, and long after nightfall tie up in a field beside the road, near Sweet Springs, twenty-three miles.

June 24, stay in a fine meadow near the Springs until the wagon train has passed by. Move on behind the slow train. A weary, all-night march. Halt just before morning in an orchard near White Sulphur Springs. A beautiful moonlight night, if one's condition had been favorable for enjoying it. No forage; seventeen miles.

June 25, move into the ample grounds of this famous watering place. Drink from all the springs. Bathe in Howard creek. Very warm. March late in the afternoon. Keep moving slowly all night behind the laboring wagons. Sleep on our horses. Halt just at daylight, four miles from Lewisburg. No rations. No forage. Eleven miles.

June 26—As soon as we halt, the men unsaddle their horses, and at once horses and men lie down to sleep. Some are too hungry to sleep. Start out on foot to find something to eat. Find a man who has just been milking. Try to buy his milk. He can spare only half a pint. Buy this. Raise a couple of quarts of corn. Give part of this to my mare. Roast and eat part, and save the rest for perhaps greater need. March late in the afternoon. Break off birch branches as we ride along, and gnaw off the bark. A messmate, whose name is Rufus, but whom everybody calls Dick, says if he can have only one of the two, bread or tobacco, in such a time as this, he will take the tobacco. He has been in the mines and seen harder fare than this. He is long in the body and short in the legs. He rides high on his horse—June Bug he calls him—and jokes without ceasing. Make only eight miles, and halt after dark on a briery, stumpy hill side. Go to bed supperless and dream of a splendid dinner at home.

June 27, roused at four. Nothing for breakfast. Get ready to move. Men returning from picket drive in a poor old cow. Word is sent to the general asking permission to wait till the cow can be killed and the beef divided. He gives permission—and wants a piece of the liver. The old cow doesn't go far, in very small pieces. March steadily. Dick is not so facetious as yesterday. He still chews his tobacco. He has tightened his belt a notch or two, and rides in grim silence, with lips so tight pressed that not a joke escapes. Halt by a brook and start some fires. A tall offi-

cer, almost starved, has succeeded in capturing a frog, and has dressed it. As he is roasting the legs on the point of his sabre over a fire, his dog sits by watching him. Some one asks, "Captain, why don't you kill your dog and eat him?" The captain looks up disgusted. His usual solemnity is intensified. "I'd die first!" Pass Meadow Bluff where supplies were expected. Those in charge of the train were turned back by a rebel scare. Cross ranges of hills and Big Sewell Mountain. A hard thunder storm. At last meet a train with rations. Halt in a stumpy, bushy field on the mountain side. Twenty-eight miles.

June 28, graze the horses. March before noon. A rough country. Pass Camp Lookout, Spy Rock, and old Indian trails. Halt at dark in a good pasture. Eleven miles.

June 29, march at seven. The country all hills. March slowly behind the wagons. At noon, halt on the smooth top of a bluff high above the New river, four miles from Gauley bridge. Seven miles.

June 30, start early. Ford Gauley river on a ledge of rocks above the site of the old bridge. Wagons are ferried across. A wild, rocky place. All sounds echoed from the rocky bluffs. Stop eight miles below the bridge in a level field beside the river. Loup creek. Mustered on memorandum rolls. Twelve miles.

July 1, get an early start. Good road along the river. Very warm. Mulberry trees. Go into camp early beside the river. Flatboat impressed by dismounted cavalry. Salt works. Camp Piatt, at the head of navigation on the Kanawha, a permanent post, twenty miles.

July 2, leave Camp Piatt early. Very warm. An interesting march with river on one side and mountains on the other. Fertile land. Salt works. Coal mines. "Guide left" on entering the city of Charleston. At noon

tie up around a field and pitch our little shelter tents. Ten miles.

July 3—Sunday. All quiet. Get horses shod. Do some mending.

July 4, the infantry and part of the cavalry leave on transports. At high noon a salute in honor of the day is fired from the fort across the river. At night some rockets are sent up.

July 5, dress parade at 5:30. Colonel Wincoop commanding the brigade. See the first northern papers for a month. Severe criticisms on Hunter. President Lincoln renominated. The Alabama sunk by the Kearsarge. Sigel has been driven out of Martinsburg. The Confederates in the lower Valley and in Maryland.

July 7, rainy. On the march at seven. A rough country, but good roads. Sissonville. Thirteen miles.

July 8—Sandyville, thirty-eight miles.

July 9—Bucher's, twenty-one miles.

July 10—Sunday. Reach Parkersburg, ten miles, at noon. Water our horses in the Ohio river. Get aboard a train of box cars on the B. & O. R. R. Train starts at 4 p.m. Go through nineteen tunnels before dark. Horses ride in the cars and men on top. A tedious all-night ride.

July 11, at Grafton this morning. Interesting scenery along the railroad among and through the mountains. Reach Cumberland at 3 p.m. The train stops at Cherry Run.

During all this retreat with its all-night marches, and suffering from hunger, the men had made light of all their hardships. The harder their experiences the more they were inclined to joke. Many horses had to be left behind. Some men were unable to go farther and stopped. Whether they fell into the enemy's hands was not known.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EAST OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

WHEN it was learned at Richmond that Hunter was on his way to Lynchburg, Breckinridge's division was sent to meet him. After Grant's repulse at Cold Harbor, Lee felt that he was able to send all of Early's corps on the same errand. When Hunter retired into the mountains the way was open for these Confederates all the way down the Valley. Sigel was at Martinsburg, but he retired from that place July 3. That night he crossed the Potomac at Sheperdstown. The Confederates tore up once more the track of the B. & O. R. R., and burned bridges, from Cherry Run to Harper's Ferry. They had now been roaming about in Maryland, gathering supplies and levying contributions on the towns.

As soon as possible after reaching Cherry Run, the horses were taken from the cars. After a good square breakfast, the regiment began its march over a hot and dusty road, up hill and down, through Hedgesville to Martinsburg, seventeen miles. Rested in Faulkner's woods.

A detachment under Major Quinn was sent to Harper's Ferry. Other detachments were sent in other directions.

Early had moved around the Federal forces on Maryland Heights, passed through the gaps in the mountains, levied a heavy contribution on Frederick City, and marched toward Washington. He had nearly 10,000 men. He

would capture the capital if he could, and release the prisoners at Point Lookout. He was checked for a day at the Monocacy by Wallace who had marched from Baltimore with an inferior force, with no expectation of doing more than to delay the invader until the Sixth corps, from Petersburg, and part of the Nineteenth just returned from New Orleans, could reach Washington.

The battle of Monocacy was on Saturday, the 9th. The 11th, Early was in front of the fortifications north of the capital. He found these very strong, but they did not seem fully manned. His men were tired out with their continuous marching in the extreme heat. He delayed making an attack until the next morning. There was anxiety in Washington. Clerks from the departments, convalescents from the hospitals, all available men and boys, with what arms they could get, were hurried out to Fort Stevens. It was a critical time. There was need of a telegraph operator who could be relied on to stay at his instrument and report what was transpiring. H. H. Atwater, who had been on duty at the Navy yard, was sent. His work called for the same courage as that required of a picket on a threatened outpost.

The stately home of the Blairs in plain sight was in flames. Skirmishers were flitting about at skirmishing distance. A sharpshooter, in some place of seeming security, not easy to locate, had leisurely been counting off his victims. Early's lines seemed to be getting into position to make an assault on the scantily manned works. The President had been out to see the situation. He had encouraged the men, assuring them that help was coming.

There were delays in the expected movements. The situation was being reported by Atwater to the authorities in the departments. He kept at his key board, not know-

ing but that at any moment the Confederates would be swarming over the works.

The authorities were anxiously watching for the coming of the Sixth corps, two divisions of which, and a part of the Nineteenth, had been hurried up from the army before Petersburg. On a high lookout midway the signal flags were fluttering. Signal officers at the front were spelling out their messages.

The steamers bringing the Sixth corps were at the Seventh street landing. The troops had disembarked. The head of the column was in Georgetown, and marching rapidly to the front.

Early had had some intimations of the coming of these forces. His signal officers were supposed to have read, or guessed at, these messages. These forces would be too strong for him and he hesitated to attack. He might gain the works, but it would be only to be driven out.

Another thing happened. A large quantity of confiscated whisky had been sold by government officials to the highest bidder. It had been bought as an investment, and stored in one of these Maryland cellars. The Confederates found it, and thought themselves justified in appropriating it. Many of them, both officers and enlisted men, became, for the time being, unfitted for service. This was another cause of delay in making an assault. Washington was safe.

Early withdrew his army. Lodged among the large branches of a great tree, where doubtless he had thought himself safe, was found the dead body of the Confederate sharpshooter. A Federal bullet, whether aimed, or fired at random, had reached him.

The 14th, Early crossed the Potomac at White's Ford near Leesburg. The First cavalry had been broken up into detachments. Each detachment was acting with whatever command was nearest. The largest detachment under

Major Quinn was a part of Mulligan's brigade which had crossed into Loudon county and was now following Early. Quinn with his detachment was at the head of the column. Lieutenant Savacool with an advance guard of twenty men was a mile ahead. At noon orders were to halt for a rest. But the orders reached the advance guard too late. They had just run into a wagon train, and were having a tussel with the escort. They soon got the better of the escort, and chased it in a running fight until they were led up against the Twenty-first Virginia cavalry, to which the escort belonged. Here the tables were turned, and the Virginians became the pursuers. In the chase Savacool was taken prisoner. But now Quinn with his detachment appeared and the conditions were reversed. The Virginians were hotly pursued. Savacool escaped from them and got back to his own men. Several of the men were wounded.

While being pursued some of the horses of the Federals were giving out, and the men jumped off and took to the woods by the roadside. Carman and another had been far to the front. Their horses were in good condition. Seeing the situation they thought it best to turn back. Just then the horse of his comrade was shot dead, and Carman was left alone. He tried to return, but his horse would not go back, and he could not control him. The horse reared upon his hind feet, took a desperate plunge and ran right up to a Confederate picket post of a captain and four men. Here both horse and rider were taken in. They were in a piece of woods. To the captain in command Carman handed his revolver which he had in his hand, but which was empty. He had another in his belt over which his blouse was buttoned. This was loaded, and this he proposed to keep for an emergency, should he see a chance to escape. The odds were heavy against him. But soon some of his regiment came riding within range. These drew the attention of the

four men who, to get a better chance to fire, had gone a few rods away. The captain, too, was intent on getting a shot.

Carman felt under obligations to save his friends. Watching his opportunity he drew his loaded revolver from under his blouse and shot the captain. "This wouldn't have happened to you if you had surrendered when I first rode up here," he said. "That is so," said the wounded captain. "Get a surgeon for me if you can." Carman promised to do so if possible. Then mounting the captain's fine horse, taking his own and the captain's revolvers, he rode quickly back to his own lines. Major Quinn hailed him—"Hello, Carman, where did you get all those revolvers?" He borrowed one, as he had lost his own.

A few weeks later one of this Virginia regiment was captured. He was the only one of his company engaged in this fight, that was living. The captain had died from his wound. This affair was at Lovettsville.

Hitchens of Company C, and a few others, on account of the condition of their horses, had been obliged to fall behind when their company was hurrying on. They were carrying a guidon. They encountered a squad of Confederates who hailed them. "Where did you get that Yankee flag?" "Up the road a ways." "You had better not go that way much farther. The Yankees are down there in force." "Oh, we are not afraid of them." The Confederates now began to suspect that the others were Federals, and called upon them to surrender. They gave the enemy the contents of their carbines and revolvers, and rode away with shouts of derision. The enemy returned their fire, but did no harm.

The 15th, this force made a vigorous attack on a detached body of Early's cavalry, driving them, and inflicting some casualties.

The next day, at Purcellville, another attack was made

and a part of Early's wagons were taken. The attacking party followed him to Snicker's Gap. The next morning it followed him through the gap and fired a few shots at his rear as it was crossing the river.

The 18th, this force went through Upperville and Paris toward Ashby's Gap. Mosby was still active, and that night attacked a picket post of the Twentieth Pennsylvania cavalry.

The 19th, General Duffié marched through Ashby's Gap expecting to cross the river. Captain Stevenson's squadron was ordered across in advance, followed by part of the 20th Pennsylvania. While crossing they were met by a volley of musketry. Lieut. Evans' horse was shot. It was a difficult crossing, but the men succeeded in accomplishing it, but they had to move along down the river under the shelter of the bank, in order to find a place where they could do something. Reaching high ground they charged upon the skirmish line, making all the noise they could. The enemy broke, and the party, thinking they had gained time to get back across the river, made haste to do so. But another squad concealed among some bushes, gave them a volley, killing Hugh McLaughlin of Co. C, a brave fellow, and killing or disabling several horses.

General Duffié's force in the gap had been forced back by the enemy's artillery. But now he had brought up his own guns and compelled the enemy to retire somewhat, while the men who had first crossed the stream and had been scattered in their desperate situation, got back to their regiment. Sergeants Lumphrey, Hall and Pitman, as well as Captain Stevenson, had been in close quarters, and had shown remarkable alertness as well as courage before superior numbers.

A squadron of the Twenty-first New York was sent across the river. It ran against the enemy, and in a sharp fight lost a number of men.

The 21st, the detachment of the regiment that had been moving around east of the Blue Ridge returned to Snicker's Gap and became a part of the forces under General Crook. The 22nd, this army marched through the gap and across the Valley to Winchester, and rested a mile or so south of the town.

Lieut. Col. Adams had not accompanied the regiment on Hunter's expedition. He had now been commissioned colonel in the place of Colonel McReynolds who had been mustered out at the expiration of his term of service, and was in command of the regiment.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LOWER VALLEY.

BEFORE going up the Valley Mrs. Britain, wife of the wagoner of Co. B, was intrusted with the care of various things belonging to the men of the company. These she had saved by burying them.

Sigel in withdrawing took with him all those in the hospital who could travel. But there were about fifty wounded men who could not be taken. These were moved into one of the churches, and were in the care of a surgeon of the 21st New York, La Peltiere. The nurses who should have stayed with him left. He could not help saying, "Look at all those cowards. They leave me here alone with these dying men." Fiala of Co. E had been in the hospital for some weeks, from a serious swelling on one of his legs, but he was now recovered. His character was always to be faithful to the duty that was nearest at hand, and he volunteered to remain and help the doctor.

Soon after noon General Breckinridge entered the town, and with some of his staff came into the church. As he entered he took off his hat and looked around. He paroled all that were here. His ways were those of a gentleman. Soon after he left some of his men looked through the cellar and took all the supplies they could find. Only some medicines that had been hidden under the altar were left. The matter was reported to Breckinridge who compelled the mis-

creants to bring back what they had taken. But as Breckinridge passed on, another command came, and the robbery was repeated. The ladies of the place saw what was done, and as soon as the last of the Confederates had passed on, they came to ask what they could do. Learning the situation, they immediately brought bread, biscuits, coffee and tea. For six weeks and more, until the enemy had left for good, did these women of Martinsburg continue to supply necessaries and delicacies, so far as they could, to these fifty wounded men. Their devotion should be recorded in the brightest pages of the history of the war.

Scouting parties were every day passing through. Some of them treated the hospital attendants cruelly; others protected them. When finally they fell back they had with them a large number of one hundred-days men as prisoners, a forlorn multitude. They marched continuously and rapidly. Many deserted by hiding in the town.

When the regiment finally entered the place Fiala rejoined his company.

The Confederates were supposed to be about Winchester. The night of the 12th, a scout went out under Captain Jones, with Valentine in charge of the advance. Night scouting required nerve and promptness. The captain's instructions to Valentine were brief: "When you are challenged, don't answer, but fire and rush upon them." The instructions were obeyed, and at Bunker Hill Valentine and his advance came upon Lieut. Cathcart and four others who were prisoners before they were hardly aware of what had happened.

It had come to pass that there were no exemptions on account of profession. Blacksmith Tom Casey was one of the advance. In this night melee he could not help observing, "This is a loikly position for a mechanic."

Day after day parties were out in all directions. The

railroad was repaired so that cars from the west ran into Martinsburg. Forces came, and moved on. Men of the regiment had been captured and escaped with all kinds of adventures. One had escaped in woman's clothing. While a part of the regiment was in Martinsburg other detachments were about Harper's Ferry and in Maryland. There had been great activity in the movements of detachments of both armies, and these were constantly coming into collision. For some depredations by the enemy, retaliation was threatened. Orders were given for the burning of the Faulkner residence in the belief that from here information and aid had been furnished to the enemy. Through some intercession the execution of the order was postponed.

Captain Martindale had been busy about Charlestown. By the direct and positive orders of General Hunter, he, on the 17th, set fire to the elegant residence of Andrew Hunter, the general's own cousin, a prominent citizen and lawyer, who had been one of the attorneys for the prosecution in the trial of John Brown. The house of a Mrs. Lee, another relative, at Sheperdstown, and that of A. R. Boteler were also burned. It might be a legitimate act of war to destroy supplies that would support an enemy. But Hunter's burning of residences was condemned in the strongest terms by the men of his command.

A few weeks later the Liverpool (England) Courier published the following letter addressed to the Federal commander by the wife of the gentleman whose house was burned. The letter was republished in the New York Express of November 8, 1864.

Shepherdstown, Va., July 18, 1864.

General Hunter:—Yesterday your underling, Captain Martindale, of the First N. Y. Cavalry, executed your infamous order and burned my house. You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter, the dwelling and every outbuilding, with their contents, being burned. I,

therefore, a helpless woman, whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a major general of the U. S. Army, and demand why this was done.

My husband was absent, an exile. He has never been a politician, or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on, his age preventing. This fact David Strother, your chief of staff, could have told you. The house was built by my father, a Revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for your independence. Here was I born; there the sacred dead repose; it was my house and my home; and there has your niece, who lived with us all this horrid war, up to this present moment, met with all kindness and hospitality at my hands.

Was it for this that you have turned me, my young daughter and little son out upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the Revolutionary patriot and rebel, Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessing be upon his head forever! You and your government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent upon the helpless and inoffensive.

Hyena-like, you have torn my heart to pieces; for all hallowed memories clustered around that homestead—and, demon-like, you have done it without even the pretext of revenge; for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead, like a brave man and soldier, your men to fight in the ranks of war; but your work has been to separate yourself from all danger, and, with your incendiary band, steal unawares upon helpless women and children, to insult and to destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday lay in ashes, giving not a moment's warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors; your name execrated by your own men for the cruel work you have given them to do.

In the case of A. R. Boteler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart but that of Captain Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter just risen from her bed of illness, her three little fatherless babes—the eldest not five years old—and her heroic sister. I repeat, any man would have been touched at that sight. But Captain Martindale—one might as well hope to find mercy and feeling in the heart of a wolf bent on its prey of young lambs, as to search for such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your man for such deeds; doubtless you will promote him.

A colonel of the Federal army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry out

your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this, at least. They are men; they have human hearts, and blush for such a commander.

I ask, who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him would serve under you? Your name will stand on history's page as the Hunter of weak women and innocent children; the Hunter to destroy defenceless villages and refined and beautiful homes; to torture afresh the agonized hearts of suffering widows; the Hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters; to lure them on to ruin of soul and body; the Hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend, and the form of a man. Oh, Earth, behold the monster!

Can I say, "God forgive you?" No prayer can be offered for you. Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust it back again and demons claim their own. The curses of thousands, the scorn of the manly and upright, and the hatred of the true and honorable, will follow you and yours through all time and brand your name Infamy! Infamy!

Again I demand, why have you burned my house? Answer, as you must answer before the Searcher of all hearts, why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes?

The 19th, there was a reconnoissance in force from Martinsburg toward Winchester. Crook was fighting near Berryville.

The 20th, just before night, Averell with cavalry and infantry, fought Ramseur three miles this side of Winchester, losing two hundred, but taking four cannon and inflicting a loss of four hundred.

The 21st, a hundred men went from Martinsburg, passing over the battlefield of the day before, halting to watch the burying of the dead, and were posted as an advanced lookout several miles out on the Romney road. The 22nd, Averell was fighting at Newtown. The post on the Romney road was withdrawn. After breakfast in a meadow at the Hayfield house, twenty men went back with a train. The rest went out on the Romney road as a picket, keeping their horses saddled and themselves on the alert.

The 23rd, there was fighting at Kernstown. A long

line of battle was formed. Colonel Adams with a part of the regiment made a bold dash at the enemy, driving them. McGinness of Company B had his fine mare shot, but he captured a splendid stallion from the enemy.

Toward night all became quiet. Captain Jones with his squadron, Companies A and C, went out to reinforce the men on picket and patrol on the roads west of the town.

The 24th, there was continual skirmishing at Kernstown. Pickets and patrols were vigilant. All day long was that incessant, scattering fire along the whole front. Toward night the enemy came on in force. Our lines were compelled to fall back. Breckinridge had got around the left, and making a vigorous attack, doubled up that end of the line and forced it back toward the center. The enemy's skirmishers—a long line of them—were pressing forward. Captain Jones sent a sergeant off to the hills to the west to bring in a patrol on the Pughtown road. The sergeant had to be quick. He reached the patrol, but could not get back to rejoin the captain. The Confederate skirmish line was already sweeping across the road. He moved along the ridge from which he could look down upon the plain. All across the wide fields were streams of men, on foot, on horseback, hurrying to the rear. There was the tumult of wagons and artillery driven rapidly along the stone pike. Fences were thrown down to make room. There were the shouting and swearing of drivers and the braying of mules. The enemy was hurrying on in pursuit. Clouds of dust were rising, and the darkness was fast coming on. Wagons were abandoned, drivers cutting the traces of the harness in their haste to escape. The retreat became a stampede. At Bunker Hill the retreat was checked.

During some of the active operations of the last few days, some one, a friend of Savacool's, had been captured. Savacool with a small party was pushing away ahead trying

to see a chance to recapture his friend. But he became separated from the rest of his party, and was himself captured. His arms were taken from him, but he gave his captors considerable trouble. Some of the regiment were making strenuous efforts to recapture him. These crowded the Confederates so closely that the latter, in order to save themselves, had to let Savacool go, and three of their own number were taken.

This last day at Winchester Savacool was carrying an order from Crook to Averell when a solid shot took off a hind leg of his horse. He was riding so fast that the horse kept right on a considerable distance on three legs before Savacool became aware of what had happened. He had three horses shot under him that day.

July 25—At Bunker Hill. A cold, rainy morning. Make a kettle of strong coffee and drink heartily. The army falling back again. To Martinsburg. A hard rain. Get drenched. Find most of the regiment in Faulkner's woods. Clears off very warm. Confederates coming on. Skirmishing. Captain Jones leads us around watching for a chance to strike a blow. Check the Confederates for awhile and drive them back a little. Wait in line in a cornfield just north of the town. Some artillery hidden in the woods gets the range and fires shot after shot. Captain Jones sits on his horse in front, cool and unconcerned. Without giving an order, or even looking around, he holds the line as steady as if there were no shells or solid shot passing over our heads, or throwing up showers of dirt as they strike the earth before and behind us. Still he sits there almost motionless, griping his sabre with his right hand, but letting it rest across his left forearm, ready for instant use. It is suspected that he wants a chance at those guns. The men, too, sit quiet, watching now the captain, and now the bursts of flame and blue smoke, that are instantly followed

by the infernal whir-r-r and shriek of shot and shell. At a sign from him they are ready to spring for those cannon. It is an exhibition of indefinable power—this holding men silent, almost motionless, without a visible tremor, watching without flinching those messengers of death that every instant are being hurled at them. A conical shell strikes the front rank of Company B obliquely. It bores a hole through the head of one horse just below the eyes, passes through the neck of another, and explodes right behind the shoulder of the third, tearing its side all open. Pearl, Garland and Winans are wounded. Three horses drop dead, and others are struck by fragments of the shell. But the line, a little disturbed for a minute in the ranks of Company B, remains firm.

But the battery in the woods on the hill is strongly posted and well supported. The risk is too great, the chance too small. With evident reluctance the captain gives up the hope of making a successful charge, and withdraws the regiment out of range.*

Fall back during the night, halting near morning near Williamsport ford.

July 26, ford the Potomac at Williamsport. March down the Maryland side. Over Antietam battle ground once more. Rest in the woods where we encamped last fall. Confederates across the river.

---

*The situation recalls a story told of General "Pap" Thomas. He was riding along a part of his line upon which some artillery was playing. To a colonel whose regiment was in line he said: "Colonel, I want those guns, and I want them bad." The colonel turned to his regiment and said: "Men, the old man says he wants those guns, and wants them bad." A tall, awkward man spoke out from the ranks: "Wa-a-l, if the ol' man wants them guns, an' wants 'em bad, he orter to have 'em. I move we chip in an' buy 'em for him, for it looks mighty dangerous up there."

July 27, wait till the wagon train is well on its way. March slowly to the Ferry and a mile past Sandy Hook. Stop in Pleasant Valley. Horses getting worn out.

July 28, stay quietly in camp. Efforts to muster out the men who did not re-enlist. Busy drawing stores till late at night.

General Duffié was a Frenchman, somewhat impulsive and excitable, possibly a little too much so to plan coolly. He was brave enough as a fighter, but at times became impatient when things were not done to his liking. Once, in preparing to make a charge where the situation looked a little desperate, he encouraged (?) his men, who were mostly little more than boys, by saying: "You all have got to die sometime anyway. If you die now you won't have to die again. Forward!" His charge was successful.

In taking a new command he would say: "You no like me now. You like me bye and bye." The American volunteers were not exactly adapted to the strict, precise drill of the French army. Duffié was exacting, at times irritable. He did not take kindly to the men of the First cavalry. He scolded. They retorted by calling him a frog-eater, and other names more pertinent than respectful. He gave orders that the regiment be dismounted, and their horses turned over to other regiments, but General Hunter did not approve the order. The regiment soon came under the command of the more genial, and just as successful, Averell.

Early on the 29th, the regiment crossed the Potomac, and beyond Halltown halted in a hot, weedy, shadeless field. While waiting here one man started across lots to call upon a family whose acquaintance he had made through errands for an attorney who had charge of their interests in the North. Beyond some heavy woods was a low meadow land. Beyond this, along a road were a number of men,

whether Federals or Confederates he could not tell. They seemed to increase in number and activity. It seemed hardly probable that they could be enemies, so many and so near our forces. Riding cautiously down a lane in the edge of the woods the horseman came to the cottage of the overseer of the farm. Fifteen or twenty rods farther on, in a thick grove of walnut trees was the family residence. The wife of the overseer was busy about the door. Bidding her "Good morning," calling her by name, he asked: "Are there any southern soldiers around here?" "None that I know of," was the reply. It was sometimes convenient for people not to know anything that was not at that instant in the field of vision. They would look another way, and not know. The answer was not satisfactory. Glancing over his shoulder at those strange men, he asked again: "How are the people up at the house?" "Why, they are pretty well. Who are you?" "A friend of the family, but it is some time since I have been here." "Are you Mr. B—?" "Yes." "Are you, truly?" "Yes, truly." "Then I'll tell you the truth. There were a dozen or more right here just a bit ago, and they are in the grove up around the house now." "Thank you." Not Harvey Birch, the "Spy of the Neutral Ground," guiding the disguised British officer away from the guard house where he had been held under sentence of death as a spy, moved more carefully than did this cavalryman to avoid attracting the notice of the enemy who were in plain sight of him. Trying to make himself invisible, with seeming carelessness he slowly guided his mare over the softest parts of the grassy lane until he was around the corner of those woods. There might be some credit in being captured while acting under orders; but while scouting on private account, none whatever.

July 30, all men with serviceable horses go out with Duffié on a wide circuit, coming back in the rear of Charles-

town, bringing in two captives. Find the entire force moving. Back to Harper's Ferry. Cross the river on the pontoon bridge. March till late at night and halt at Knoxville.

July 31—Sunday. On the march early, following the infantry and wagons. Major Stearns commanding the regiment. The warmest day of the summer. Slow marching. Tired and sun-struck infantry. Have heard church bells all along the day's march. Through Middletown, where we rested at noon on the day of Antietam. Halt late in the afternoon in a clean meadow beside running water, near Bellsville.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE PURSUIT OF McCAUSLAND.

THE detachments that had been carrying on their active campaigns separately were together at Winchester, July 24; at Martinsburg the 25th, and across the Potomac, at Knoxville, the 30th. Early followed. In retaliation for Hunter's burning he sent McCausland to Chambersburg. Under his instructions that general arrested the leading men of the place and required that they raise $500,000 in U. S. paper money, or $100,000 in gold. As it was not possible for them to raise this amount, the place was burned, July 30, after the soldiers had helped themselves to whatever they could find in the stores. The report of this reached the regiment at Bellsville the 31st.

August 1, marched without breakfast to Wolfsville. Very warm. Halt till 6 p.m., then march rapidly till long after dark. Smithsburg.

August 2, through Hagerstown to Clear Spring, eighteen miles.

August 3, an early start. Look over the Valley again from Fair View. Within five miles of Hancock, then back to Licking creek. McCausland proposed to burn some more towns, but his Maryland men objected. Rest at Cherry Run ford. Pickets ordered to be on the alert.

August 4, pickets called in at 2:30. Very dark morning. Unserviceable horses sent back. March without

breakfast. A minute's halt in front of a house with door to the breakfast room open. Table set for breakfast. Messmate, Dick, slips off his horse and into the house; in a moment he is back in the ranks with a huge loaf of bread, and there was no one there whom he could ask for it. Can't wait. Time as well as bread is valuable. We imagine the family's surprise, but enjoy the bread none the less. March till 11 p.m., thirty-five miles, and stop on North Fork of Sleepy creek.

August 5, march at daylight. Through the Bloomery. Halt an hour between Great Capon and North rivers. Getting on familiar ground that we scouted over nearly two years ago. Stop on Conrad Long's farm on the South Branch. Good foraging, twenty-nine miles.

August 6—Saturday. Up early. Draw rations. Halt a little while in Springfield. People seem glad to see us. Move on. Find the wire bridge destroyed. Ford the river. Two of the boys go for a fine stallion. They have something of a skirmish with the women of the farm, but they get the horse. General Averell sends an orderly to demand the horse. "Catch him, then," says one of the boys, as he slips the bridle off and turns the horse loose. Halt an hour at Romney. Through the gap to Mill Creek Junction, and up the creek till late at night. To rest two hours. Thirteen miles beyond Romney; twenty-three miles.

August 7—Sunday. Up and on the march an hour after midnight. The regiment having had the advance yesterday, takes the rear to-day. Sorry, for we expect to be up with McCausland to-day, and his men are loaded with booty. The enemy's pickets captured before daylight. Hurry on. The advance takes the camp by surprise, and routs the enemy completely. Other regiments hurried off to right and left. The First hurried across the river and up the road a mile or more. A small party of rebels ahead of us.

Major Gibson of the 14th Pennsylvania orders us forward. Find a whole brigade in line of battle. Too late to go back. Go forward in a wild charge. The enemy break and flee. We follow them until they are out of reach. On picket till late in the afternoon. Move back within twelve miles of Moorefield, and halt at dark; twenty-eight miles.

These entries in a diary, made at the time, could not give all the details of this affair.

July 30, the regiment was at Knoxville, Md. The Confederates were in Maryland and Pennsylvania. This day McCausland burned Chambersburg. The regiment had marched and counter marched until horses and men were well-nigh worn out. There was confusion, and uncertainty as to what the real situation was. General Grant asked Hunter where the enemy was, and Hunter replied that he did not know.

McCausland at Chambersburg had his own brigade and that of General Bradley T. Johnson, in all about 2,600 men. General Averell now received orders direct from Washington, it was said, to follow and fight McCausland. So severe had been the service that, leaving out disabled horses, he could muster only about 1,300 men, a brigade of 900 under Col. W. H. Powell, of West Virginia, and one of 400 under Major Gibson of the 14th Pennsylvania. With part of this force he was in Chambersburg three hours after McCausland had left. The pursuit was prompt. There was a fight with the rear guard at Hancock. McCausland moved on toward Cumberland where General Kelly had a strong force. He turned back and crossed the Potomac at Oldtown. Averell crossed near Hancock and, sending back more worn out horses, hastened on through Springfield and Romney. The weather was very warm, but the march was kept up day and night, with brief halts for feeding and rest. The

evening of August 6th, the command halted on Mill Creek, thirteen miles south of Romney. Captain William Rumsey, A. A. A. G., later Judge Rumsey, of the New York Supreme Court, a gallant soldier, prompt in action, and emphatic in speech, was posting the pickets when an elderly citizen rode into the lines and asked to see General Averell, saying he had a message for him from General McCausland. Being taken to Averell, he said: "Gen. McCausland sends you his compliments, and says if you will come on to Moorefield he will lick you out of your boots." Averell replied: "He won't do anything of the kind."

The men went to rest as if for the night, but were up and ready to start shortly after midnight. Few generals had more active and reliable scouts than had Averell. Calling his leading officers together he informed them about where the two brigades of the enemy were encamped, and gave minute instructions. The column moved forward several miles and halted. The general himself, taking Captain T. R. Kerr of the 14th Pennsylvania cavalry, and a few picked men, went forward stealthily on foot and captured the two mounted videttes. From these they learned where the reserve picket was, and that it was in charge of Lieut. Carter. Captain Kerr, taking fifteen mounted men, made a wide detour, striking the road beyond the picket and approaching it from the direction of Moorefield. When near the picket he was challenged, and answered: "Relief." Then dismounting his men, Kerr asked: "Where is your picket, Mr. Carter?" "Under a tree here in the field," was the reply. "Any straw?" "Plenty." Keeping up a conversation Kerr and his men moved around the tree under which the men were sleeping, and taking their arms which were leaning against the tree, passed them out of the way. "Any news, Mr. Carter?" "No; none of our scouts have come in lately. The last we heard of Averell he was com-

ing on this side of Romney." Then, noticing Kerr's movements he asked: "What's your hurry? What do you want? Who are you?" Kerr replied: "We're Yanks, and want you!" Carter exclaimed, "My God! Averell's here!" After a little demonstration he surrendered. In the meantime the column had moved forward, and Averell himself coming forward said: "Mr. Carter, I am General Averell, and I think you are not to blame for this. General McCausland ought not to have placed you five or six miles out here when he knew I was coming near at hand." Carter, blaming himself instead of McCausland, said: "Oh, it is not so far as that—not more than two or three miles." "Well," said Averell, "then he ought to have sent out patrols once in a while to see if you were all right." "He has done that, and I thought this was a patrol when I heard it coming."

Leaving the prisoners under guard, and moving in toward the camp, they met the unsuspecting patrol coming out, and captured it entire. The road was now clear, and the entire command moved rapidly forward. It was now near daylight. A heavy fog had befriended Averell, interfering with the enemy's hearing as well as seeing.

The command in three columns, one in the road and one on each side, Powell leading one and Averell another, was riding over the camp before the Confederates, some of whom were lazily beginning to get up, could know what was being done. Captain Rumsey, riding at the head of one of the columns, came upon a vidette, one of a line of videttes posted some distance in front of the camp. He was sitting on his horse, holding the reins in his left hand, his cocked revolver in his right, a slouch hat on his head, a blanket pinned with a thorn over his shoulders, with both mouth and eyes wide open. He sat there without moving a muscle until our men were right upon him. Even then he did

not stir, but looked at the men and said: "Good mawnin'." The captain did not have time to stop and exchange greetings with him. He was a very civil enemy, and did not in the least try to hinder the column, which got into the camp long before he did.

The three columns made quick and thorough work in the camp, but in the fog many of the enemy escaped to the woods and mountains. This was the camp of Bradley T. Johnson's brigade. McCausland's own brigade was on the other side of the South Branch of the Potomac. This river was about one hundred feet wide, the water above the horses' knees, very rapid, with a bottom of rolling cobble stones.

About one hundred and twenty of the First New York, and less than a hundred of the Third West Virginia, were ordered to cross the river and see what was there. Captain Abram Jones of the First was in the lead, both detachments being under Major Gibson of the 14th Pennsylvania. They went about a mile in a flat, muddy road. On the left was a large field of corn, the corn standing so high that the men, although on horseback, could not see what was beyond. A few Confederates in front kept firing at the column, and falling back. Thomas Coyle's horse was killed. Valentine's was shot in the shoulder, but Valentine kept him going.

They came to the limit of the cornfield, and found on the left of the road a wide, level meadow land, and to their amazement, on the farther side of this field was the rest of McCausland's division, mounted and in line of battle, with a strong skirmish line out in front, and a strong flanking force off to the left. There seemed to be from 1,200 to 1,500 of them, and against them were about 200. But it flashed into the mind of every one of the 200, that if they were to fall back or hesitate, the enemy would run them down before they could get over that mile of muddy road

and across that wide, rapid, stony river. There was a probability that the enemy would not suspect the smallness of their numbers, and the surprise and rout of Johnson's camp had probably had its demoralizing effect.

Major Gibson, quietly riding out into the meadow, took in the situation. Captain Jones was quick to think and act, and, waving his sabre instantly called out: "Forward! Forward!! *Yell!* men, YELL!!"

The men poured out of the road and into the meadow as confidently as if there had been 5,000 of them; and firing, swinging their sabres and yelling to the full extent of their united capacity, charged straight for the center of the Confederate line. The enemy did not wait to receive the charge, but broke and fled. There was a hot pursuit for a few miles. These men were worth overhauling. Their spacious saddle bags and blanket rolls contained many valuable goods taken from the Chambersburg stores.

A brave young fellow was captured because he had dismounted to open a gate and let their color-bearer escape.

Dr. Douglas, assistant surgeon, sometimes seemed to want to see how wounds were made as well as healed. He was in the pursuit, and overtook a Confederate who, while about to surrender, observed the doctor's slender weapon in contrast with his own heavy sabre, and changed his mind about surrendering. What might have been an unequal fight was interrupted by a few of the men appearing and taking the doctor's antagonist prisoner.

In this entire affair the Union loss was thirty-six killed and wounded, nearly half of whom were officers. The enemy lost about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, four hundred and fifty prisoners, four cannon and their wagons. Averell leisurely retired to New Creek. From July 30th, the day Chambersburg was burned, to the even-

ing of August 8th, he had marched two hundred and fourteen miles. He returned by the B. & O. R. R. to Hancock.

Early reported that after this affair at Moorefield he had no cavalry that he could depend on.

General Bradley T. Johnson kindly responded to a request for an account of this affair from his side of it:

BALTIMORE, MD., May 7, 1895.

MY DEAR LIEUTENANT BEACH:

Your letter brings back to me scenes and feelings of a third of a century ago, and I long for "one hour of Bonnie Dundee." Said King Hal, on the eve of Agincourt:

"Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot;
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day."

It seems to me an honest human feeling that old soldiers should recount their adventures, their achievements, their victories and their defeats. I do not envy the people who grudge them their indulgence in this natural pleasure.

In August, 1864, I was in command of a brigade of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, and with Gen. McCausland and his brigade, was sent to exact tribute from Chambersburg, Pa., or, in default of payment, to burn that town in retaliation for the burning by Gen. Hunter, of the homes of R. W. Lee, A. R. Boteler and Gov. Letcher, and of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. Early's intention was to make Chambersburg pay Lee, Boteler and Letcher. We, McCausland being senior, crossed the Potomac, went to Chambersburg and demanded $100,000 in gold, or $500,000 in greenbacks, and in failure of payment promptly burned the town. On our return Averell, with a brigade of Union cavalry, in which was the First New York, overtook us at Hancock, two marches from Chambersburg, and attacked our rear guard, which was from my brigade. He made no impression, and when we got ready we moved leisurely up the National pike to Cumberland, where Kelley had a lot of infantry and blocked our way. Turning back, we crossed the Potomac at Oldtown, where we captured a block house held by Col. Stough of the 154th Ohio—one hundred days men—I think, 150 of them. We pushed on to Romney, and next to New Creek, which place we attacked, but failed to carry. Thence we went to Moorefield, where we camped the evening of the 6th of August. We had been marching day and night since August 1st. We had not camped nor taken off our clothes, so we were reasonably tired. I was sound asleep at daylight, August 7th, when my

adjutant jumped into my room. I was on the second floor of the McNeil House with my jacket and boots off, lying on the floor with my head on my saddle. "General, the Yankees are in the camp!!" In one twist I was in boots, jacket and hat. I am thus particular, for I heard a fellow once tell a very interesting yarn, how "General Bradley Johnson was playing poker one night, when Averell ran him out, and he swam the South Branch of the Potomac in his night shirt." The story elicited great applause, for the auditors knew me and the narrator didn't. But the climax came when Wade Hampton said, "Let me introduce you to General Bradley Johnson!" Said the man, "Great God! I thought I knew him." "I was sure you didn't," said Hampton, "for to my certain knowledge he never had a night shirt the whole war, and never played a game of cards." Anyhow, I reached the ground floor in two jumps, and was out of the front door. But along the road, ten steps off, was a column of horsemen in blue, at carry sabre, moving at a trot. I turned for the back entrance. Five or six gentlemen in blue came bouncing up the steps and into the hall, pumping their Spencer carbines at every jump.

Well, there are many gymnastic exercises and many plans of getting men into condition for speed, but my observation then was that five Spencer carbines ten yards behind a man, pouring five continual streams of bullets around and over him, are the most exhilarating tonic that was ever invented. I went down the steps in one jump, over a four and a half foot fence in another. As I got into the open, a man fell from his horse. I was on the horse in a breath, galloping to get ahead of the Yankee column to my command, yet untouched. I reached the 8th and the 21st Virginia, crossing the South Branch of the Potomac. I formed the 8th and held it for, say fifteen minutes, while the 21st was forming in the rear. The momentum of the blue horsemen was irresistible, though. They rode over everything; they rode over me with the 8th; they rode over Peters with the 21st, wounded and captured him (he is now Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia), and nearly routed McCausland and me off the face of the earth.

I consider it a very amiable thing in me to write this for your amusement, but I have never blamed myself for the disaster. Averell surprised my pickets by a *ruse de guerre*, and he is entitled to the credit of a very brilliant exploit, for which I do not think he ever received proper credit. He was a chivalric and gallant soldier, and you "like a man after you've fought him." That's old Colonel Beauseant in the Lady of Lyons. I am yours very truly,

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE LOWER VALLEY.

A few days' rest at Cumberland and Hancock, and the command found itself again at Martinsburg, with the enemy reported at Bunker Hill and Winchester. On picket at the stone church, a few miles west of town, Colonel Powell commanding the brigade, and Captain Simons the regiment. Many officers on the sick list from hard service. The regiment in detachments, in different places. Orderly sergeants sent to Harper's Ferry or Hagerstown, where they would not be disturbed by continual moving, to make out muster rolls. The men who had not re-enlisted, whose terms of service had expired, were still doing active duty while waiting for their discharge.

Hunter had been relieved and, August 7, Sheridan was in command. The 10th, from his position at Halltown, he marched out to compel Early to fight before being re-enforced. Merritt's cavalry came in contact with the Confederates between Millwood and Winchester, and drove them to Kernstown. Custer came upon them near Berryville. Devin found them at White Post and drove them toward Front Royal. Merritt again encountered them at Newtown and suffered some loss. The army followed Early to Cedar creek on the 12th. It was evident that they had been re-enforced. There was a strong force at Front Royal. This force advanced against Devin along

the Shenandoah, wading the stream and making a spirited attack. They were driven back with a loss of 500, Devin losing 60.

Sheridan saw that this wide valley was not an easy place to hold. The 16th, he withdrew, giving orders to the cavalry to drive before them all live stock that might be of service to the enemy. Early followed and attacked. The 17th, he brought overwhelming numbers against Torbert at Winchester, driving him from the place and inflicting a loss of more than 300 in killed, wounded and prisoners. He came on through Smithfield and Summit Point. The 21st, the Sixth corps encountered this advance and in a sharp engagement lost 300. Early now moved around the right of Sheridan to Kearneysville, Leetown and Williamsport. Torbert met the advance and drove it back, but finding a superior force in front of him he withdrew. Custer was forced across the Potomac. He then made his way to Harper's Ferry and back to Sheridan at Halltown. In a few days Early fell back to his lines at Winchester. The 28th, Sheridan moved forward to Charlestown. There were a number of engagements along the Opequon, each side in turn crossing the stream and being driven back. September 3, Early made a demonstration around Sheridan's right to divert his attention from Anderson who was trying to get out of the Valley by way of Berryville and the gap in the Blue Ridge. But Crook was there in advance of Anderson. Each met the other unexpectedly, and both fought till nightfall. All the enemy's forces fell back to Winchester. The 14th, Anderson withdrew from Early's army, and went his way through the Blue Ridge and toward Lee's army.

This is an outline of the more important events for a little more than a month. The hot fields of the Valley had been contested and fought over again and again, and neither

side could as yet boast of much advantage. The tracks of the B. & O. R. R. had been torn up repeatedly. Both armies had become expert in destroying railroads. The sleepers would be piled up and set on fire. The rails would be placed across the burning piles, and when made red hot in the middle, a few men at each end would wrap and twist these rails around a telegraph pole, rendering them useless until they had been passed through a rolling mill.

Personal experiences and adventures may not have counted much in the summing up of results. But there were no busier men in the whole campaign than the men of the First cavalry who had been detailed at the various headquarters as scouts. The services and adventures of the Goublemans, Dunn, Warren, Savacool, Valentine, Forkey, Wilson and others would fill a volume. The time was crowded with these exciting adventures.

A detachment of the regiment went out the 12th. After halting along the way and side-scouting, it reached headquarters at Cedar Creek, the 15th. A train of wagons and ambulances, guarded by a regiment of one hundred days' men, had been attacked by Mosby in the vicinity of Berryville. It would take more than a hundred days to teach men how to successfully encounter Mosby. The guard was driven off, the train captured, and most of the wagons destroyed. The First cavalry was hastily sent from Cedar Creek to the scene of the capture, but Mosby and his men had gone.

Sheridan was nettled. A correspondent reported the affair to his paper with a tinge of intimation that it might have been avoided by good management. The published account did not have a soothing effect on Sheridan. He summoned all the correspondents to his quarters and lectured them in no gentle terms. They insisted that they had reported only the truth. But this did not pacify him.

He ordered them out of his department. They claimed that they had permits from the war department. He told them to go to—the hottest place he could just then think of. But one of them replied, "But, general, I believe that place is in your department, too." The correspondent took his leave for Washington. There a friend, to whom he told his story, took him to Secretary Stanton. The secretary, usually severely in earnest, often gruff, laughed over the incident till tears were in his eyes. He gave the correspondent a new permit, good in all the departments of the army, and suggested that he return to the Shenandoah Valley where there was likely to be plenty of news to report.

At a time when Charlestown was not within the lines, it was learned that a party of Confederates had worked their way into the town. A plan was laid to capture them, and its execution was intrusted to Captain Battersby. The plan was a good one and a dash was made. But a substantial stone wall proved an unexpected barrier in the way of the dash. As a result several men and horses were slightly wounded, and none of the enemy were taken.

The long continued hard service had used up so many horses that a Pennsylvania regiment was, for the time being, dismounted, and the horses and equipments given to the dismounted men of the First New York.

The 29th, the detachments that had been here and there about Harper's Ferry and Sandy Hook, with the dismounted men remounted, were brought together, and in the afternoon marched up the Maryland side. Stopped for the night on Scheifler's farm near Boonsboro. The 30th, marched through Hagerstown and nearly to Williamsport, joining a part of the regiment that was there. The 31st, marched to Martinsburg and became a part of the Second brigade of the Second cavalry division, army of West Vir-

ginia. Colonel Powell commanded the brigade, and General Averell the division.

Nearly all the regiment was together once more. Those who had been with Averell had seen severe service, their horses having been saddled almost constantly, day and night, in line of battle.

Soon after the detachments had come together, the enemy appeared. After some hot skirmishing and artillery firing, enough to prove that they were in superior numbers, Averell fell back to Falling Waters. Rested in line of battle, with horses saddled.

September 1, aroused at three o'clock. Crossed at the Williamsport ford and moved some distance away from the river. Rested in some woods. A body of the enemy crossed the river. The command was ready in line waiting to receive them, but they did not come far.

While waiting in line one of the companies was suddenly thrown into great confusion. Some of the officers, thinking the men, for some reason, had become panic-stricken, galloped among them to restore order. But no sooner did they get among the men than they also began to exhibit the same intense excitement and evident desire to go somewhere else. All this would have been alarming if it had not been for the shouts of laughter of the men. One of the horses had stepped into a great nest of yellow jackets. The vicious little insects were proving that, in proportion to their size, they could do as lively fighting as any forces in the field. The regiment moved out and left them in undisputed possession of the ground.

The next day, September 2, again crossed the river and went near to Martinsburg. Halted for a time, probably until the scouts could get some information. While the men were lying at ease, Colonel Powell rode out in front and called them to attention. They instantly sprang to

their horses. But he only wanted to say a few words. He was a large, strongly-built, frank, honest man, plain in appearance. He had been a prisoner for some months, and his treatment had been such as to lead him to desire no further experience of that kind. He was tired of falling back before the enemy. He did not know that there was going to be a fight. "But if we have a fight, fight your best, and compel the enemy to fall back." It was evident that he would do his best, and at the front.

Passed through Martinsburg and came upon the enemy at the big spring. Skirmishing began at once. Steadily forced them back two miles beyond Bunker Hill, capturing some prisoners and wagons and two flags. Then fell back undisturbed nearly to Darkesville. Rested in line of battle with horses saddled. A rainy night; 27 miles.

September 3, up early, but lay still till noon. Then the entire division moved forward in parallel columns of squadrons, the line of columns extending through the fields to a considerable distance on each side of the pike. Came upon the enemy in force. Drove them to Bunker Hill. Companies C and F sent off to the left. While engaged with some dismounted cavalry or infantry, Corporal Thomas James of Co. C was killed, and one of F was slightly wounded. James was a good soldier. His comrades, unwilling to leave him buried there, and having no ambulance or wagon, carefully brought him back upon his horse.

Companies D and K had been detached. At an opportune moment they made a sudden charge and brought in a number of prisoners.

At one time the line was exposed to a severe fire from a battery which was using round shells or solid balls. These, striking the ground in front, would ricochet, and even bound over the heads of the men in line. Finally, Breckinridge's infantry came on, and the Enfield rifle balls

whistled thick and fast. A few men were wounded, and orders were given to fall back.

All these days the practice was to advance as rapidly as the pressure of the enemy on the different parts of the line would permit . When it was severe on any one part, the rest of the line would halt until the pressure was overcome. Then the line would press forward until the enemy's cavalry were driven back under the shelter of their infantry. Then the whole line would fall back several miles and bivouac. Usually the men were in the saddle almost constantly from sunrise until dark, and each day had its casualties.

This day the command fell back in a long, steady, heavy rain to Darkesville. Everything was thoroughly wet. There was no fear that the enemy would follow. The little shelter tents were spread. Rubber blankets were stretched to their utmost use. Fires were started with difficulty. In the intense darkness the men hunted around for water and forage. Horses were unsaddled and cared for as well as possible. Coffee was made and supper eaten. The rain had stopped and the men were prepared to get dried out and make the best of a bad night, when the call rang out, "Companies B and C, saddle up!" The situation is accepted as cheerfully as possible. The wet saddle blankets are refolded, horses resaddled, shelter tents and all belongings rolled or packed, and buckled on. The captain in command reports to Captain Rumsey, A. A. G., for orders. Orders are to communicate with Sheridan's right, supposed to be somewhere along the line of the pike between Charlestown and Berryville. But the captain misunderstands his directions. Instead of striking off to the left, he goes out on the ground we have fought over during the day. Luckily the enemy has fallen back, too. The roads are muddy. The sky is inky blackness. In the distance are

some faint reflections of camp fires. A horse at the head of the column shies out to one side. His rider looks down through the darkness and discerns the shape of a dead Confederate lying across the midde of the muddy road.

Through the covered bridge over the Opequon. The horses of the advance pick their way with the utmost care, seeming to avoid some lighter patches on the floor of the bridge. To the men, half inclined to fall asleep, these may have seemed like patches of moonlight through holes in the sides or roof of the bridge, not remembering that there was no moon. The foremost horses pick their way across when —"Halt!"—comes from the rear. Some horses have fallen through the bridge. Part of the floor had been taken up, and some loose pieces of boards had been laid on the stringers, on which foot travelers could pass. The lighter patches were from the glimmering of the water of the creek beneath.

There were faint lights ahead, either the dying embers of picket fires, or the phosphorescence on some old stump. Many were the hesitating surmises and possible dangers of that night ride. The captain instructs the advance to fall back when they come to a picket. He proposes to use some tact in avoiding dangers. At last comes the challenge. "Halt! Who comes there?" "Friend." "Friend to whom?" After much perplexity and indecision and watching for some clue as to who the challenger may be, the captain takes his chances; "Friend to the Union." "All right," and "all is well." It was the 22nd Pa. on picket. Three o'clock, and the companies rest after twenty-four miles of marching.

That same night Captain Jones went out with a strong patrol. He placed Valentine in charge of the advance. Valentine had proved himself in emergencies not undecided nor hesitating. As he was going forward he came upon

the enemy's picket. They fired. He fired in return, and, regardless of numbers, charged upon them. He raced them to near Bunker Hill, capturing a lieutenant and three men. He had killed the lieutenant's horse, and wounded the horses of the other three, and wounded two of the men themselves.

Sunday, September 4th, the two companies returned from Sheridan's right, and found Averell again advancing in columns of squadrons.

During a brief halt for lunch, Thomas Noon, a good, honest man, was accidently shot through the head. He was buried by the roadside.

The regiment takes an extra ride, patrolling in force out in front. Bivouac in line of battle with horses saddled, near Bunker Hill, after marching twenty-four miles. A steady rain all night. Sleep soundly in the corner of a rail fence.

September 5, up early. Under orders to be ready for anything. A number of officers on staff or special duty. Short of commissioned officers. Orderly sergeants commanding companies. One is commanding a squadron—two companies.

To-day the advance was slower than usual, and the pressure on the line more severe. Passed Bunker Hill late in the afternoon and advanced to within a mile or so of Stephenson's Depot. The regiment was ordered to oblique to the left, probably because Averell had noticed that the enemy's lines in that direction extended far beyond his own. We had gained ground probably half a mile to the left, and were moving up the steep incline of a ridge which ran at right angles to our course and shut off our view to the front, when the skirmish line was driven back through the ranks. As we reached the top of the ridge large masses of infantry, preceded by a swarm of skirmishers, could be seen at close

rifle range and advancing. The men at the front in line upon the crest of the ridge were a fair mark for the enemy's rifles. At the same time bullets from the left began to sweep the line from left to right. The enemy was on our flank as well as in front. It was not the part of a private soldier to talk too much. But one officious fellow announced, "They're flanking us!" He thought he was giving useful information. But Major Quinn silenced him, "Never mind their flanking us." But he had realized the position was untenable, and gave the order, "By fours, to the right about." As the men had not counted off since early in the morning, and many had changed places in the ranks and had forgotten their numbers, the regiment was thrown into some confusion in attempting to execute the movement. "As you were," coolly ordered the major. "Count off by fours." Immediately the men faced to the front and counted off, the bullets from front and left whistling over them, and then deliberately executed the original order.

All this took less than a minute, and the movement of a few paces down the slope took the men from under fire. Yet in this brief time a number of men and horses were shot. Shepherd of Co. D received a wound from which he died. Michaels of A lost a leg. Williamson of F was wounded in the side, his second wound.

As soon as the regiment reached the foot of the ridge, a number of men who were armed with carbines were dismounted and sent back to re-enforce the skirmish line, covering the regiment as it fell back on a slow walk.

The losses this day were the most severe of any that had occurred since we had joined Averell. They were distributed through the entire command. All the ambulances were crowded that night. The wounded were taken on to

Martinsburg, and they filled a large church which had been converted into a hospital.

During all these days the horses were under saddle day and night. The regiment bivouacked in line. Rations were irregular and scanty. If it had not been for the corn that was ready for roasting, men and horses would have suffered from hunger. Notwithstanding this arduous service the men were always in good spirits, ready for any kind of diversion when not fighting.

Now for a few days there was a rest in this practice of advancing, stirring up the enemy, and then retiring. The division fell back to the vicinity of Leetown.

CHAPTER XL.

WINCHESTER.

SEPTEMBER 17, part of the regiment was on picket at Portersfield. The reserve was in some thick woods near a ford of the Opequon. The posts were so placed as to cover a considerable front. For greater security patrols passed frequently from one post to another. Late in the evening, George G. Peavey and Pliny F. Nelson were patrolling. It was a little past full moon, and the moon, an hour or so high, threw the shadows of some woods on the right beyond the middle of the road. All seemed quiet. But the two men were watchful, and the actions of their horses excited their suspicions. They drew and cocked their revolvers, and rode on. Suddenly they found themselves in the midst of a large number of men who stepped out from the shadows of the woods and quickly closed around them. They were surrounded. In suppressed voices the Confederates commanded the two men to surrender. To Peavey the quick thought came, "We can surrender and save our lives, but the reserve will be surprised and captured or slain. By firing, we may lose our lives, but we will give the alarm and save the reserve." Quick as the thought he poured the fire of his revolver among the enemy. Nelson did the same. They wheeled their horses and, lying low, dashed through the line that had formed around them. The enemy fired a volley after them.

Peavey escaped unharmed. Nelson's horse was shot and he himself received two shots in the breast. The next day he was taken to the general hospital at Sandy Hook. The bullets were removed, but he suffered terrible agony, and on the 19th he died. He was an honest man and a faithful soldier.

The Confederates did not linger. Traces of blood on the ground indicated that Peavey's and Nelson's shots had done some execution. Their wounded they took with them, except one. He had been shot through the body and left behind. In his pocket was found the following:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
8th August, 1864.

Private D. M. Lewis, Co. B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, will proceed to Jefferson County, Virginia, to procure a fresh horse, returning in twenty (20) days without fail.

By command of General R. E. Lee,

H. B. MCCLELLAN,
A. A. General.

This pass was kept in Peavey's family as a trophy. The wounded man recovered and was held a long time as a prisoner. This fearless firing of Peavey's in the face of almost certain death was one more heroic act added to many previous ones.

This picket force remained on duty the next day, and at midnight was called back to Leetown where the rest of the regiment was resting in the woods near the Episcopal church.

Grant had made a visit to Sheridan. The latter explained to his chief the situation and his plans. Grant was well satisfied, and asked Sheridan when he would be ready to move. The reply was satisfactory, and Grant took his leave, impressed with the other's confidence that he was going to win.

Sheridan had been waiting to hear from a girl in Win-

chester. The girl transmitted her intelligence by writing on a piece of tissue paper. This she folded in tin foil. This again she covered up in a convenient quantity of tobacco which she gave to a trusty colored man whose innocent appearance enabled him to get through the lines without exciting suspicion. A part of Early's force, Kershaw's, had been detached, and this was the news that Sheridan had been waiting to hear.

At 2 o'clock the morning of the 19th, the whole army was astir. Averell's division moved toward Martinsburg and then along the pike toward Winchester. It was familiar ground, ground that had been hotly contested time and again. It was yet early morning when the enemy was found. Again in parallel columns of squadrons at such distances from each other that, moving "front into line," the columns could quickly be transformed into one continuous line reaching far out across the fields on both sides of the pike, with a skirmish line thrown out in front, the division steadily advanced. The enemy fought stubbornly, but was steadily forced back. All the forenoon and till the middle of the afternoon was this hot fighting kept up. The line was then not far from Stephenson's Depot.

Far off to the left had been heard the continuous roll of infantry and the heavier roar of artillery. All of Sheridan's army was engaged, and as it had crowded forward, the great semicircle along which the fight began, had contracted, and Merritt's right was now in touch with Averell's left.

The force in front of Averell was Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry supported by Breckinridge's infantry. There was a feeling of satisfaction over the way in which things were evidently going. The division had fought its way to a position on "high vantage ground" from which could be seen, across the plain toward Winchester, the long lines of Lee's

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

FIELD OF OPEQUON.

horsemen seeming as if, after the long day's hunt, they had been brought to bay.

The First New York was directed to fall back a little and rest in reserve. The men who had been in the saddle constantly since before daybreak, opened ranks, dismounted, and rested themselves by walking about, but not getting far away from their horses which kept their places in the ranks. They were not out of reach of the enemy's fire. Now and then a solid shot would come bounding and rolling along among the men and horses. From an advanced position on their skirmish line, protected in an angle of a stone wall, a few Confederate riflemen were sending their minié balls wherever they could see a fair mark.

A young Irishman, because of his five years' experience in the regular cavalry and his good service as a drill sergeant, had been made a lieutenant. While he had done some good service, there had been times when, in critical situations, he had shown symptoms of nervousness. There were men like the captain who some time before this had resigned, brave enough at times, at other times not so brave. It had been said of this captain when a detachment was just starting on a charge, "He would have got into that fight in spite of himself if he had not succeeded by main strength in holding in his horse."

While the rest of the men had dismounted, this lieutenant had preferred to remain in his saddle. Although not a tall man, he sat high on his horse, and was a good mark for those Confederate riflemen. As some of those minié balls whizzed past uncomfortably close to his head, he involuntarily dodged. Again the bullets came, and again he ducked his head. The men laughed, and some remarks were made. The miniés became malicious, and the men laughed again until the lieutenant turned upon them in his towering wrath, "Who's a hootin'? (duck) Who's a hootin'? (duck) Who's

this a hootin'? (duck) Some of yeez'll be a hootin' (duck) to yer sorra yit!" His manner of punctuating his emphatic expressions created "inextinguishable laughter" among the men. It would be less of a trial for him to move forward than to sit still with those rifle balls coming thick and fast at his head.

Major Quinn was in command of the regiment, and that was a fact calculated to inspire confidence. He was not likely in any excitement to do some crazy thing. He seemed never to get excited. The lieutenant who temporarily "lost his head," figuratively speaking, in the fear that he would lose it literally, seemed that day the solitary exception.

From the right of the line Captain Jones was sent with his squadron, Companies A and D, across the fields to the west, where Powell had been persistently crowding the enemy back. Three distinct charges Powell had made, driving the enemy out of their earthworks on the hills, capturing the first prisoners, eighty in number, and two guns. Now he was working his way around Early's extreme left, attacking wherever there was a chance, creating an uneasiness that served to quicken the retreat that was soon to begin.

After a little the second squadron, Companies H and F, from the right of the regiment was sent in the same direction. The third squadron, B and C, did not have a commissioned officer present in the line. All that were in the field were doing staff duty—regimental, brigade and division. These companies were commanded by Orderly Sergeant Beach of Co. B. Major Quinn had been out in the front with Averell. Now he came back saying that there was a Confederate gun out in the field, supported by a body of cavalry, and Averell wanted a part of this regiment to capture that gun. He ordered the sergeant to take his two companies and report to the general. The order was promptly obeyed. There was warm work along the front

line. Bullets were flying thickly about, and every few seconds a shell came plunging through. To all these the general seemed indifferent. He was intently watching the movements of the opposing lines, and the chances. Out in the open field was the gun with its support. The men of the squadron, ordered up to take that gun, gathered their reins, griped their sabres, and fixed themselves firmly in their saddles. The impulse to rush forward for the gun was strong. But the general said, "Wait, wait; they are too many for you. Dismount your men and take them out along that stone wall and get a cross fire on them." Leaving as few as were necessary to hold the horses, the sergeant and the rest of the men made quick time in getting out along the wall which extended out to the right of the gun. Here, at short range, with their carbines they poured so hot a fire into the flank of the enemy that in less than a minute the supporting cavalry began to waver. Another mounted force from Averell's line was now starting forward on the charge. Seeing this force coming, the dismounted men jumped over the stone wall and ran at the top of their speed toward the gun. The supports, seeing both bodies coming upon them, the one mounted in front and the other dismounted on the left, fired their last shots, then broke and fled. The dismounted men were at the captured cannon as soon as the mounted men were, and exultingly drew it in by hand.

As the army closed in upon the enemy, the cavalry of Merritt and that of Averell, in almost a continuous line, presented a formidable array. There was still a body of cavalry, Fitz Hugh Lee's, between this line and Winchester. Soon, away off to the left, bugles were sounding the charge. Quickly the call was repeated and passed along toward the right. Then came up a long line of flashing sabres. A mile and more of horsemen moved forward out into the

wide, open plain. Off to the right another mile and more of parts of a less continuous line were moving forward with increasing speed, aiming to get around the enemy's left. In all the annals of war a more inspiring sight was seldom seen than those thousands of splendid cavalry moving forward with a momentum that was irresistible. In attempting to withstand the onset Fitz Hugh Lee was wounded, and all the opposing forces were sent "whirling" through Winchester.

October 9, Early wrote to General Lee:

"Breckinridge was scarcely in position before our cavalry on the left was discovered coming back in great confusion followed by the enemy's, and Breckinridge's force was ordered to the left to repel this cavalry force, which had gotten in rear of my left, and this with the assistance of the artillery he succeeded in doing. But as soon as the firing was heard in the rear of our left flank, the infantry commenced falling back along the whole line, and it was very difficult to stop them. I succeeded, however, in stopping enough of them in the old rifle pits constructed by General Johnston to arrest the progress of the enemy's infantry, which commenced advancing again, when confusion in our ranks was discovered, and we would still have won the day if our cavalry would have stopped the enemy's, but so overwhelming was the latter, and so demoralized was the larger part of ours, that no assistance was received from it.

The enemy's cavalry again charged around my left flank, which began to give way again, so that it was necessary for me to retire through the town."

This day's work is referred to in the following letter from General Averell:

BATH, N. Y., April 10th, 1894.

C. T. Williamson, Recording Secretary,
First New York Cavalry Association.

DEAR SIR: I have your valued favor of 7th inst., asking me to attend the 12th annual meeting of your association to be held on the 19th inst., and I hoped to have the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation, but to-day I have received notification that I shall be expected to attend a meeting of the Board of Managers of the National Home at Hampton, Va., on the 18th inst. The meeting will probably

Permission of Prang, Tabor & Co.

CAVALRY CHARGE AT WINCHESTER, SEPT. 19, 1864.

last two or three days and will prevent me the pleasure of meeting my old friends of the First New York Cavalry.

My recollections of regiments are like those of persons: there were no two alike, each had its distinguishing characteristics, and some remain well defined in memory while others are dimmed, but of none have I a stronger, clearer memory than the First New York Cavalry. Its chief characteristics were: It was always ready for duty, day or night; never complained; could camp anywhere; there was nothing heavy about its dashing cavalrymen and they possessed an irrepressible "go". One of the handsomest charges of cavalry against cavalry, I ever saw, was made by the First New York, on the 19th of September, '64, at Winchester. I remember when my division was sweeping across the broad fields toward Winchester, capturing the obstinate field works of the enemy on our right and swinging around upon the left flank and rear of Early's infantry, who had our infantry badly doubled back on its right flank, I held the First New York, then dwindled to a handful of three or four hundred men, in reserve. My line was so extended and impetuous in its advance, that a small, reliable reserve was necessary to use in the exigencies that were likely to arise. We were well across the field, carrying the little forts on the right by assault, and driving in the enemy's flank defense from behind their stone walls and corners, when a body of the enemy's cavalry appeared opposite my left in the open field, supporting a field piece which was opened upon my lines with a raking fire. They were three or four hundred strong and were in good order, steady and resolute. The distance to them was not above five hundred yards, for the small-arm fire of their cavalry reached the ground on which we were moving and wounded men about me.

I called on the First New York to charge them, and I remember the keen interest with which I watched the operation. It was a fair field, but the enemy were favored with the gun. The numbers were as nearly equal as possible. I felt that the advantage of position was with the enemy on slightly elevated ground. The First New York rode in column steadily at a slow trot in the face of a small-arm fire which I could see was telling on their horses and men. It was a matter of three minutes from the time the order was given. I expected the enemy to move forward to meet the charge, and he did attempt to do so when it was too late. The First New York took the charge at about two hundred yards and was upon him, and the field was swept back in that direction several hundred yards, when the First New York rallied in good order and the gun was ours. Others, however, claimed it and almost everything else on the field that day, even the taking of the forts on our extreme right, together with the guns captured

in them. But the brave Captain Duncan of the 14th Pennsylvania cavalry and others left their bodies there to attest the work of my division. I am now engaged in a raid of reminiscences in which I desire to collect and preserve some records of the soldiers I had the honor to command, and I will be greatly obliged if some of your association will kindly furnish me some data of your regiment and its services whilst it was in my division—a summary, chronological, of events and roster of officers, to corroborate my own. My years have doubled since I knew you, and I am not the light rider I was in those trying days. I feel honored and comforted by your kind remembrances. Believe me, all of you,

Faithfully yours,

W. W. AVERELL.

CHAPTER XLI.

FISHER'S HILL TO FRONT ROYAL.

EARLY continued his retreat to Fisher's Hill, twenty-one miles. The regiment passed through Winchester after its all-day's fighting and marching, and rested along the Romney road. At daylight of the 20th, the division was moving up the Back road along the base of North Mountain, and at noon was at Cedar Creek. The rest of the army had followed the pike. The different divisions were getting into position. Early was behind strong entrenchments reaching from Massanutten to North Mountain.

The 21st, the division advanced as it had been in the habit of doing when in front of the enemy, in columns of squadrons, and was soon under the fire of the opposing skirmish line. Quinn was on other duty, and Captain Passegger was commanding the regiment. In the attempt to cover considerable frontage, parts of the regiment became somewhat separated. But by long experience in trying situations subordinate officers and men had learned to judge for themselves what was the best thing to do.

The division was the extreme right. There was quite an interval to the next force to the left. A patrol was sent across this interval to spy out the situation. This patrol, passing over a high ridge, had a chance to look over most of the field—Confederate as well as Federal positions.

Sheridan and his staff and escort were riding along the line looking over the ground.

At daybreak of the 22nd, all were prepared for active work. Skirmishing soon began. The entire skirmish line was advanced within plain sight and rifle distance of the Confederate earthworks. A part of the cavalry was dismounted and thrown out to strengthen this advanced infantry skirmish line. The horses were left back in a ravine while the dismounted men moved forward, deployed, over a high, open ridge. At the foot of this ridge in front was quite a deep ravine, a creek running through it, and half way up the opposite slope and parallel with the ridge were the long lines of the enemy's earthworks. For hours those skirmishers within easy range of the earthworks, under a hot and incessant fire, held that advanced line.

A fine looking young infantryman was lying dead, his face upturned to the hot sun, a bullet hole in his forehead. A comrade said of him: "He was a fine young fellow, and brave. But it was all his own fault, getting killed. He needn't have come out to-day. It wasn't his turn, but he *would* come."

The enemy's signal flags on Three Top Mountain were plainly seen. From that high point they could look over all the ground covered by Sheridan's army. But out of their sight, in the wooded valley behind the ridge held by the advanced line, Crook was silently moving his Eighth corps to a position beyond Averell's right. This done, the dismounted men were withdrawn from the skirmish line. On the line they had been protected by some scattering trees. But in moving back, still deployed, over the open top of the ridge, they were in plain sight of the enemy, and the rifle shots came thick and fast. A dull thud, a sharp cry, and Dangler of Co. B dropped to the ground, the bone of his leg broken. Three or four of the company were

called to carry him off. As they were taking him up, the little group became a mark for a shower of bullets. But no one else was hurt. In the evening a mate stepped into the temporary hospital to see the wounded man. His leg had been amputated, but he was cheerful. "Well, Darby, you see I've lost my leg, but Uncle Sam will give me a wooden one."

The men mounted their horses, and by squadrons again moved up and over the ridge. Seeing them coming in force, the Confederates, all along their line, broke forth with shells, grape, canister and musketry. In their excitement they fired high, and the shots tore through the tree tops like a storm of hail. But it was "Forward!" all along the Union line. The Eighth corps had suddenly burst upon the enemy's left, doubled it up and driven it back. The mounted squadrons, through the terrific fire that was hurled at them, poured down the side of the ridge, into the ravine, across the creek, up the opposite slope and over the Confederate earthworks, the regimental colors being the first in the works. They got out of the way of Crook's men, passing beyond them, as the latter were pushing on lengthwise of the works, a long cloud of blue powder smoke moving to the left showing their rate of motion toward the Massanutten Mountain. At the same time with the crash on the right, Sheridan along the Valley pike had broken over the defences in front of the Confederate right and center, and Early's army was in full retreat. The pursuit along the pike was hot, and artillery, wagons and prisoners were overtaken and captured. Averell's cavalry took the Back road, and mile after mile pressed on after those who were fleeing in that direction.

So sudden and impetuous had been the assault, that among the assailants there were comparatively few casualties. Major Passegger had a ball through the palm of

his left hand, but it did not take him off duty. Sergeant-Major Walter had a piece of shell strike the clasp of his sabre belt with such force that for a moment he lost his strength and sense. Adjutant Hinton, riding near him, thought the man was mortally hurt, and sprang to his assistance. But he quickly recovered himself. Sergeant Franklin McConnaughy was struck in the arm by a grape shot.

In Frank Leslie's Weekly of October 15, 1864, was a sketch of this fight, that in most of its details was correct, though representing only a small part of the forces engaged.

Averell had received no special orders as to what he should do after the works were taken. After pursuing the enemy until they were out of his reach, he returned and stopped for the night. He was resting in an ambulance. He called Valentine whom he had detailed as a special scout. "Polie, get in here, I want to talk with you." It was Averell's familiar way of getting all the information he could out of his scouts.

An early start the 23rd. Valentine was sent to find Sheridan, and report. He had a long ride. Sheridan seemed to have been traveling all night. Valentine found him many miles ahead at the extreme front on the skirmish line, with bullets flying thick about him. He saluted and reported—"From General Averell." Sheridan knocked the ashes from his pipe and asked, "Where d'ye stay last night?" "A little in the advance of yesterday's battle ground." "Ye did damned well, didn't ye?" Valentine felt like asking what *he* had to do with it, but contented himself with saying that Averell had moved early up the Back road.

The division marched through Woodstock, past the infantry that had followed up the pike the night before, and on to Mt. Jackson where the enemy's rear guard had made

a stand. Skirmished several hours, and at night fell back, near Mt. Jackson.

The 24th, Averell was relieved from command. Sheridan's army now included Wright's Sixth corps, and Emory's Nineteenth corps, from the Army of the Potomac, Crook's Army of West Virginia, the First and Third cavalry divisions of the Army of the Potomac under Torbert and J. H. Wilson, and Averell's Second cavalry division of the Army of West Virginia. The three cavalry divisions were now organized into a cavalry corps. Averell ranked Torbert, but Sheridan preferred Torbert as commander of the corps. General Wesley Merritt now commanded the First division, and Colonel W. H. Powell, who had commanded the Second brigade of the Second division, was now assigned to the command of the division. The 27th, Wilson was ordered to report to Gen. Thomas at Nashville, and Gen. G. A. Custer succeeded to the command of the Third division.

Averell complained that he had been superseded by Torbert whom he ranked. But General Grant replied to Sheridan: "Do not hesitate to give command to officers in whom you repose the greatest confidence, without regard to rank or personal claims. What I want is prompt and active movements after the enemy."

Averell had been an active and successful officer, and his division had contributed much to the winning of recent victories. In the afternoon he reviewed and took leave of his command.

Colonel Powell, who was now to command the division, had proved himself competent. He had shown a disposition to strike the hardest blows he could. He had the confidence of the men from the first.

The 24th, the regiment was up all night on picket near Brock's Gap.

September 25, relieved early. The division moves up the Back road, keeping abreast with the head of the column on the pike. Into Harrisonburg. In the hospital we find Garland who was wounded and missing at Martinsburg, July 25. He has been treated well. Up the Staunton pike and across North river. Stop after dark at Mt. Crawford.

September 26, on the march at daylight, up the pike. Turn to the left at the ten-mile post. Find enough of the enemy to skirmish with. Over the battlefield of June 5, Piedmont. Interested in recognizing positions held that day. A courier from Torbert. Turn back to co-operate with Merritt. Get warmly engaged with the enemy near Brown's Gap. Fight till near dark. Fall back behind the little town of Mt. Vernon. The fighting has been in the vicinity of Weyer's cave. Parties of the regiment have had exciting adventures.

September 27, lie still all the forenoon near the entrance to Weyer's cave. Make a short visit to the cave. Good foraging; plenty of flour and beehives. Have honey on our pancakes. Afternoon, cross the river to draw out the enemy supposed to be in Brown's Gap. Find them, and they come out lively. Line of skirmishers moves forward, with Colonel Powell in the front. Just ready to advance in force when artillery from a high wooded hill opens on our rear. Somewhat surprised, but there is no haste. Powell is as cool as if nothing had happened, and he keeps the rest cool. The skirmishers are recalled. Come back across the river leisurely. The regiment forms line on the brow of a wide, open hill facing the hill on which is the enemy's artillery. A deep ravine in front that horses cannot cross. Cannot reach the enemy with carbines. The regiment is to hold the ground till the wagons are out of the way. Passegger sits quietly in front of the center of the line; other officers in front of their squadrons. The

line stands firm and quiet. A shell strikes the line, and Merritt's horse is wounded. Another shell, and Dailey's mare has a hind leg taken off above the fetlock. She plunges about in the ranks. "Get your mare out of the line. Take off the bridle and hurry to the rear." A shell plunges through Stanton's squadron. He turns to keep the ranks in order. A rifle ball strikes the stock of his revolver, shattering the stock and his elbow. He is wounded the second time on nearly the same ground on which he was wounded June 5. The line holds its position under that continuous artillery and rifle fire until the train is at a safe distance, and then deliberately retires. Passegger is struck in foot by a fragment of a shell. A rebel train of white-topped wagons is seen in Brown's Gap, and a long column of infantry is moving out, and coming this way. Custer with his long, curled, yellow hair, and his jauntily-trimmed, velvet jacket, watches that column of infantry through his field glass. "They are too many for us," he says. Fall back slowly through a rough, stumpy field. A fox is started from its hiding place, and the men break from the ranks and with loud shouts join in a wild chase after it. It gets away, and the men get into ranks again and look out for the Confederates who are following. At dark the entire regiment is on picket about Cross Keys.

September 28, on picket. All quiet so far as fighting is concerned. A day of leisure. Good foraging. Some one finds a distillery in the neighborhood. He takes possession and operates it, and freely distributes the raw product. There result some unexpected diversions. A tall, large son of Erin, with a full black beard that comes down to his belt, and a hoarse, heavy voice like the bellowing of a bull, has taken too much of the apple jack. The boys say he mixed his flour with apple jack instead of water in making the batter for his pancakes. He is good natured,

but he gets uproariously patriotic. He mounts a box and begins to speak. He soon has a large and interested audience. He can be heard half a mile. He speaks with fervid eloquence. He continues his oration until the spell of the apple jack is over, and he is tired out.

The diversion is varied: A slight-built man with a thin, high-pitched, squeaking voice, like his countryman has taken too much of the fiery liquid. The orator's eloquence has touched a responsive chord and stirred his emotional nature. He mounts the box and tries to speak. But overcome by the thought of his country's woes, he begins to cry. With copious tears pouring down his face, he weeps uncontrollably, lifting up his voice so loud that all the camp and all about headquarters can hear. Only when completely exhausted does he cease.

September 29, the command moved slowly to Mt. Sidney, then back to Mt. Crawford. On the way the work of destruction began. Orders were to leave nothing in this fertile Valley on which a hostile army could subsist. Detachments were sent on every road, with orders to set fire to all mills, grain and hay. Men who never flinched in the hottest fight declared they would have no hand in this burning. Bivouacked after dark at Mt. Crawford. A rainy night. Rested till noon of the 30th, then moved to Harrisonburg. All of Sheridan's army was here. Cold and rainy. October 1 was a misty morning, and a cold, rainy, dreary day. Powell's division marched to Conrad's store at the head of the Luray valley. Details were burning barns and stacks, and driving off live stock. The smoke of the burning filled the air as far as one could see. On farms where only women and children were seen there were piteous pleadings, "Don't burn my barn." Burning supplies that would support an army was a legitimate act

of war, but there was nothing to be gained by burning empty barns.

Lieut. John R. Meigs, a staff engineer, son of the quartermaster general, was shot, Sheridan was informed, by bushwhackers, and buildings in the vicinity of the shooting were burned. General Early stated that three of his scouts in uniform came upon Lieut. Meigs and two men, and ordered them to surrender. Meigs shot one of the scouts and he himself was shot in open fight.

October 2nd was Sunday and a warm, bright day. Followed an uneven, but pleasant road along the South Fork down the Luray valley. The woods on the mountains were in their brightest autumn colors. Reached Luray Court House with large droves of cattle and sheep. The advance had to fight the enemy at Luray and at Milford.

The next day hostile parties were hovering about. There was another fight at Milford. Some of the regiment were missing, among them Sergeant Dickerson, an honest, faithful man with a clear mind and high purposes, but not strong enough to endure all these hardships.

Women and children would come into camp for the cattle that had been taken from them. When asked, "Are you good Union people?" the answer generally was, "Oh, yes," pronounced with a circumflex.

Some men who had been taken prisoners while engaged in unnecessary marauding were shot. It was evident that stragglers taken on this raid would not be treated leniently. A scouting party on the 4th brought in two of Gilmore's men. The next day they were executed as spies. The hard necessities of war seemed to demand it for the protection of Union prisoners.

A scout went over the Blue Ridge to Culpeper. A detachment from the other brigade and Co.'s F and M drove

the herds over the mountains to Sheridan's camp at New Market.

The 7th, the division moved from Luray to Milford. The men of B and C with serviceable horses were to escort Captain Bailey, now on Torbert's staff, to headquarters at Woodstock. They started at sunset, forded the river, climbed the mountain by a rocky, zigzag path so narrow and steep that they had to go single file, then down into the Fort valley. Crossed the valley in the dark. Lumphrey, in charge of the advance, passed himself off as one of Mosby's men. Stopping at a house for a drink, he asked the lady who handed him a cup of water, if any of Mosby's men were in the neighborhood. She replied: "If you are one of Mosby's men you ought to know."

In front of another house he found two armed Confederates. After talking with them a minute, he stated his true character and told them to surrender. They sprang to their feet and showed fight. Several shots were exchanged. One of these struck one of the combatants and glanced, striking an old man sitting near, and killed him. Others of the escort coming up, the two men surrendered, and with their arms and horses were taken along. Followed the road through some thick woods that made the darkness ten-fold more dense, and climbed the Massanutten mountain. From this height of a thousand feet the men looked down on the camp fires of Sheridan's whole army "measureless spread" far out over the plains below. Some broad bands of glimmering light were there, nearly parallel, placed at intervals, at right angles to the direction of the mountain. It took a few minutes to tell what they were—the windings of the North Fork of the Shenandoah. Late in the night the escort reached Torbert's quarters, after a ride of twenty-seven miles.

October 8, followed Torbert as the army fell back to

Strasburg. A cold, windy day. Bailey's escort was to attend another officer back to Powell.

The 11th, a large force started out early, across the Blue Ridge, through Chester Gap, Flint Hill, Little Washington and Sperryville; twenty-eight miles. Parties of the enemy were hovering about on the hills. The next day, rode about the country, thirty miles.

Before starting on the morning of the 13th, one of Mosby's men who had been taken the day before was hanged to the limb of a tree by the roadside, and labeled: "In retaliation." He met his fate bravely.

Some men were missing. Mosby had hanged some Federals whom he had caught marauding. Custer had hanged seven of Mosby's men. Mosby out of a number of prisoners selected seven by lot, and executed them. And now Powell was leaving a prisoner hanging by the roadside. At such a time as this some of our men were missing. Among them was John Stuart, a lively young fellow, often unlucky in getting into difficulties, but shrewd in getting out of them. He was picked up by the enemy. He realized that it was not a good time to be taken prisoner, and that he would need to use all his wits if he would escape hanging. He was mindful of the advice of Hamlet, "Assume a virtue if you have it not," and he assumed a stupidity that he had not, a stupidity so profound and impenetrable that his captors could make nothing out of him. Such a fool was not worth hanging. As slippery and quick as an eel, he glided from among them in the wink of an eye, and after a wearisome jaunt through woods and over mountains found his way back to camp.

October 14, there was continuual firing beyond Cedar Creek. A number of men of the regiment were at the headquarters of Sheridan and other generals, and they were kept busy.

The paymaster was in camp. He had been a long time on the way. The regiment was ordered to escort him to Winchester. Some Confederates were circling around. The men were inclined, without orders, to start from the column and give chase. One was caught. The 17th, a detail escorted the paymaster to Martinsburg. Stopped once more in Faulkner's woods. Gen. Wm. H. Seward, son of the secretary of state, was in command of the post. Lieut. E. C. Watkins was captain and A. A. G. He deserved his promotion.

Early seemed dissatisfied since the recent engagements, and was watching for a chance to retrieve his fortunes. His cavalry had been coming near enough to get in a few shots and then retiring. The morning of October 9, Merritt went up along the pike beyond Strasburg, while Custer had his division on the Back road. Rosser and Lomax were there. While these forces on the Back road were confronting each other, Custer rode in front of his command, as some of the knights of the age of chivalry are reported to have done, took off his hat and bowed low in plain sight of his adversaries. The challenge was accepted. Custer's men sprang like hounds unleashed for the chase. The Confederate line gave way. There was a wild pursuit of twenty-six miles, known as the Woodstock races. Lomax was for a time a prisoner, but he escaped by overthrowing his captor. The trophies were 300 prisoners, a dozen guns and fifty wagons. Every day to the 15th there were cavalry engagements. Gen. Merritt reported that in twenty-six engagements, aside from battles, in this Valley campaign, the cavalry had lost 3,205 men and officers.

Some important operations were being planned, and Sheridan was summoned to Washington. The 15th, he went with a cavalry escort to Front Royal. From the enemy's signal station on Three Top mountain a message was

taken by Union signal officers. It was from Longstreet, advising Early to be ready to move as soon as he could join him, and together they would crush Sheridan. From Front Royal Sheridan sent back his cavalry to Gen. Wright of the Sixth corps, advising him to call in Colonel Powell, and look out for a surprise on his left.

The 17th, as soon as the conference at the war department was over, Sheridan took a special train for Martinsburg, arriving in the evening. Captains Stevenson and Watkins were occupying a room in the United States Hotel. They gave up their room to Sheridan. Early the next morning the general was on the road to Winchester where he arrived in the afternoon. With some engineer officers he looked about the place with a view to its adaptability for a defensive position. He sent a courier to Gen. Wright, and received word from him that all was quiet, and that he had ordered a reconnoisance in force.

At daylight of the 19th, an officer from the picket line brought word that there was heavy firing along the front. There had been so much firing for the last few days that it caused little concern. About 9 o'clock, Sheridan, with some of his staff, mounted and rode at a walk through Winchester. At Mill creek, a mile south of the town, their escort was waiting. As the general and his officers passed, the escort fell in behind them.

The sound of heavy guns came to them. The general leaned forward and listened as he rode. Once he dismounted, placed his ear to the ground and listened. He seemed disturbed. Over a hill, a mile farther on, a train that had started for the front was halted. The quartermaster in charge stated that an officer had come from the front and advised him to go back with his train, as the army had been attacked and driven back. The officer having given his warning had immediately started for the front again.

This being reported to Sheridan, he directed Major George A. Forsyth to select fifty of the best mounted men from the escort. Then saying to him: "You and Captain O'Keeffe will go with me," and nodding to the others as much as to say: "This ride will be too much for you; you will have to stay behind," he gathered his reins, touched his horse with his spur, and was off. The two officers, side by side, rode just behind him, while the escort on a brisk gallop were trying to keep within proper distance.

More supply trains had turned back, or were standing still. Checking his speed long enough to tell those in charge to park their trains right there, he struck his rapid gait again. More trains: he repeats his orders to have the trains parked. Train escorts were to check all stragglers and send them to the front.

Over another rise in the road, and the pike and the fields were seen to be filled with headquarters wagons, led horses, ambulances loaded with wounded, sutlers' wagons, straggling soldiers and officers' servants. Through and past this confused mass hurried the general. The scene was continued and intensified. Squads of soldiers here and there had stacked their arms and were eating their breakfast. But they had caught sight of the general and shouted his name. The shouting increased as he rode on, never slacking his pace. They waved their hats and cheered. And all across the fields the retrograde movement was checked. There was a movement the other way. Sheridan as he kept his great pace kept calling to those within hearing, "Turn back! Face the other way!" Forsyth says, "As he dashed on to the field of battle, for miles back the turnpike was lined with men pressing forward after him to the front." His escort had been left behind. Only the officer commanding it and a few of the best mounted men were in sight. "That long, swinging gallop of his splendid black

charger, Rienzi, that he seemed to maintain so easily and so endlessly, was a distressing one for those who had to follow far."*

Once on the field, he and his officers drew rein, and soon had taken in the situation. Some of the forces had rallied and, with standards flying, were facing the enemy. A battery of artillery was exchanging shots with a Confederate battery. The news that Sheridan had come acted like a magical tonic. Men stood more firmly in line, with muscles strained for another conflict. Some changes in positions were made and the men began to be impatient to move forward. Officers reported to Sheridan, that the lines were all ready. "Not yet. Wait a little," was his answer. The waiting only made the men more impatient. Finally the order was given. The onrush was well nigh irresistible. The cavalry on the right had been attacked on their flank, but had repelled the attack. Now, in a confused rout, with infantry driving them in front and cavalry crowding them in flank, every cavalryman seeming to press forward for a chance to get a sabre blow at some of them, the enemy abandoned everything in headlong flight. They had made some determined efforts to make a stand, but were in full retreat beyond Strasburg.

Major Forsyth had gone on with those in pursuit. It was dark when he returned.

"Camp fires were blazing everywhere. I went up to the chief, who was standing near a bright fire, surrounded by a group of officers,

---

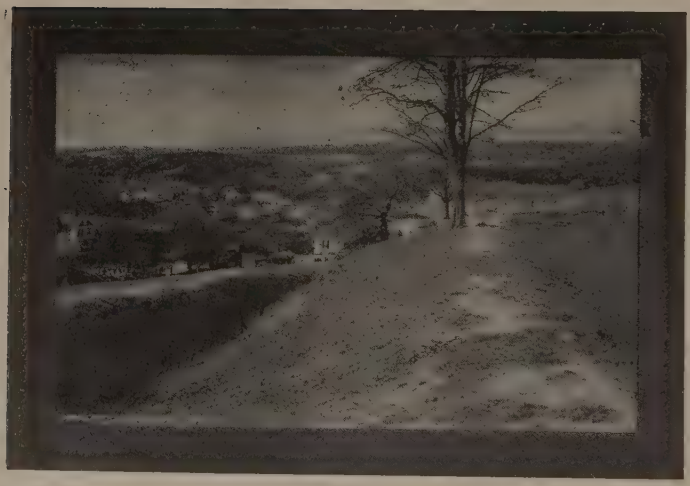
* "The horse that saved the day" was, after its death, entrusted to Prof. Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y. It was prepared by taxidermists and placed in the government museum on Governor's Island, New York Harbor.

He was not always "as black as the steeds of night." Like many of the finest bred horses, his new coat in the spring was black and glossy, but in the outdoor life of a summer campaign the color would change to a dark brown.

and saluted, reporting my return. 'Where do you come from?' Beyond Strasburg.' 'What news have you?' 'The road is lined with transportation of almost every kind, and we have captured forty-four pieces of artillery.' 'How do you know we have forty-four pieces?' 'I have placed my hand on each and every gun.' Standing there in the firelight I saw my chief's face light up with a great wave of satisfaction."

(Forsyth's Thrilling Days in Army Life. By permission of Harper Brothers.)

FIELD OF FISHER'S HILL.



BANKS' FORT, STRASBURG.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE FRONT ROYAL ROAD.

NO detachment of the regiment was engaged in the battle of October 19. Powell's division was on the Front Royal road. But the men, half a hundred or so, serving as scouts for Sheridan and other generals, had a busy day of it. Their adventures would make a long chapter. By November 1, the various parts of the regiment were brought together again near Front Royal.

By acts of the legislatures of most of the northern states, the soldiers in the field were allowed to vote at the general election. The 4th was election day in camp. Nearly all voted for Lincoln, and those from New York voted for Fenton for governor.

The 5th, a scout to Millwood and a long skirmish with scattered horsemen who kept at a distance. The 7th, a large detail went through Manassas Gap to Piedmont. Gen. Augur's force that had been here, had been withdrawn, and the railroad track taken up. The 8th, the detail was riding around through Fauquier county, with Confederates in sight on all sides, but too well mounted to be caught. Halt for the night near Paris. A dark and rainy night. Sleep in a fence corner. The 9th, on the march early. Gather a herd of cattle. Pass through Ashby's Gap. A young heifer breaks from its enclosure near a house by the roadside and runs along by the side of the column. A couple

of young girls—there were no men at home—run to overtake and turn back the heifer. The men in the column try to help them. But the heifer is fleet of foot and runs down the gap to the herd ahead of the column. The girls, all out of breath with running, give up the chase and turn back, one of them saying, "I guess she's gone up the spout." Ford the river at Berry's ferry; through Millwood and White Post to Newtown, a trip of nearly one hundred miles. Sheridan's army falling back. The 10th, make an early march back to Winchester and out five miles on the Front Royal road, and at Frederick Mills make Camp Powell. The 11th, new recruits arrive for all the companies. The 12th, two companies are ordered to remain and guard the camp. All the rest of the division ordered out. Some Confederates circling about at a distance. The two companies on the alert to guard the camp on all sides. A cold, windy, tedious day. Just at night the division returns, having routed the enemy at Nineveh and chased them beyond Front Royal, eight miles in forty minutes; killing about forty and taking two hundred, with two cannons and two flags. Captain Prendergast killed.

To this brief diary record a more complete account is needed.

For his brilliant services Powell had been made a brigadier general. He was commanding the division and Colonel Henry Capehart was commanding the Second brigade. The First brigade, or a part of it, had gone out, and beyond Front Royal had encountered McCausland's division of Lomax's cavalry. The Confederates were too strong for the Federals and the latter slowly fell back. Word was sent to General Powell and he ordered out the Second brigade. This was composed of the First New York, Col. A. W. Adams, First West Virginia, Major Harvey Farabee, and the Third West Virginia, Lieut. Col John L. McGee.

Going forward rapidly several miles, they met the other brigade falling back, the enemy following. Powell promptly assigned the regiments their positions—the First New York in the center, the First West Virginia on the right, and the Third on the left. Through intervals in this line the First brigade passed to the rear, and the Second moved forward. The Confederates had halted in line on high ground with artillery in position.

Company E was on the extreme left of the regiment. Perhaps on this account it was thought that it, better than any other, might make a little reconnoissance on the flank of the enemy. At any rate, an order came for Co. E to ride forward toward the enemy and see what men and artillery they had. Captain Daber was in command, an officer not large in stature, but always efficient, good natured, genial and prompt. With his usual cheerfulness he turned to his company and said, "Dis eest de last of us, poys. Follow me. Forwart!" and at once dashed forward with all his men close behind him. Said Fiala, "I shut my eyes as we started on that ride. We rode within fifty yards of the enemy's line, saw what there was of them, wheeled and came back. The Johnnies looked at us in astonishment, and did not fire one shot."

Captain Prendergast was provost marshal of the division, and him Powell sent with the order for the brigade to charge. The men all saw Powell with his habitual coolness watching every movement. Prendergast, after giving the order, took his place in front of his own company, F. Daber's company had just returned to its place, and the whole line, Col. Adams and the other officers in front, started forward on a trot, and soon broke into a headlong gallop, charging over and through the enemy's line; upon the guns, striking the gunners down; hurling men from their horses.

The West Virginia regiments on the right and left

doubled up the flanks and closed in on the center. The collision was a fearful mingling of men and horses, clashing and struggling. But it was of short duration. Those of the enemy that could do so broke away and rode for their lives. For eight miles the chase was kept up, plunging through both Forks of the Shenandoah, through and beyond Front Royal.

For the promptness with which this charge was made some credit is due to Corporal Martin H. Welch of Co. F, who carried the regimental colors. As soon as the order was given he started forward and kept the colors far in advance of the line. All the officers were in the lead, but no man held back.

Captain Prendergast of Co. F was killed, a ball striking him in the breast just before reaching the enemy's line; another ball killing his horse at the same instant. He was a young Englishman, somewhat exacting with his men and not popular with all, but he had been fearless and capable in many engagements.

The 13th, nearly the entire division was ordered out soon after daylight. Went to Middletown and formed a junction with the other two divisions, and marched up to meet the enemy again, but they had gone beyond reach. Returned after nightfall, having ridden thirty miles.

The 14th, at dress parade, Colonel Capehart made a speech to the brigade, and had general orders read complimenting all who had borne a part in the fight of the 12th, one of the cleanest cavalry fights in which the regiment was ever engaged.

There came good news of the result of the election, Lincoln having received 212 electoral votes to 21 for McClellan. On the eve of the election McClellan had resigned his commission as major general in the regular army, and Sheridan was appointed in his place.

The 16th, a large detail went through the country about Millwood. Confederates were in sight, but out of reach. The 17th, the regiment went out early. The advance drove a party of the enemy beyond Front Royal, but captured none.

The 21st, the whole division was ordered out. At Newtown it was joined by the other two cavalry divisions, making a formidable force with Gen. Torbert in command. A misty morning, and a rainy, dark day. Encamped at Woodstock after a march of twenty-eight miles. Muddy and cold. The 22nd, reveille was sounded at 4:30. On the march at daylight. At Mt. Jackson the enemy's pickets were found and driven back. Evidently the enemy was in force not far away. Crossed the river and formed line on the Meem bottoms to the left of the pike. The First brigade with parts of the other divisions were to the right. The long line to the right and left, began to move forward over the wide, low plain. In the meantime a mounted band that had been left on the hill on the other side of the river began to play "The Star Spangled Banner." We were to fight to the stirring strains of music. The right of the line, as it advanced, soon developed a strong force of cavalry in its front. At first the skirmishers and then the line itself became hotly engaged. The fighting was with firearms and not at first at close range. As they pressed forward the fighting became furious. The Confederates advanced and the Union line was forced back, but it recovered itself and pressed forward again, and the enemy were driven back to the foot of the hill. The spiteful shots were incessant, and a thin cloud of blue smoke hung over the combatants who were shouting and struggling in their repeated charges and counter charges. The ground became strewn with fallen horses and men. In the crash of firearms and the shouts, cheers and yells of these charging masses, the music of the

band was unheard. The Confederates were in too large a force to be driven.

The Second brigade in a double line reaching far to the left, slowly but steadily advanced toward the long, high hill in front, until a compact line of Confederate infantry, nearly the length of the hill, moving up from the other side appeared upon the crest. The cavalry stood firm under the opening fire of this infantry. The steadiness of that line of cavalry fronting that of infantry on the hill was commented on by officers and men of other brigades in a position to see it, as something seldom equalled. The infantry on the crest of the hill stopped and looked down upon it as they would upon a review.

The cavalry expedition was only a reconnoissance in force. The enemy had been found and made to show their numbers. They were too many to be dislodged. The cavalry recrossed the river and returned to Woodstock for the night; a march of thirty miles.

The 23rd was windy and very cold. On the road at daybreak. After a tedious ride of another thirty miles, the regiment reached home at nightfall, chilled and hungry, to find its camp occupied by a wandering regiment of infantry. It was all right while we were away, but now that we had returned, they were not long in giving us possession.

November 24—Thanksgiving. A pleasant day. An inspection of all unserviceable horses is being made. Division headquarters bugle suddenly sounds "Boots and saddles." "Saddle up, everybody!" An attack on the outposts. Quickly mounted and in line. A few, without orders, break out of camp and make for the rebels. Near a hundred of the enemy have tried to capture a foraging party. The few Federals that they have captured are retaken and some of the assailants are brought in.

Turkeys and other appropriate things—boxes and bar-

rels of them—sent by generous people at home, are distributed. With one eye on the lookout for hungry rebels prowling around the camp, we eat our Thanksgiving feast without further molestation, and are thankful. The times look better. "Where is Sherman going?" The men are making comfortable quarters.

December 7th, skirmishing with some of Mosby's men. The morning of the 10th, snow was a foot deep. The 16th, a large force ordered out. Roads icy. Horses have to be sharp shod. To Millwood, Berry's ferry and Milldale. Along by the side of the river. From the rocks on the side of the mountain directly across, some sharp shooters have a close range. Captain Krynizki of Co. I at the head of the column. A rifle ball passes through all his clothing from the cape of his overcoat to his undershirt, and leaves a track of broken skin across the upper part of his chest. He decides that there is no necessity of holding that position any longer. Returning to camp he is made the subject of many good natured observations. The next day some of the 14th Pennsylvania patrolling the same road, suffered severely from those sharp-shooters.

A hundred guns fired in honor of Thomas' victories at Nashville.

December 19, up early. Orders to break camp. Form line and wait till the First division passes. A large force. Roads very muddy. Ford the forks of the Shenandoah. Water high. Stop for the night in Chester Gap; eighteen miles.

December 20, march at daylight. Gaines' Cross roads, Little Washington, Sperryville, Hugh's river. Plenty of rails and hay. Thirty-one miles.

December 21, a cold, snowy, sleety day. Mud deep, and freezing before night. March slowly across lots, through woods, on narrow, muddy roads, up and down hills,

ford swift, swollen streams. Twelve miles in all day, equal to 50 on a decent road. Bivouac in a frozen cornfield near Robinson's river. Very cold. Plenty of forage and firewood.

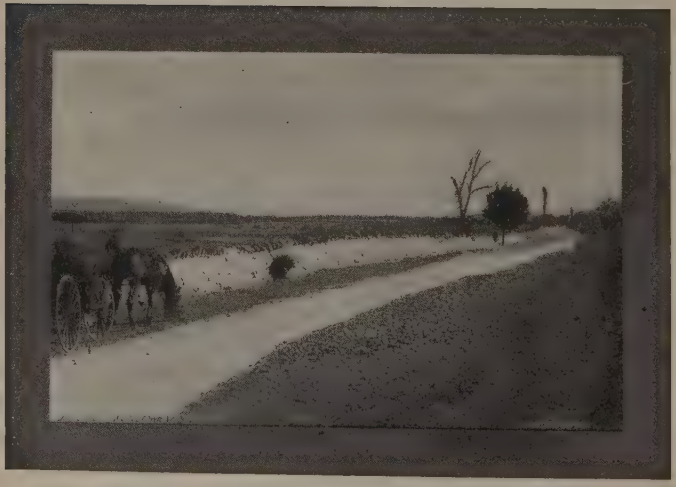
December 22, start early. Confederates lying dead along the road, killed while skirmishing with the advance. Find bridges burned at Liberty Mills. Ask an old colored man what river that is. He has an impediment in his speech, and makes frightful contortions as he answers, "D-d-e R-r-r-a-a-a-apidan, suh." Almost sorry we asked him. Wait till nearly night, skirmishing at long range, with the river between the lines. Captain Martindale is watching the enemy through his glass when a rifle ball passes through his cap and touches heavily the top of his head. He has never shown fear, but he feels nervous. He goes back and sits down to rest. Finally, different detachments cross at different fords. Some sharp fighting, and the Confederates retire in haste, leaving behind two guns. The most of the regiment on picket south of the river. Intensely cold, with snow squalls. Twenty-one miles.

December 23, recross the river; wait in line. Cross the river again, and go toward Orange C. H. A big, old camp of Confederate huts. Go several miles toward Gordonsville. Find the enemy too strong. Retire. Icy roads. March till 11 at night and halt in thick pine woods. Bitter cold. Make our beds on crusted snow a foot deep; twenty miles.

December 24, weather moderating. March early toward Warrenton. Icy roads. Bad streams to ford. Plenty of hay, corn, flour, and smoke houses full of hams. Halt in the woods near Aestham river; twenty-four miles.

Christmas.—An early start, but slow progress. In the rear of the column. Go hardly two miles by noon. Ford the Aestham river, deep, swollen, rapid, full of floating ice.

A VETERAN MARE—TWENTY YEARS AFTER.



THE BATTLEFIELD OF MIDDLETOWN—SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Roads narrow, crooked and icy. Some large stacks of hay at Hedgeman river. The horses know a good thing when they see it. They seem to want to help lift the surcingle bundles upon their own backs. The stacks are carried along to the stopping place. A hay brigade. Rest in the woods by the river near Warrenton sulphur springs. A rainy night.

December 26, on the march long before day. Raining and very dark. Pass the ruins of the once fine buildings at the springs. Through Jefferson, Warrenton and Salem. Confederates circling around at a distance. Have a little excitement with them. On the advance during the day, and on picket to-night. Near Paris, thirty miles.

December 27, in the rear of the division. Ford at Berry's ferry. Trouble in getting the droves of cattle and sheep across the swollen river. At night reach our old camp to find it dismantled and deserted. A cold, squally night. Make the best of it in our little shelter tents; twenty-five miles.

The 30th, struck tents, packed up, and on the road soon after daylight. Marched to Winchester, then out on the Berryville road, then to the left, and halted in a large piece of woods on a part of the battlefield of September 19—the end of a typical winter scout.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WINTER CAMP: RETROSPECTS AND PROSPECTS.

BY the first of January the new camp, Camp Russell, was laid out in good order, and all were busy putting up substantial quarters.

General Powell's headquarters were in a fine stone house two miles from Winchester. Colonel Capehart, commanding the Second brigade, had his quarters in a large, unfinished brick house half a mile from the camp of the regiment toward the Opequon, near Wood's mills. The First brigade was nearer town. The First division was along the Front Royal pike, the Third along the Romney road. Some of the infantry had been sent to Grant. What was left lay between the town and Stephenson's Depot.

On looking over the past year's diary there was found recorded the distance traveled on horseback in the line of duty, 2,460 miles; the year's travel by railroad, mostly on duty, including veteran furlough, amounted to 2,980 miles.

Winter quarters were made comfortable. There were the four walls of logs, from three to five feet high. Over these was a roof of canvas, or shelter tents fastened together. An ample fireplace of brick or stone surmounted by a chimney of sticks laid in mud, perhaps topped off with a headless barrel. These huts, generally uniform in style, smaller or larger according to the number of men in the

Courtesy of M. Umbdenstock.

WILLIAM H. POWELL.

different messes, were fitted up with bunks and many other home-made conveniences. Comfortable stables were made.

There was leisure for reviewing records and bringing reports up to date. There were some grievances to be satisfied. There were high officers whose dignity had to be maintained, even if some one else had to suffer for it. A brigade court martial was ordered. Colonel Capehart had entered the service as a surgeon, but had preferred fighting to healing, and had been advanced to a colonelcy. He had done some good fighting. But he was sensitive. After a day's march he had sent an officer to direct the regiment to go into camp in a certain place. The place was unsuitable. Adjutant Hinton, to whom the order was given, seeing the unfitness of the position, half unconsciously said to himself something about such an order being that of "a d—d fool." The words were overheard by the officer who had brought the order. He reported the expression to the colonel as being applied to him.

Also, Major Battersby had been acting as inspector general. He had asked the adjutant to make out for him a report of the inspection of the regiment. This the adjutant declined to do, saying it was not his place to do other officers' work for them. For these two things charges were preferred against him—for refusing to obey orders, and disrespect to a superior officer. Before the court he admitted that he had refused to make out the inspection report, and justified himself in doing so; it was not a part of his work. He also admitted having used the words related in the second charge. But he contended that they had not been addressed directly to any person, nor used as specifically applying to any person. He had spoken the words muttering to himself, and he was not amenable to the court for what things he had seen fit to say to himself. The fact that he had been overheard talking to himself did not make

the matter any more serious. He would say, moreover, that if he *had* spoken the words in a way intended to be applied to the complaining officer, or anyone who could issue such an absurd order, he thought the charge would be susceptible of proof. He was acquitted on both charges.

There were so many officers serving on staff duty that some of the companies were short of officers. There was no non-commissioned officer for one of the details on a picket post, and a trusty private was appointed to take charge of it. The field officer of the day with his escort came in sight and the sentry on post called out, "Turn out the guard—Grand rounds!" No major general ever more fully realized the responsibility of his position than did the soldier in charge. He "turned out the guard," and with a flourish of his sabre saluted with a military presence that attracted the special attention of the officer of the day, who stopped to ask his command and rank. "Oi'm sanyur proivate, sor," was the acting corporal's reply.

Scouting parties were frequently sent out through the country. But very few Confederates were seen. Still the picket posts were kept strong, and were vigilant.

The 15th, General Powell held a review of his division, and in a brief and appropriate speech took leave of his comman. He was universally regarded as an able man, a competent general, a patriot of strong convictions, who was in the service from a sense of duty. He was descended from a sturdy ancestry, the Ironsides, Welsh Presbyterians, who prayed, sang hymns, and fought under Cromwell. He had been manager of extensive iron works. He gave up his business and raised a company in the Second Loyal Virginia cavalry. He was rapidly promoted; major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general, and was brevetted major general. He had been seriously wounded in the breast in the attack and repulse at Wytheville, Va., July

18, 1863, and left on the field, and taken prisoner. On the charge of waging war in violation of the laws of war, he was confined in a dungeon, an old coal hole in the basement of Libby prison, with only the grating above for light and air, and no mattress to rest on, in the heat of midsummer, to die of his wound or to live, as might happen. After nearly six weeks the charges were withdrawn, and he was transferred to the regular prison. In January, '64, he was paroled for thirty days for the purpose of securing the exchange of Col. Richard H. Lee of the Confederate cavalry. If the exchange could not be effected he was to return, like the Roman Regulus, a prisoner. He bore to the President the loyal greetings of his fellow prisoners. By the special instructions of Mr. Lincoln the exchange was made, and Powell returned to his command. His later career was well known. He had taken part in thirty battles and thirty-nine minor engagements.

After his term of service he became largely interested in the iron business; was urged to run for congress, but declined on account of business contracts. He was a presidential elector from West Virginia for Grant in 1868. Later he was engaged in the iron business at Belleville, Ill., where he still (1902) resides. He has been commander of the Department of Ill., G. A. R., and was made collector of internal revenue by President McKinley, his comrade in arms and warm personal friend.

In war he was severe yet considerate. He was always approachable. At Front Royal, at the request of a Union soldier, he gave protection papers for the buildings on the Wheatley farm where the soldier had been befriended. The commanding officer of one of his regiments had several times been suddenly taken sick when there was a prospect of a fight. There was a prospect of another fight, and the officer, in front of his regiment, sent a messenger

to the general asking to be excused, as he was again feeling very sick. To the messenger the general said, "Tell him that, sick or no sick, he has got to go into this fight."

It has been the writer's privilege to be entertained by General Powell and his family. As a soldier he fought hard; in civil life he was the plain, honored, genuine Christian gentleman.

Major Timothy Quinn resigned January 4—a capable, prompt, popular officer. He had always been successful, and the men were sorry to have him go. Captain Martindale was made major in his place.

Captains James H. Stevenson, Abram Jones and Lambert I. Simons, Major Daniel H. Harkins and Surgeon Frederick Elliott had all been mustered out, their terms of service having expired.

Captain Stevenson had served five years in the regular cavalry and his experience was valuable. Before he became captain he had served most of the time as adjutant, and on brigade or division staff, and in this duty he was efficient. As captain he looked well to the interests of his men. After his discharge from the regiment he was made inspector general on the staff of Gen. W. H. Seward at Martinsburg. He studied law and became a real estate conveyancer in Philadelphia, and was successful. During leisure intervals he wrote "Boots and Saddles", a record of his experiences and those of the regiment. Comrades were sure of a hearty welcome in his elegant home.

Captain Jones also had served in the regular army. He was thorough in his knowledge of the tactics and the regulations; was cool, yet quick and fearless in action; unpretending, yet full of resources; careful of his men, insisting on discipline, yet considerate and just. More prisoners had been taken by detachments under his command than by any other officer. No one ever heard from him an objec-

tionable word, or heard of his doing an objectionable act. No officer stood higher in the estimation of the men of the regiment than he. His leaving was felt as a serious loss. He is living, a useful citizen, at Los Angeles.

Dr. Elliott had done hard and faithful work in the field and in the hospital. He had served as brigade and division medical officer. Many a poor sick or wounded man could testify to Dr. Elliott's faithfulness. He did not spare himself in caring for others. After resigning his commission he was still retained as a civilian medical director in the division until the close of the war when he resumed his practice in New York.

Major Harkins had left the theatrical profession to become a soldier. He was one of the most active in the organization of the regiment, and his company was the first to be mustered in. During the last year he had served most of the time on staff duty, having been Hunter's provost marshal. After leaving the service he returned to the stage and had a successful career.

Captain Simons later entered the navy and served a number of years with credit.

To General Powell and others it seemed that after the re-election of Lincoln and the recent decisive victories that the end of the war was near. Should it prove otherwise they would re-enter the service.

Some of the officers felt that they had good reasons for leaving the regiment. There had been some elements of discord among the officers. One of these was A. W. Adams. The men of one of the German companies had been persuaded, though very unwillingly, to accept him as a lieutenant, upon his assurance that he would not be with them long. He merely wanted this position as a means of getting another, and the inference was that the position he sought was in some other department. But when the

twelve companies were organized into three battalions, to the surprise of almost every one, he was suggested as major of the Second battalion, over captains of experience and ability. It was reported that he had done some political service for some one in high position. It was evident that he had some of the elements of a successful politician. His knowledge of military matters was at first very slight. His inaccuracies and mistakes had made him an object of ridicule.

And now he was colonel. The officers who had honestly protested against his successive promotions, and who had repeatedly preferred charges against him for general inefficiency and other offenses, which, through his "influence" had come to nothing, thinking it might be uncomfortable, at least inconsistent, to serve under him, chose to leave the service when their terms expired, or seek other positions.

At Nineveh the colonel had shown that he was not wanting in courage. He had gradually been picking up some knowledge of military matters. Perhaps the situation would not be altogether intolerable. Those who could not get him out, nor get out themselves, made up their minds to make the best of it. It looked as if the war were coming to an end before long, and they would do their part in fighting to the finish. Some new lieutenants were made, who had won their way from privates.

There was some gayety in the leisure of the winter camp. January 24, Colonel Capehart gave a grand ball at brigade headquarters. There were less pretentious entertainments in the quarters of other officers. One evening Lieut. McReynolds was entertaining, when the colonel walked in, like Henry VIII. at the masked ball of his cardinal. The men of Co. K had built fine quarters for McReynolds. The colonel complained that a lieutenant should

have better quarters than himself. The colonel was made to feel at home and the merriment ran high. At a late hour the party broke up, and the lieutenant retired. An hour later the familiar voice of one of the guests was heard, "Frank, Frank, come out here and show me the way to my own tent." For an hour he had been treading in a circle around the quarters of his host.

February 1, the whole cavalry corps was reviewed by Gen. Sheridan. It was a large and imposing review.

Major Battersby was now made lieutenant colonel. Captain Bailey was made major and provost marshal of the corps. Though detached, he was always ready to do what he could for any worthy man in the regiment. Savacool succeeded Bailey as captain—two well-earned promotions.

In 1876, the writer was wandering through the grounds of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, when from an inviting booth came the call, "Lemonade here! Five cents a glass!" The voice sounded familiar. The wanderer was attracted by it, and turned aside to hear it again. It was the voice of a bold captain, once accustomed to be heard in the roar of battle, but now attuned to the vocations of peace. There was a pleasant visit with the genial captain, during which he related his experiences in several enterprises for ministering to the needs of his fellow men, and now was running this "shebang" and apparently with great success.

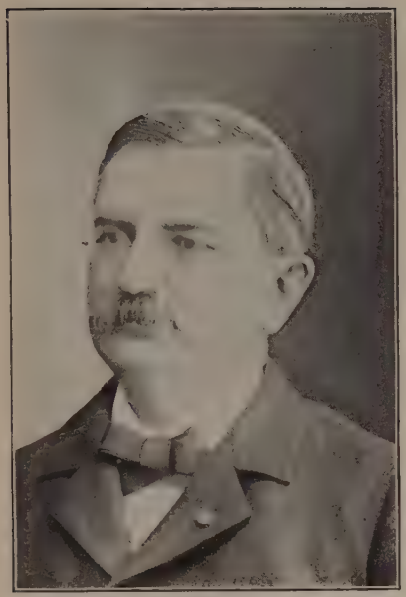
There were a number of worthy men who were not to take part in the final campaign. Some of these had entered the service, and continued in it, at a personal sacrifice. They had remained until the end was in sight. Then they had felt justified in retiring to follow the careers which they had planned.

Frederick A. Nims had served as A. A. Q. M. and A. A. C. S. on the staff of Brig. Gen. I. N. Palmer, from

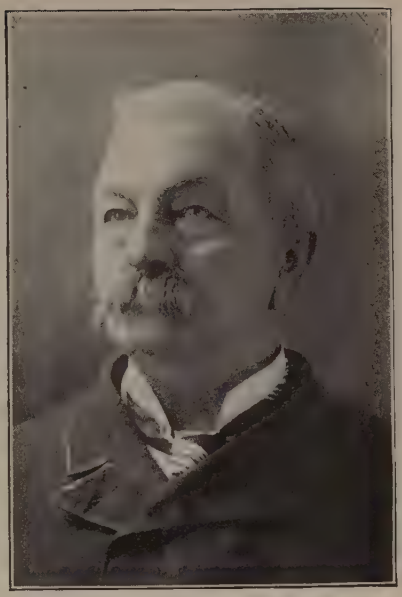
October, '61, to July, '62. From September, '62, to March, '63, he had been A. A. A. G. to Col. McReynolds, commanding cavalry brigade; from March to July, '63, he was A. D. C. to Brig. Gen. W. L. Elliott; from September, '63, to Nov., '64, he was A. D. C. on the staff of Brig. Gen. J. C. Sullivan. He was a man of scholarly attainments, and is now (1902) a successful lawyer of Muskegon, Michigan, interested in all public affairs, and losing none of his interest in the remiscences of the regiment.

Erwin C. Watkins entered the service as a corporal in Co. K. He distinguished himself at Mechanicsville. He led the advance at Capon bridge, and at Millwood led the night attack on the band of Confederates that had captured the stage in January, '63; he was for six months chief of scouts in the Valley; served on Hunter's staff, and on the staff of the commander of the cavalry corps. He had been active in all the campaigns, and in half a hundred fights. He had been mustered out of the regiment to accept an appointment as A. A. G. on the staff of Gen. Wm. H. Seward, commanding at Martinsburg. Returning to civil life, he became a prominent lawyer at Grand Rapids, Michigan, still feeling an honest pride in the records of the regiment in which he served.

Henry M. Nevius, a native of New Jersey, when nineteen was a law student in the office of Russell A. Alger. In June, '61, he enlisted as a private in Co. K. After successive promotions he was made regimental Q. M. sergeant. He was active in all the campaigns of the regiment until the last day of 1862, when he was discharged to become a lieutenant in the Seventh Michigan cavalry, in Custer's brigade. A year later he was called home to New Jersey by the governor, to be commissioned in a New Jersey regiment. The conditions were such that he would not accept, and he enlisted as a private in the 25th New York cavalry.



FREDERICK A. NIMS.



ERWIN C. WATKINS.

B. F MCREYNOLDS.

HENRY M. NEVIUS.

He became a first lieutenant and finally major. July 11, '64, in leading a charge against Early's forces outside the defences of Washington, he lost his left arm, the third wound he had received. He was a gallant cavalry officer. After the war he became an eminent lawyer, and an eloquent political speaker. He was a state senator, and was president of the senate. He has always been active in the Loyal Legion and in the Grand Army. He has been commander of the Department of New Jersey G. A. R. Although a resident of Monmouth county, he was, in 1896, appointed judge of the circuit court of Hudson county. His interest in his first regiment has never abated.

The genial Lieutenant Frank McReynolds was obliged, on account of physical disability, to ask for his discharge. He had served as commissary of the regiment, and also in the commissary department of the brigade and of the division. On his retirement a highly commendatory letter was given him by his commanding officer. For many years he has held the responsible position of secretary of the Board of Fire and Police commissioners of Grand Rapids.

There were capable men in the ranks who enjoyed doing their duty without caring for promotion. They became well known throughout the ranks, and their cheerful service was a healthful feature of camp life. They were never discouraged or depressed. They sang in the camp; they sang on the march. They sang and shouted as they went into a charge. Their singing acted as a tonic.

A lad had grown up singing among the oyster beds of Long Island Sound. And day after day in the first camp in Elm Park, Jerome Bell, a hearty, cheerful, robust man gifted with a stentorian voice, was called upon to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." He had sung, as well as fought, his way through his term of service. He had done his comrades good by his singing. He was missed in this win-

ter camp. The Confederate authorities had interfered with his re-enlisting: they held him prisoner.

October 16, '63, Captain Leavitt had found the enemy in force near Berryville. That afternoon Lieut. New invited a few select friends to ride with him toward Berryville. Lumphrey, known as "Frenchy", Dorman and Bell were on the advance. "Miss Alice," a Union girl visiting a Union family this side of the town, informed them there were no armed rebels in Berryville. There had not been when she came from there, but they had come in immediately after she left. The advance went on and after dark, looking through the window of a house where they hoped to get some supper, they saw four Confederate officers eating supper. Their appetites left them, and coming out of the town they passed the night in a down pour of rain. The next day they tried to learn the situation. They encountered the enemy in small force and skirmished with them until every horse and man had been hit by bullets. A whole regiment was after them. Bell's horse went down in a heap. He took his course through the tall grass of a meadow. His scabbard became entangled among his legs and threw him. Bullets from a hundred yards fell thick about him. He reached some woods beyond the meadow, where he sat down on a fallen tree to rest, reload his empty revolvers, and, as he hoped, see the enemy march past, when he would take the overland route for Martinsburg. But a few of them found him and took him back beyond the town. Here, around a stump that served as a guard house, he met his comrades, Stuart and Fred McNeil. Here also he made the acquaintance of General Imboden, Mosby, White and the Captain McNeil who always carried a double-barreled rifle, and who captured Captain Battersby beyond Romney, in October, '62.

Imboden questioned Bell about the forces at Martins-

burg and Charlestown. There was a division at the former place, artillery, infantry and cavalry, while at Charlestown there were only a few hundred. Bell informed his questioner that the reverse was the case—a large force at Charlestown, and a small one at Martinsburg, and impressed him with the appearance of a nervous apprehension lest he should attack Martinsburg, where Bell knew he would be sure of a warm reception. Finally Imboden asked him to what regiment he belonged. "To the First New York cavalry." "Then I am not surprised that you are such an infernal liar, if you belong to that regiment."

The prisoners watched Imboden's command as it marched toward Charlestown, wishing that they might in some magical way give the Union forces there notice of what was coming. Bell tried to slip away from his guard, and thought he had almost succeeded, but he was caught and brought back to the stump. The prisoners heard the firing at Charlestown. They saw Imboden's command come back with their few hundred prisoners, the men elated with their success, but hastening along the way, evidently fearing pursuit. Winans was added to their number. They took up their weary way through the Luray valley southward. In passing through Harrisonburg the victors were heartily cheered. The women were especially enthusiastic. They cheered, and sang, and shouted themselves hoarse, waving flags, handkerchiefs or anything within reach. To offset this demonstration, Bell, with mighty voice struck up, "We'll Rally round the Flag, Boys," laying particular emphasis on the chorus, when Captain Imboden, a brother of the general, who, up to that time had been doffing his cap to the ladies, right and left, broadly smiling his acknowledgements of their enthusiastic cheers, rode up and clipped Bell over the head with his sabre—he has the scar to this day—and told him to "stop that d—d singing." He seemed

to be mad about something. The singer *did* stop for a little while, and then struck up again. The guards enjoyed hearing him sing, and they let him sing. A Lieut. Silverton kindly gave some extra hard tack and other things to eat, to this squad of prisoners. While they were passing through the streets of Richmond some of the "Home guards" that lined the streets expressed sympathy for them; others reviled them. Some kind friends handed each a small loaf of bread, so long as the loaves lasted. The most of them could have enjoyed several loaves. One of the guard, a tall, lanky fellow, came to Bell and asked him to sing "that Bar Stangled Spanner song" that he had sung while on the way up the Valley. In reply to an expression of fear that the "Home guard" would not like it, he assured the prisoner that the guards would take care of the "Home guard." Bell struck up the national anthem, and singing it the captives passed through the doors of Pemberton prison.

After awhile the prisoners were taken to Belle Isle. Here on the first of January were 15,000 men with insufficient shelter, clothing and food. Three times that winter did the James river freeze over. In sight of these suffering prisoners was the stately mansion of Jefferson Davis. Tempting offers were made to these half-starved men to induce them to go over to Richmond and work at their trades, if they had any. The offers were refused.

On this island were old and leaking tents for 3,000 of the 15,000 prisoners. The rest had no shelter. In one tent were several Tennessee men, taken at Chickamauga, good, whole-souled fellows. Bell was in with them. One of their number, named Green, had a chance to help cook for the prisoners. He would come inside the gate at times, bringing some rye coffee and some very fat meat for these men. They would start Bell to singing, and he would come in for a share. He sang, not for the extra rations, but the

extra rations helped him out, and his singing helped the other prisoners.

In time 500 were to be paroled and exchanged. Once on board the exchange steamer, there was the call "Fall in for rations," and what rations! Great loaves of soft white bread, slabs of boiled ham, and Lincoln coffee! On their way north they saw Confederate prisoners in comfortable barracks, well cared for, expending their surplus energy in playing ball, while 350 of their own number, on reaching Annapolis were so debilitated that they were sent to the hospital.

Bell returned to the regiment in time to go with Hunter on his expedition to Lynchburg, and on the retreat across the mountains and back to the Valley—"a march of something like 220,000 miles, more or less," and living for several days on parched corn was a life in Paradise compared with that in rebel prisons.

Bell returned to his home at City Island, greatly respected by his neighbors who repeatedly chose him to local offices of responsibility and trust. He was active in bringing about the first reunion. Some of these men, meeting for the first time in years, as they grasped each other by the hand and looked in each other's faces, were scarcely able to speak as their comradeship in prison and in the field came back to them.

A small force went out from Martinsburg to Smithfield, in '63. Captain Blackford of this place had raised a company in the vicinity, and he and his men had been riding around the neighborhood hoping to pick up some wandering Federals. A collision occurred, followed by a wild and furious chase. Blackford's men scattered along the forking roads and through the fields and woods. By two's and three's the pursuers followed them. Captain Jones got ahead of his men, and encountered two of the enemy, who

shot him in one of his fingers, and then surrounded him, taking him prisoner. Bell and Thompson of Co. H saw all this from a distance, and rode to the captain's rescue. His captors were routed. Then the captain and Bell rode after Blackford. In his headlong flight through a rock-cut in the road the Confederate's horse stumbled and fell. His rider went over the horse's head with such momentum that he slid a long distance on his face in the stony, down-hill road. His captors remounted him and brought him to his own home in Smithfield. It was with squalid hair and beard, a bruised and torn, dirt-besmeared and gory front, that he was presented to his horrified wife and three grown-up daughters. He looked as if he might have been dragged on the ground from the place of his capture. "How changed was he from that Hector" who a little while before had gone out from that same home in his bright, gold-laced uniform, expecting to return loaded with the spoils of his enemies. It was a furious tirade that the ladies gave the two Union soldiers. But the Confederate was not so badly hurt as he looked, and after a cleaning up he and they felt better. Captain Jones talked to them in a friendly way. It was all the fault of the stumbling horse. He had himself, a little while ago, been a prisoner. He showed them his bleeding finger. He and the other captain had merely changed places. Such was the chance of war, and Blackford moved on with his captors to serve his time in a "Northern bastile."

In the Berryville fight of October 16, was William Winans. His own horse was disabled, and he was that day riding Skerry's well-known, trim, brown horse. While others fell by the way in the hot pursuit, this horse, that was a darling for a long run, carried his rider through to Charlestown. But while Imboden was fighting at Charlestown, Winans took his

chances in an attempt to escape on his own horse. But he was intercepted and his horse killed under him. He was taken to Belle Isle. He was slight built and not strong. His sufferings during that cold winter, with scant shelter and scant rations, were beyond description. But he survived to rejoin his command in '64. July 25, at Martinsburg, a piece of the brass fuse cap of the shell that exploded in the ranks of his company entered the point of his shoulder, passed eight inches along the shoulder blade, and was imbedded among the muscles. His arm hung helpless. He went to a hill in the rear where the surgeons were busy with wounded men. His arm was looked at, and a surgeon told him to go to the hospital in the town. He replied, "The rebels will be in town in an hour. I have been a prisoner once, and I don't want to be again." "How dare you disobey me? Go to the hospital at once!" He started in that direction, but when out of sight he struck for the Williamsport road. Weak and faint from the loss of blood, he kept on his way until he was overtaken by a retreating battery. Some of the men had been killed, and he was allowed to ride in one of the vacant places. At dark his own regiment overtook him. When his own company came up he asked Captain Battersby if he could get a horse for him to ride. The captain kindly took pains to get one from another company, but it had no saddle or bridle. His comrades lifted him on and led his horse. As he afterwards said, "This was my last ride with the old regiment." After lying all night on a kitchen floor, without food, and faint from bleeding, he next day rode on the seat with the driver of an ambulance, and finally, after fourteen days of traveling and suffering, the poisonous fragment of the shell was taken from his shoulder. For the rest of his life he was a sufferer, but he bore up with the spirit of a hero.

An officer had occasion to go to Baltimore. At the station at Frederick was a poor fellow so emaciated and weak that he could not stand. He could scarcely speak

above a whisper. How he had succeeded in getting from the hospital to the station no one could tell. Some comrades must have helped him there and then disappeared. The man had no furlough. To go away without one was desertion. He asked to be helped into the car. "Where do you want to go?" In a voice that could scarcely be heard he replied: "I—want—to—go—home." "Where is your home?" "In Con-nect-icut, and—I—want—to—go—there." He was carefully lifted into the car, and a place was made for him to lie down, for he was too weak to sit up. The conductor did not ask for his fare, and no armed guard asked to see his pass or his furlough.

At Baltimore members of some relief committee were at hand with an easy carriage, and strong men and gentle women tenderly cared for the helpless man. Relays of such relief committees helped him on his way to his home where those of his own family might nurse him back to life and health, or might watch over him as his life passed away. If he must die, he wanted to die in the midst of his family.

There were cases of homesickness that could not be told. Heroism in action was honored. There was heroism in suffering that was equally heroic, but unrecorded.

Peter Bockoven, of Canoga, N. Y., was mustered in with Co. B. After some weeks of service he was taken seriously ill with a fever. There was no hospital and he was cared for in the home of a friend. The regiment moved on. After a long convalescence he went to his home and waited long to recover his full health. In a fit of impatience the orderly sergeant reported him a deserter. When he had become strong, as he thought, anxious to do the best service he could, and not caring to take time to correct the record that had been made, he joined the 8th New York cavalry, an excellent regiment that was being raised at his home. Here he served until his health again failed, and he died in hospital, a soldier of unimpeachable honor, but unfortunate in his record.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TO GRANT'S ARMY.

COLONEL ADAMS was on leave of absence on account of a lame foot, the result of a fall of his horse, and Lieut. Col. Battersby was in command. At Custer's request, the regiment had been transferred to the Third brigade of the Third division, Custer's. A detachment under Major Martindale, with some other forces, was to be left at Winchester, to keep watch in the Valley.

The First division under Merritt and the Third under Custer, with Capehart's brigade of the Second, 10,000 in all, started at daylight of February 27. It was a wet, cold day. Reached Woodstock, 30 miles. The next day the army marched to Lacy's Springs, six miles from Harrisonburg, another 30 miles. The next day at Mt. Crawford, Rosser was waiting with several hundred men, entrenched, and prepared to dispute the crossing of the Middle river. Custer kept the attention of the enemy by keeping up an action in front, while he directed the First New York to make a circuit far enough to the rear to be out of sight of the enemy, to cross the river far enough above the bridge to answer the purpose, and then to fall upon the enemy's flank and rear. The men had to swim the river. After some delay and considerable discomfort, pouring water out of boots and wringing out their stockings, they were ready.

A lot of active men were Major Young's corps of

scouts. Among them were a number of men from different companies of the regiment. Among them was Valentine who delighted in riding a free horse and wielding a free lance. He did not have to wait for the regiment. As he rode past it he could not resist the temptation to call out, "Well, colonel, General McClellan isn't making as good time to-day as he made in the races at Berryville, is he?" A bullet struck his scabbard, and in some mysterious way followed around the calf of his leg, without doing any particular injury but leaving its mark.

The regiment with drawn sabres and loud shouts, and supported by the First West Virginia, bore down on the enemy's flank. The enemy were unprepared to withstand this charge, and broke and fled in confusion. They were pursued several miles, losing their wagons and many prisoners.

March 2, it began to rain at daylight, and it rained lightly all day. Passed through Staunton and out toward Waynesborough, twelve miles southeast of Staunton, on the road to Rockfish Gap over the Blue Ridge. Here was Early with his last 2,500 men, entrenched, proposing to make good his boast that Sheridan's 10,000 should never pass through that gap. Custer maneuvred awhile till he had his men in the proper positions, when different forces were to break upon the enemy from different directions, the First and Eighth New York in front, others on the flanks, and the rest a little in the rear to follow closely as supports. Those in front did not wait for their supports, but with loud cheers burst with an irresistible momentum, riding over the entrenchments and among the routed enemy. The attacking regiments and Capehart's brigade joined in the wild pursuit until the spoils of the battle were 1,600 prisoners, 11 guns, 17 battle flags, and 200 loaded wagons. Custer lost less than a dozen men. It was an overwhelming route.

In the pursuit it was every man for himself—and what he could get. Valentine overhauled Early's quartermaster who had on his person $10,000 in Confederate money.

Sheridan continued his policy of not resting after a victory. All night in the rain he pushed on through the gap, and at two o'clock the next afternoon he was in Charlottesville. The civil authorities of the place formally surrendered it to the conquering general. The few hundred of Early's men that had succeeded in evading capture were scattered among the mountains, the most of them going to their homes. They were never again met as an organized body.

The rebel war clerk writes: "It is rumored that General Early has been beaten again at Waynesboro. We *must* have a victory soon, else Virginia is irretrievably lost. General Early's army is scattered to the winds. It is reported that General Lee's family is preparing to leave the city. Reported that General Early, when last seen, was flying, and pursued by some fifteen well-mounted Federals, only fifty paces in his rear.—"

A little incident related by Fiala of Co. E—"When the charge was made and the battle at Waynesboro was going on, Co. E was guard at headquarters. Lieutenant Kneif brought a dispatch and said to me: 'Fiala, as your horse is the best in the company, you must take this dispatch to Major Bailey, provost marshal of the corps.' I thought this was the last of me, as I knew the roads were very bad and full of runaway rebels. But they must have been as bad off as I was, for I did not get into any trouble—only once in awhile a suspicious glance. I had to pass between two farm houses. I did not see any men, but some women stood outside and looked as if they would like to question me. I took no notice and went on.

When I delivered my dispatch the major, after reading

it, placed it in the envelope again, and said: 'I have no orderly to spare. You may as well take it to the colonel of the so-called First New York Veterans.' I found them about half a mile from Waynesboro, encamped on a hill. While I was seeking the colonel one of the officers wanted to take it; but the colonel coming up said: 'I want you to dismount when you bring a dispatch to me.' I dismounted, made a salute, gave him the dispatch, remounted, and left, thinking he was rather particular about regulations such bad weather. I believe the dispatch was an order for him and his regiment to take the prisoners back to Winchester."

This colonel had been observed when riding into a town, to take out a pocket mirror, and looking in it, carefully adjust his moustache and pendent whiskers. At one time he questioned the regularity of the way in which an order from General Sheridan came to him. This being reported to Sheridan, he lost no time in sending another order "in the regular way," relieving the colonel from his command.

At Charlottesville General Sheridan asked Major Young of the scouts to have four of them report for special service. They were provided with good horses and, dressed in gray, set out with dispatches for Winchester. They set out before daylight and rode rapidly, avoiding the main roads and larger towns. But on the way they met two of Gilmore's men who had been prisoners at Winchester. These recognized Dunn, one of the four. It was debated among the four whether it would be better to let them go, or take them prisoners, and tie them up in the woods, trusting that some one would in time release them when the scouts were well out of the way. They were allowed to go. But while taking their next breakfast at a house near Rude's Hill, the house was surrounded by twenty or more—Gilmore's men and citizens. The two whom they had met and allowed to

pass had managed this capture. The scouts were taken to Staunton and placed in the jail yard, their good suits taken and old clothing given them. Here were about two hundred of Sheridan's men who had fallen behind and had been picked up. Luckily some of Wilson's cavalry were raiding in the vicinity. In the confusion in the night the scouts escaped. In leaving they saw what led them to suspect that preparations had been made for hanging them as spies. They made good time the rest of that night. In the morning they saw four horses saddled and tied to a fence near a house. They cautiously drew near, untied the horses, mounted and were off. They were cavalrymen's horses, with pistols in holsters. At Rude's Hill the men saw that they were followed by a squad of horsemen. The bridge east of the Meem bottom was gone. The river was swollen and swift, but they had to swim it. Stern's horse was carried down stream and drowned, but his comrades helped Stern over. They reached Winchester safely.

After a rest they were given new suits and fresh horses and started out again. With many fast rides and narrow escapes they, in their trip of 150 miles, overtook Sheridan in the vicinity of Richmond.

At Charlottesville some of the men, who were practical printers, took possession of a printing office and issued a special edition, advertising, with the old-time cuts of runaway slaves, offering large rewards for the finding and return of "My boy Jube," and "My man Rosser."

Captain O'Brien, provost marshal of the division, captured among other things, a lot of correspondence among Confederate officers of high rank. These letters indicated anything but harmony among the writers. They contained spicy accusations of inefficiency.

The prisoners had been sent back under guard to Winchester. Now Sheridan's hands were free for new work

that he had to do—break lines of communication, tear up railroads, and destroy whatever property might be serviceable to the enemy.

Charlottesville was the home of Jefferson, and the seat of the University of Virginia. Here the soldiers of Burgoyne's army, surrendered at Saratoga, were kept as prisoners. When in 1781, Tarleton raided this part of the state, Jefferson and members of the legislature barely escaped capture. In anticipation of such a raid from Cornwallis' army the prisoners had been removed, some to Winchester and some of Frederick, Md.

After waiting at Charlottesville two days, Sheridan divided his command and went to destroying whatever would be of service to the Confederate government and army. He let Lynchburg alone, and made for other points. One column moved to Scottsville on the James river; another to New Market on the same river. One moved along the river and canal to Duguidsville, hoping there to cross the James. The Confederates had burned the bridge. They followed along the canal, breaking embankments, destroying locks and bridges, to Columbia and Goochland. Factories and mills that could make anything to help the army were destroyed.

Then striking toward the northeast Sheridan crossed the Pamunkey at the White House, with occasional rests and by leisurely marches, as if he felt at home in the country and had no fears; he passed over the ground on which McClellan conducted his Peninsula campaign, crossed the James and the Appomattox, and on the 26th of March was resting beside the army that was besieging the last stronghold of the Confederacy.

CHARLES KAYSER.

NAPOLEON VALENTINE.

WILLIAM H. BEACH.

ANTHONY FIALA.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE LAST RAID UP THE VALLEY.

THE cavalry that had been left about Winchester did not rest in absolute quiet and security while Sheridan was riding across the country to Grant. Scouts were out continually to learn the news. It was "bad weather underfoot." There were scouts in hot haste, all hands. New horses that showed a disinclination to be mounted, and others whose condition suggested the expression, "Go it, ye cripples!", all had to do their part.

The first of April, two days before Richmond was evacuated, there was a midnight call for every man having a serviceable horse to "saddle up." There were about two hundred of the regiment here at the time, those who had stayed with Martindale, a few who had come back from Waynesborough with Early's men as prisoners, and some who had come up from Remount Camp. Details from these and from parts of other regiments numbered three hundred. It was the morning of the 2nd when they started up the familiar pike. They forded Cedar creek, that was up to their saddles. At Strasburg they halted to rest and feed. To "rest" meant to unsaddle, rub down the horses thoroughly, and after feeding, saddle them again. Late in the afternoon they reached Woodstock and bivouacked in some woods by the side of the pike and near Pugh's creek, a small stream over beyond a hill. Rails were getting

scarce in this part of the enemy's country. Pickets were posted. A scouting party was sent into town, two miles beyond. Horses were unsaddled, groomed, and saddled again. They were to remain saddled and the men were to rest with their arms at hand all night.

Two hours before daylight there was an alarm. A number of shots were fired in quick succession. Men sprang to their horses. Captain Daber of the German battalion called out, "Fall in mit your carbines!" How the Confederates got inside the line of pickets, who were supposed to be within hailing distance of each other, without being challenged, was not known. Knowing all the country they found some way to slip in. But apparently they went away, and all was quiet. Some of the men thought it must have been a false alarm, and there had not been any Confederates there at all, and went to sleep again.

But at daybreak they were there, in reality, right in the camp, firing right and left, and calling upon the suddenly awakened men to surrender. The most of Daber's men got away—to come back a little later.

Le Moyne Burleigh had gone with Sheridan as far as Waynesborough when, on account of the condition of his horse, he had returned to Winchester. Now he was on this last raid. He was not one of the first to awake on the morning of this attack. When he reached his horse and was untying him, he was seized from behind, struck on the head with a revolver, and told to "surrender!" The man who made the demand was in gray. Our scouts were generally in gray. Not wishing to have any serious mistake made, Burleigh asked, "Who are you?" "I'm a rebel," was the unexpected reply. Burleigh's impulse was to fight, but on looking around he saw there were too many at hand, and one of these had snapped his revolver at him, it missing fire, and now was aiming another at his head with the chance

that this might go off. He surrendered, was disarmed and hurried to the rear. Here under guard was Welch of the same regiment. A sergeant major armed with a sabre and three revolvers, one in his belt and two in his boots, marched the two prisoners away. They had heard the Union bugle sound the "rally", and were looking for the cavalry to make a charge upon their captors. The charge was made as expected, and the Confederates were routed. But the prisoners were hurried by their guards through some woods, across a field, over a brook, through a torn-down fence and across another field. Here the horses of some of the enemy had been tied. The two prisoners were mounted on one horse and taken across the country to the pike, and then toward the south.

Burleigh asked his guard "who they all were." "Oh, we're rebels." "I supposed that. Do you belong to Rosser?" "No; we're Imboden's men," rather reluctantly. "What regiment?" "Twenty-third rifles."

O'Farrel, now a lieutenant colonel, was in command of the larger body which they soon joined. He directed the two prisoners to ride "alongside", and asked many questions about the forces at Winchester and elsewhere. They were too sharp, with all their apparent frankness, to give answers of any value. The whole party were nervously watching to see if the Union cavalry were following them. A Major Calamy asked for their greenbacks. They had none. He asked after some of the officers of the regiment. He seemed to know something about Col. Adams and Lieut. Col. Battersby, and Major Young of the scouts, and expressed a favorable opinion of all of them. The captors traded boots and other articles with the prisoners, always getting the best of the trade.

They went on to New Market, the guard pointing out the graves of the Federals who had died there the previous

summer, and the part of the mountain where Boyd and his command met their disaster. As they stopped to rest in front of a house a woman came out and gave the prisoners a "turnover" apple pie. In reply to their thanks she remarked that she "could show that much kindness anyway." At other places their guard, Powell, would ask at houses for luncheon, and was given white bread and apple butter—the latter a favorite relish in many Virginia families.

They stayed that night at New Market, sleeping on the floor before a fire, the guard keeping watch over them. The next morning they were crowded into an old stage and sent on to Harrisonburg. Here they found more prisoners, and the next day were sent in the stage to Staunton. From Staunton to Lexington they went on foot. Here in the guard house were men who had been sent as prisoners to Lynchburg, and returned. These reported the progress of Grant's army. Among them was Jerome B. Pomeroy of Co. K, familiarly known as "Bony."

The prisoners now numbered fourteen. Over them were eighteen guards. Only nine of the fourteen prisoners could be depended on for fighting, but these determined to make the attempt to escape.

They were stopping a night at Zollman's, a deserted country store on the bank of Buffalo creek. An hour after midnight big Dick Norrish, noticing that the prisoners were all awake, gave the signal that had been agreed upon, saying with apparent carelessness—"True blue's the word." All sprang from their blankets, rushed upon the guards at the doors, seized their arms, then made for those outside. They captured all the guard. They marched them twelve miles to a ferry, that was moved by a wire rope and the current, across Buffalo creek. Here they left their prisoners—their late guards, on one side of the creek, while they hur-

riedly marched away from the other side. At sunrise they had reached the mountains.

Hiding by day and walking by night, guided by a former soldier of the Anderson Zouaves, named Mitchell, who had saved himself from hanging by taking the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, they reached the house of a Union farmer named Goin, near Lynchburg. Here the hospitable family kept them till morning. Lynchburg was in possession of the Union forces. Lee had surrendered, and the war was ended. The late prisoners were sent to City Point and home.

Le Moyne Burleigh, one of the last to be taken prisoner and one of the pluckiest in effecting the capture of the guard and in making the escape, became a journalist. He was for years connected with the leading papers of New York City, and is still an editorial writer for the Standard Union. He has been honored by an appointment as special aide on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Grand Army of the Republic.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

THERE were hard times in Richmond, according to the rebel war clerk's diary. His nominal salary had been increased to $16,000 in Confederate paper—less than $300 in specie. In order to restore its fallen credit the government was selling gold,—$1 for $60 of its own paper. Flour was $1,500 a barrel; bacon $20 a pound; corn meal $140 a bushel; shad $50 a pair; wood $500 a cord. Slaves were cheap; strong men bringing not more than $100 in specie, less than one-tenth of what they used to bring. This kind of wealth had depreciated.

The people of Richmond had been watching the development of Grant's masterful plans. Sherman had marched unhindered to the sea, and was now carrying everything before him on his way through the Carolinas. South Carolina was experiencing some of the effects of the war which she had, with such a flourish of trumpets, inaugurated four years before. She was helpless to check the march of the Union army that was making itself at home in all her borders. Thomas had scattered Hood's army, their last hope in the west, and could come east with 40,000 men. Sheridan had ridden through the heart of Virginia, and was holding his splendid cavalry in leash, impatient to be let slip for the dislodgement and the grand round-up of the noblest quarry ever hunted on the continent.

Peace negotiations had been attempted. President Lincoln had come down to the James river to meet Confederate commissioners. The only result was that the people of the South had expressed their purpose to win their independence or "perish in the last ditch." "Everyone thinks the Confederacy will at once gather up its military strength and strike such blows as will astonish the world. There will be desperate conflicts!" Vice-President Stephens was in his seat, and determined. Mr. Hunter was "rolling about industriously." "My belief is that the only chance for Lee—and a desperate one, is to beat Grant *immediately,* before the grand junction can be formed. If Lee must evacuate Richmond, where can he go?"

Grant retired each night, "sleeping with one eye open and one foot out of bed, fearing lest Lee would give him the slip."

There was no special vindictiveness on the part of those who were facing each other along the lines. The Union men were confident. Lincoln had made them a visit, and their confidence in him was unbounded. They were sure of what Grant and his generals could do. The Confederates were not boasting that one of them could whip half a dozen, or put a multitude to flight. There were occasional friendly interviews along the outer lines. The Confederate authorities prohibited this exchange of civilities, and finally gave orders that their pickets must fire a shot as often as once every five minutes. The pickets informed the Union pickets of this order, and of the unpleasant necessity of obeying it, but they promised to do no unnecessary harm. Often the call came from their line—"Hello, there! Look out! Get behind something! I'm going to shoot!"

Lee had made a desperate attempt to break through the line drawn around him by a night attack on Fort Stedman. He succeeded in taking the fort, but it was soon re-

taken, and he could only wait and see what his antagonist would do.

Running southeast from Petersburg was the railroad to Norfolk. This had long been in the possession of the Federals. Next was the Jerusalem plank road, running along the Nottoway river. Next, running nearly south, was the Weldon railroad. This had been broken in December, and miles of it had been destroyed. The Boydton plank road led to the southwest. West from Petersburg ran the Southside railroad, passing a little to the south of Appomattox C. H. and on to Lynchburg where it connected with roads running north and south. From Richmond another railroad toward the southwest crossed the Southside at Burkeville, and passed on to Danville, Va., near the state line, and then into North Carolina.

These last two roads were the only ones by which supplies could be brought to Lee's army. Lee's lines had been extended to the south and west for the purpose of protecting these roads. Sheridan with his cavalry was to push ahead and cut these roads, while the rest of the army was to follow and support him. Lee comprehended the situation, and withdrew part of the forces that were in the defences of Richmond, and between that city and Petersburg.

March 29, the movement began. Sheridan marched down the Jerusalem plank road, and turned west. At Reams' station he crossed the Weldon road and proceeded on westward. Lee's extended works crossed Hatcher's run where the run crossed the Boydton plank road. Hatcher's run and Gravelly run unite to form Rowanty creek. South of the last named is Stony creek. All these flow toward the southeast. Lee's entrenchments extended west of the Boydton road for about four miles. Here his continuous entrenchments ended. Beyond an interval other earthworks

had been constructed defending a strategic point where several roads intersected the White Oak road. This place was called the Five Forks.

The Fifth corps under Warren had marched at 3 in the morning, crossed Rowanty creek and turned toward the right. Humphrey's Second corps crossed Hatcher's run north of Warren's crossing, and bore northward, the two corps moving on nearly parallel roads. Warren encountered the enemy in line of battle two miles in front of their entrenchments. A sharp fight took place. Humphreys had marched over a more difficult road, but encountered only skirmishers.

It had been planned that Sheridan should cut loose from the rest of the army and break Lee's lines of communication. Some of the enemy's cavalry had been moving along on the south side of Stony creek, apparently intending to head off Sheridan. But the latter reached Dinwiddie C. H. after some skirmishing, driving out the enemy's pickets. That night Sheridan stayed at Dinwiddie, while Warren and Humphreys were in camp six miles to the north, and in front of the enemy's works.

The morning of the 30th, plans were changed. The two railroads were now of secondary importance. Grant's purpose now was to break Lee's line of defence, get around his right, and "end the matter" before going back. All the rainy night of the 29th Lee was hurrying forward his forces to strengthen his right.

Sheridan sent Devin's division, supported by Davies, to break this line. But the works were too strong and were too well defended by the 15,000 who had been hurried there, and the cavalry fell back to Dinwiddie. The morning of the 30th, the roads were so bad from the rains that Grant proposed to wait a day. But Lee could not afford to wait. His right was menaced: he must break this extension of

the Union left. His cavalry had been separated from him by Sheridan's march to Dinwiddie. It had made a wide circuit to westward and now had rejoined him. Warren was crowding his extreme right.

Lee's attack was made with skill and vigor, and for a time seemed promising. Part of the Union force was driven back, but was supported by others, hurried to the scene of the attack, and the Confederates were driven back within their works with heavy loss.

While this fighting was going on, Sheridan had sent Devin's cavalry to Five Forks, to the left of the position where the Second and Fifth corps had been battling. The cavalry captured these works. This was an additional menace to Lee. This position must be retaken and held. He sent two divisions to recover these works. They attacked with such vigor that the cavalry were driven out and back toward Dinwiddie C. H. The Confederates, pursuing in force, got between Devin and the rest of the cavalry corps. Devin was compelled to make a circuitous march. The enemy mistook this movement for a retreat and pursued. Upon the flank of this pursuing column Sheridan hurled the brigades of Gregg and Gibbs with such force that it was routed and driven back.

During the night the sleepless Sheridan became convinced that the enemy were withdrawing from his front. The Fifth corps was ordered up. The advance division reached him at daybreak. Sheridan started on. The Fifth was to follow. At seven o'clock the other divisions were up. Advancing toward Five Forks, Merritt found a superior force in his front. Custer's division, eight miles away, was ordered to his support. The brigades of Capehart and Pennington, after riding hard, came upon the field. The men were dismounted and ordered forward. Hastily throwing up defences of rails they held their ground against

strong forces of Pickett's division, Wise's independent brigade of infantry, and the cavalry of Rosser, Fitzhugh Lee and W. H. Lee. The fight was a determined one. The men of the regiment were face to face with veterans they had often met in the Valley, and each side was doing its best. The battle was not decided that night. When darkness settled over the field the hostile lines rested on their arms within musket range of each other. The next day the stubborn fighting was continued until the middle of the afternoon. The Fifth corps had then arrived. The dismounted cavalry who had so determinedly held the ground were relieved. It was at a disadvantage that these cavalrymen, dismounted, and armed with carbines, had contended against veteran infantry supported by the best cavalry of the Confederacy. The persistency of that fighting was seldom equalled. At 3 in the afternoon of April 1, the second day of the fighting, there was the welcome sight of the coming of the Fifth corps. As one of the cavalrymen said: "Oh, but we were glad to see those 'toe boys' coming." The Fifth corps now relieved them from their long, wearying, dismounted fighting. The men of all three cavalry divisions fell back to their horses, and after an hour's rest, mounted and rode forward in a sweeping charge on the right and left. The infantry poured over the works. It was an attack that the veteran Confederates, even within their defences, could not withstand. The Southside railroad was in the possession of the Union troops. Lee's line of communication and supplies was broken. The victory was complete and decisive.

Crawford had passed on to Ford's station and headed off the Confederates from their retreat to the main army. Still they fought with desperation. But with cavalry and infantry crowding upon them they broke away and fled

toward the northwest, with the cavalry pursuing them until long after dark.

The Union loss was 1,000; the Confederate, 5,000 prisoners and many killed. In this succession of battles at Five Forks the Union cavalry had fought dismounted, and mounted, as occasion required. Sheridan had commanded the infantry as well as the cavalry. It was a hard day's work magnificently done.

Sheridan had got so far in advance that he had to send forces to reopen communication with the lines south of Petersburg. Infantry and cavalry he sent to the Ford road to be ready for any movement in that direction.

The effect of this victory was felt through the thirty-five miles of the besiegers. The general-in-chief ordered the bombardment of the works by the heavy guns. All night, till four o'clock the morning of the 2nd, the bombardment was kept up. In the early morning assaults were made all along the line. The outer lines were carried by storm, and the Confederates were confined to the inner lines. Longstreet's reduced command was called from Richmond. One more effort Lee made to break the besieging lines. It failed. His assaulting masses were hurled back. At half-past ten that Sunday morning, he telegraphed Jefferson Davis, who was in church: "My lines are broken in three places; Richmond must be evacuated this evening."

Our old friend Captain Amos P. Foster of the gunboat fleet, who had convoyed us down the Chesapeake to the Peninsula in '62; who had thrown his enormous shells—exploding fence posts, or whole blacksmith shops, forge, anvil and all, the Confederates called them—clear over the Union army and into that of the enemy at Malvern Hill; who had fired upon the Confederates dressed as women across from Harrison's landing, was now commanding the Commodore Perry, lying near the Dutch Gap canal. As illustrating the feeling among the men both of the army and navy as they

CAPTAIN AMOS P. FOSTER.
Of the Gunboat Fleet.

EUGENE LEWIS.

ROBERT LEDWARD.

SAMUEL W. RORK.

saw the end of the long siege near at hand, the following by O. E. Pierce, signal officer of the Perry, is interesting:

Captain Foster had been on deck most of the night, but had gone below. At 4 o'clock he came on deck again and asked the morning watch if he had heard any firing up the river the past hour. He replied that he had not. The captain said: "I would not be surprised if the end of all this should be within twenty-four hours." Scarcely had the words left his lips when,—"Sh——!!" went a sheet of flame up into the heavens, followed by a terrific explosion. "There," said the captain, "goes a rebel iron-clad!" "Sh——!!" went another sheet of flame, and another explosion. "There goes another!" said the captain. The gig was called away and the captain went on shore and climbed to the top of the "Old Crow's Nest" signal tower. In about an hour he returned on board, and in a few minutes the distinguishing pennant of the Perry was seen flying at the masthead of the flagship, and under it was a signal which read: "Get under weigh—Take the lead to Richmond!—Be very careful of torpedoes!" My God! What a feeling went through the officers and crew of the old Perry when the fact was made known to them!

The old boat had borne the brunt of several fights, and bore the marks of shot and shell, and now she was to pass through the ordeal of clearing the James river of torpedoes, and if successful she would be the first boat at Richmond.

The boatswain's whistle piped out louder and clearer on that morning than it had ever done before, and the old familiar voice sounded louder than ever as he called, "All hands, up anchor!" The anchor came to that cat-head quicker than any anchor was ever cat-headed before, and the good old boat began to move up the river over waters that no Union vessel had touched since the war began.

The first and second cutters and the dingey were sent ahead to search for torpedoes. They had not long to search—a little chip was seen floating in the water. It was examined—a line was found attached, and on the end of that a tin can containing seventy-five pounds of powder. Cautiously the crews worked away, cutting lines and wires, until the torpedo was brought to the surface, the can cut open and the contents spilled into the river. There were torpedoes of all shapes and sizes. One was a large iron box containing four hundred pounds of powder, connected by wire to a battery on shore.

So the boat crews toiled along until they had taken out fifty-one torpedoes, and the James river was cleared of them.

In passing up, the captain saw groups of men in Confederate uniform on the river bank. He hailed them, and found they were the

remnants of the famous General Pickett's command. He took them on board, and asked them where their guns were. One man replied, with emphasis, "We have had all the gunning we want." These men were sent to the rear in three tugs, and turned over to the troops at Fort Brady.

We reached Fort Darling, and to our great disgust ran hard and fast aground on the obstructions placed across the river at that point. We worked the steamer, first backward, then forward. Finally the captain ordered a part of the coal thrown overboard, and had all the guns moved over on the starboard side to give the vessel a lift. He ordered the chief engineer to pay no attention to the engine bells, but to work her just ahead and then back, hoping in that way to work her over the obstructions. Just at this time the U. S. steamer Malvern, Admiral Porter's flagship, came up, and, finding she could not pass us, came to anchor astern of us.

We then learned that Abraham Lincoln was on board the flagship. The admiral then conceived the idea of taking the President in his barge and pulling to Richmond. The barge was lowered; the President and the admiral took their seats in the stern sheets. Lieutenant Commander Barnes, with a body guard of marines, followed in the Malvern's first cutter.

Between the Perry and the shore was a very narrow passage of deep water, and it was through this that the admiral intended the boats should pull. But on reaching this, he found it was not wide enough for him to pass through pulling the oars on both sides. Just as they had given the barge good headway—thinking she would shoot far enough ahead to clear the steamer and allow them to use the oars again—the current struck her on the bow and set her directly under the steamer's immense wheel. At this very moment the engineer, not aware that anyone was near the wheel, began to turn her over.

It was a critical moment. The President halloed; the admiral halloed; and the crew halloed. Captain Foster, remembering that he had ordered the engineer to pay no attention to the bells, ran to the engine room hatch and called out to stop. It was not an instant too soon: had the wheel gone over once more, it would have caused the death of most of those in the barge.

When they were extricated from their perilous situation, the admiral called out: "Where is the captain of this vessel?" "Here I am, sir," said Captain Foster, leaning over the ship rail. "Well, sir," replied the admiral, "when you back off from here, don't you attempt to go to Richmond. Come to an anchor and allow the other boats to go up." "Aye, aye, sir," replied the captain, and the barge and the cutter went on.

After working the engine for some time the captain conceived the idea of trying to squeeze the three tugs before mentioned, through the cut the barge had passed, and after much pulling and hauling and hard work, (and, I was going to say, swearing) the thing was accomplished. He then ordered the three tugs to anchor, one ahead of the other, above the Perry, and ran a fifteen-inch hawser to them, leaving a slack of twenty fathoms between the Perry and the nearest tug boat. "Now," said he to the captain of the tugs, "when I wave my handkerchief, go ahead, and when I wave my handkerchief the second time, ring your jingle bells and go ahead at full speed."

How we watched that experiment! The handkerchief was waved—the tugs started. Another wave, and away they darted. The Perry's machinery was working, too. The slack in the hawser straightened out—Crash!—went the obstructions, and away went the good old Perry over the obstructions, bow first! What a cheer rent the air! Away we went under a full head of steam, and in a short time we dropped our anchor. The Commodore Perry was the first boat at Richmond. Afterward the flagship came up and anchored.

At evening the President and the admiral, who had spent all the afternoon in the rebel capital, returned on board the Malvern. It then became Captain Foster's duty to report to the admiral his arrival at Richmond. The gig was called away and the captain started for the flagship. On going on board he was met by Fleet Captain Bruce who said, "You'll get it, old fellow, for coming up here."

The message was given to the admiral by the orderly at the cabin door, that the captain of the Perry was on board, and he was asked to walk into the cabin. Here at a round table sat Mr. Lincoln and the admiral. Saluting both, Captain Foster said: "Admiral, I have the honor to report the arrival of the U. S. steamer Commodore Perry at Richmond."

The admiral, who was a perfect martinet, replied: "I thought I told you not to attempt to come to Richmond, sir." The captain replied, "I did not so understand you, sir. I understood you to say when I *backed off* not to attempt to come up." "Well, sir," said the admiral, looking sternly at him. "I did not back off," said the captain with a smile, "I came off bow first."

The admiral was mad, but Old Abe saw the joke and enjoyed it, as he always enjoyed a good joke, and laughed loudly. He arose and shook the captain's hand warmly, saying: "Captain, I congratulate you on commanding the first boat to Richmond.

The admiral saw it was against him, and said sternly: "Go on board your vessel, sir, and I will see you in the morning concerning the matter." But that was the last of it.

CHAPTER XLVII.

APPOMATTOX: THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

GREAT was the joy along the line of the besieging army. The men could not wait till daylight. Everywhere they were pouring over the works, gathering in the stragglers who in parties of two, or three, or a dozen, were wandering along in the direction which the army had taken. These seemed not unwilling to be gathered in. All through the abandoned earthworks were the wrecks and ruins of their winter quarters.

Grant did not stop to make a triumphal entry into the fallen Confederate capital. There was a larger prize to be won. Sheridan was already pushing on to get in the advance of the army that was trying to escape. The forces in Petersburg were to go out along the Southside railroad. Those in Richmond were to follow along the line of the Danville road. All these, uniting at Amelia Court House would go on to Burkeville where there would be railroad transportation southward. Lee reached Amelia C. H. only to find that the trains loaded with supplies that he had ordered there, had gone on to Richmond, and there the stores had been consumed in the conflagration. All available facilities for transportation were needed for officials, their families and household goods, the records and other property of the departments of the government.

The 4th, Sheridan was at Jetersville, seven miles from Amelia C. H. on the Danville road, and the most of his

cavalry were almost to Burkeville, the junction of the two roads. With both cavalry and infantry he was partially entrenched across the line of the proposed retreat. Lee, being thus headed off, moved toward the north and west, hoping to reach Lynchburg, for Meade had reached Sheridan at Jetersville, and Lee could not hope to fight both. Late on the 5th, Sheridan sent out Davies, who found Lee moving westward from Amelia C. H., his cavalry in front and his infantry in the rear of his train of 180 wagons. Davies struck this column sidewise, took and destroyed the wagons, and captured five guns and many prisoners. It was a quick, hard blow that he struck, and the retreating army quickened its pace.

The morning of the 6th, Lee was making westward toward Deatonsville. There were now three columns in pursuit—one on each side, and one behind. The Army of the James had been hurried forward on the south and was at Burkeville. The morning of the 6th, it hastened on to Farmville. An advance that had been sent on to destroy the bridges over the Appomattox at Farmville was driven off, and General Read, its leader, killed. The bridges were saved to the Confederates, but their progress was checked, and all the Army of the James was now in their front. Near Deatonsville Crook struck another of Lee's trains, checking his course, while Custer passed on and gained the road at Sailor's creek. Crook and Devin then hurried on to Custer's support, and together they struck Lee's column a staggering blow, taking 400 wagons and 16 guns. By this blow Ewell's corps was cut off from the rest of Lee's army. By a vigorous attack by Stagg's brigade, Sheridan kept Ewell from again uniting with Lee. In the meantime, the Sixth corps was hurrying up. By a division of this corps Ewell was turned back to Sailor's creek.

The Confederates, without sufficient rations, living on what they could find along the way, eating the buds and bark from trees and bushes, still manifested wonderful courage.

When Sheridan, on his march to join Grant, was approaching the Pamunkey river, Lieut. Col. Battersby was ordered to take his regiment to Taylor's ford, and guard the ford while the army was passing, when he was to fall in the rear as rear guard. It was an important duty, to guard against an attack on the flank of a marching column. There was some misunderstanding about the location, or the distance to the ford. Also, the carrying out of the orders exactly as given was interfered with by the report that a body of the enmy was prepared to attack the regiment on the way, and instead of a direct march, a circuitous one was made, and it was late at night when the regiment joined the rest of the army. The lieutenant colonel was put under arrest, and was tried before a court martial at the White House. Before the decision of the court was made public, the army moved on. In the battles that followed nearly every member of the court martial was killed or wounded. The judge advocate, who had the record of the proceedings in his possession, was killed, and the decision of the court was never published.

At Charlottesville the lieutenant colonel had been entertained at the house of Judge Watson, whose son was adjutant of the 52d Virginia infantry. While under arrest the lieutenant colonel, being relieved from duty, was free to wander around. He searched among the prisoners taken at Five Forks, and found the son of his host at Charlottesville, and made a return for the kindness he had received by interceding for the prisoner.

Colonel Adams had not returned from his leave of absence; the lieutenant colonel was under arrest; Major

Bailey was provost marshal of the cavalry corps; Major Martindale had been left in command of the detachment at Winchester; Major Passegger was on other duty, and there was not an officer above the rank of captain present with the regiment in all this campaign in pursuit of Lee. Some of the companies were commanded by sergeants. And yet the most splendid fighting the regiment ever did was done in this final campaign. Now and then a captain would be in command. But the men, keeping together, whether led by an officer or not, were doing their best. Captain Savacool of Co. K, slight in form, alert, fearless, was an inspiration to the entire regiment. And Col. Capehart, commanding the brigade, watched all his regiments with interest.

But the busiest men in the army were the scouts, and the services they did were of the greatest importance. Their adventures, related in detail, would make a larger book than this. In Confederate gray or in any disguise that would answer their purpose, they were in and out of the lines at all hours by day and by night, riding all through the Confederate army, and reporting very movement. Dunn, the Goublemans, Warren, White, Hogan, Valentine, Forkey, and others accomplished more than some entire battalions. Their work was perilous, but they became so accustomed to the peril that they did not heed it.

A few of many instances to illustrate the character of their work: Valentine, away outside the lines, came upon two Confederate infantrymen who had straggled behind, With the severity of a provost guard he demanded why they were away from their command. "We became so tired we could not go on, and now we do not know where our command is." "What command do you belong to?" They told him. "Come along with me and I'll show you where to go. Now be lively or the Yankees will get you!" And soon they were in the Union lines, and prisoners.

Dunn and Ed Goubleman were following some Confederates, when three others closed in behind them. Dunn's horse was shot in the hips, and Goubleman was shot in the arm. They turned into a field to the left, and riding up a hill, gave their pursuers the contents of their revolvers. Then they in turn fell in the rear and became pursuers and ran down all their late pursuers, Goubleman killing one in a hand to hand fight with sabres. In the chase Dunn and Tone were riding on opposite sides of a single Confederate who refused to surrender. Both were cutting at him with their sabres. Finally he was struck a terrific blow in the mouth, and turning a complete summersault over his horse, fell to the ground, and that was the last they knew of him.

Several scouts, in carrying dispatches, came upon a small force of the enemy. By making a circuit they came upon their flank, and yelling to the regiment to "close up," they led the charge, routing the enemy and chasing them back upon a large body in reserve, when they withdrew.

Again, they observed the advance of larger force coming forward. Concealing themselves behind a small hill, they broke upon these and drove them back. But the enemy's flankers were closing around them from either side. Now it was a race for life. Dunn dismounted to open a gate. The gate was splintered by carbine shots. Dunn's horse broke away. Dunn fastened the gate. His comrades did not at the time notice him. He called to a farmer who was ploughing, to catch his horse. This he did. Dunn reached his horse, and got behind him, using his revolver to keep back three of the enemy who were following him. He called for Goubleman and Hogan. As they came the Confederates halted. Dunn was able to mount, and all escaped, a large number of the enemy following them.

While with Sheridan in the Valley they were always encouraged to come to him at any time to report what they

SETON HALL UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PATERSON, N. J.

had learned. At one time in Sheridan's absence it was necessary to report to a corps commander. They had had a long, hard ride. In reporting they suggested that he order a reconnoissance, and strengthen an outpost to guard against a surprise. The corps commander asked: "How long since you have been in command of this department?" They replied that they had made such suggestions to Sheridan, his superior, and no offense was ever taken. They were sent to their quarters under arrest for their impertinence in making suggestions. The event they had cautioned him to guard against happened. In this one case their services were not appreciated.

Before reaching Jetersville, about fifteen of Major Young's scouts, all in gray, were riding along with one of Lee's columns. A brigade commander with a few of his staff was riding some distance ahead of his brigade. The scouts, dividing, rode up leisurely on either side of the general and his staff. It was about noon. At an opportune moment they quietly presented their pistols at the heads of these gentlemen and marched them off the road into the woods, the command supposing they were turning aside for rest and dinner. They were all brought to headquarters as prisoners.

The next day the colonel of a North Carolina regiment succeeded to the command of the brigade that had lost its leader. Several scouts rode up beside the colonel and his adjutant, saluted and entered into conversation, stating that they belonged to the Sixth Virginia cavalry, the Yankees were all over, and they had lost their regiment, and with his permission they would go along with him. He told them their regiment was three or four miles below, and that he was to join other forces and drive Sheridan out of Jetersville. Watching for the right time they drew their revolvers, and commanded the others to surrender, saying that

they believed they were Yankees. The colonel laughed and thought that was a good joke. He told his adjutant to show the scouts a letter from the medical director of the Confederate army. The scouts would not accept this as evidence, for he might have captured the medical director and got the letter in that way. Again he laughed, and told his adjutant to show them the headquarters flag which, at the time, he was carrying folded. One of the scouts reached over and took the flag. The colonel was then asked to describe the general who was recently in command of the brigade, and his adjutant general. When he had done so, Dunn replied: "The description is good. We captured them both yesterday. We are Yankees, and you are our prisoners." The colonel had to submit, but declared it was a characteristic, mean, Yankee trick.

On a long ride in a rainy night three of them stopped at a cabin for shelter, rest and food. They had learned to be sharp, but occasionally they found people as sharp as themselves. As they were resting in this cabin one of them unguardedly used the words, "I guess." It was different from the "I reckon," common in that locality. They saw that their host's suspicions were aroused. He started to leave the room, saying that he would look after their horses. They would not allow him to go out. When sufficiently rested and refreshed, they tied the gentleman up, locked the door, mounted their horses and rode on. The night was intensely dark and the rain came down in torrents. They missed their road, ran close upon a large picket post, but in the darkness they succeeded in flanking it.

From Dinwiddie Court House ten of these scouts were sent to break, if possible, the Danville railroad by which, it was expected, the high officials of the Confederacy would attempt to escape. The ten impressed into their service an old negro who knew the country, but who was terribly afraid

that the Confederates would get him and kill him for thus acting as guide. But he had to go. The party had reached a trestle and cut the wires as the train dashed past. Had they been but a few minutes sooner they would have derailed the train on which were Davis and his cabinet with the Confederate treasury.

The complete record of the work of all these scouts would be interesting history. But it is not now to be obtained. Before Savacool became captain of Co. K, he and Warren generally scouted together. These two, together and singly, captured one hundred and fifty Confederates. Warren alone captured forty-three. And it is to be said of these scouts, that, notwithstanding their rough experiences, they never forgot to be gentlemen, some of them never, in their entire service, tasting intoxicating drink.

At Jetersville Lee encountered Sheridan's cavalry under Merritt, and later, part of the Fifth corps. The Sixth corps reached Jetersville the evening of the 5th. Lee's retreat to Danville by way of Burkeville was no longer possible.

The night of the 5th, Longstreet's and Ewell's corps moved from Amelia C. H. to the north and west, through Deatonsville and Painesville, by a circuitous route around the left of the Union forces, intending then to strike southward to Danville. The morning of the 6th, the Union forces at Jetersville moved northward toward Amelia C. H., where Lee's army was the evening before. But now Lee was gone.

These forces now marched back to Jetersville. Merritt's cavalry hurried on westward to intercept the retreating army. The Sixth corps hurried on after Merritt, and came up with him about half-way between Sailor's creek and Deatonsville. The cavalry was hotly engaged with a force that was trying to protect a train that was moving toward Rice's station, as if Lee had still some hope of reaching Danville.

Part of the Sixth at once joined in with the cavalry, and together they drove the enemy across the road on which the train had been moving, capturing artillery, wagons and prisoners.

The larger part of the Confederates had by this time passed on beyond Sailor's creek. Sheridan ordered pursuit with whatever troops were at hand. The cavalry moved to the south and then to the west to head off the enemy, while Wheaton and Keifer's divisions of Wright's corps followed close upon the rear. The cavalry was soon engaged heading off the enemy and turning them back. At the same time the Confederates had to face about and fight the infantry.

Sailor's creek flows toward the north and empties into the Appomattox. Ewell had crossed the creek and was well posted on high ground. The creek, swollen so that it overflowed its banks, ran at the foot of the bluff. East of the creek was a wide, low bottom land, and east of this was high ground. Here Wright placed his artillery.

Sheridan ordered an immediate assault. Under the cover of the artillery fire the infantry moved across the bottom land, waded the stream, which was so high that the men had to carry their guns and cartridge boxes above their shoulders, and advanced up the front of the hill on which the Confederate infantry was posted.

Ewell had placed strong lines of infantry on the brow of the hill, and had massed his reserve infantry behind the center. The cavalry was waiting on his right and rear.

Forces of infantry were moving to the right and left of that which was to assault the front and center. This force, after crossing the creek, immediately advanced up the hill, and at short range attacked the enemy's line and broke it. But here Ewell brought forward his massed infantry and, himself leading, charged upon the assaulting force with such

vigor as to drive it back across the creek and out into the bottom. But here the pursuing force became exposed to the fire of the artillery on the high ground, and the assaults of the infantry forces that were now on their flanks. These flanking forces, paying no attention to the center that had been driven back, pushed on and wheeled inward toward the center. Now with mighty cheers and an irresistible momentum, they rushed upon the Confederates that were impaled between the flanking lines. The slaughter was terrific. A few were bayoneted. All that could, tried to make a break to the westward. But to the westward was Custer's cavalry, that had been waiting and biding their time. Their time had come. The First New York had the choicest position in the division—right in front of all that was left of Ewell's corps, the men that were breaking away from the crash of the flanking forces that had crushed the massed infantry between them. The cavalry did not wait for the enemy, fleeing from the fury behind, to fall into their hands. Never before had they been more in the spirit of fight. Never before had they swung their sabres in mightier blows; never before had their shouts rung out louder, as they rode among, and over, and through the disorganized masses. Sergeant-major Lumphreys' leg was shattered by a cannon shot. He was helped to a place where he could lean against a tree. "Go on, boys! Never mind me, go on!" Captain Savacool captured a flag. He handed it to one of his men and went on. He captured a second and flung it to another of his men. Far in front of the most of his men, who were riding hard to keep up with him, he captured a third. This he was waving, shouting exultingly, when he was struck by a bullet, and was helpless. But the fighting was over. Ewell and his staff surrendered to Captain Sam Stevens. The regiment, Capehart's brigade and Custer's whole division never did more heroic work. Thousands of prisoners

were gathered in. Giles, Morris and Pitman, immediately after the fighting was over, rode in front of a Georgia regiment that had three flags, and demanded the flags. They were given up. Each of the three men had a flag. But the color sergeant who gave his flag to Giles tore it to pieces before handing it over, and Giles sat up most of the night sewing the pieces together.

Ewell and six other major generals, and all their men, with all that they had, were the spoils of this victory.

The next morning, as many of the captured officers, including Ewell and his generals, were standing in a group under the care of Major Bailey, provost marshal, whose manly and chivalric ways always won him favor, General Custer passed near the group on his way to the front where there was yet work to be done. As he noticed the distinguished company, and such it was, he gracefully raised his hat and bowed. The staff following did the same. This courteous act called forth a responsive act as one of the Confederate generals, carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion proposed three cheers for the dashing general, whom he called "the very embodiment of chivalry." The cheers were given with a will. The compliment was returned with an equal heartiness. And Custer's band, that had been playing "Bonnie Dundee," changed to "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and Confederate enthusiasm was unbounded.

Captain Hinton and a detail made part of the large force that was to conduct the prisoners back to City Point.

General Sheridan in his official report says: "The cavalry in the rear of the enemy attacked simultaneously with the infantry in the front, and the enemy, after a gallant resistance were completely surrounded, and nearly all threw down their arms and surrendered. General Ewell, commanding the enemy's forces, and six other general officers, and about 10,000 other prisoners, were taken by us.

Most of them fell into the hands of the cavalry, but they are no more entitled to claim them than the Sixth corps, to which equal credit is due for the result of this engagement."

This is considered the last general engagement of the war, and its results were of vast importance. Some of the officers captured expressed the opinion that there was no use holding out any longer. This was reported to General Grant, who thereupon sent his first note to General Lee, asking the surrender of his army.

All parts of the army were pushing on in pursuit. Sheridan's was south of the river hurrying on to a point where he could place his cavalry square across the road by which Lee with his utmost efforts was making toward Lynchburg. While hurrying on with the hope of getting beyond Lynchburg into the mountains, Lee answered Grant's second note, saying: "To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia."

What remained of Lee's army was north of the Appomattox, concentrated along the stage and plank roads leading to Lynchburg. On the 7th, pursuing forces had attacked him in two of his entrenched positions, and both had been repulsed. There was fight still in what was left of the old army.

After the repulse of the second of these attacks, Lee received the note that Grant had sent, asking for a surrender. Lee's reply asking terms did not reach Grant till the morning of the 8th. In the meantime he was pressing on in his efforts to escape.

Lee succeeded in getting his army across the river at Farmville that night, and hoped by destroying the bridges to check further pursuit. Only the railroad bridge was burned. Humphrey's corps was so close in pursuit that the wagon bridge was saved. Barlow's division crossed and

found only a feeble rear guard, and two redoubts in which were left eighteen guns—left because the horses were too exhausted and famished to draw them farther.

The night of the 6th, Lee's generals held a council at which the opinion was reached that further resistance was useless, and the only thing left was to surrender. Lee was not present. When the opinion was made known to him he declined to consider it.

The pursuit was relentless. By a march of thirty miles, Custer in the advance had reached Appomattox station on the railroad to Lynchburg, and captured four trains of cars loaded with food for Lee's starving soldiers. The advance of this army was just then coming. Custer and Devin drove this advance back toward the north upon the main body, capturing twenty-five guns, a hospital train, many wagons and prisoners.

After this charge the regiment with others advanced in line toward the left. At dusk General Custer, passing along the left of the regiment, said: "Boys, I want a few volunteers to go up this road with me and see where that battery is firing from." Company E was always on the left. Lieutenant Walter said to Fiala: "Fiala, let us go. We may catch a flag and get thirty days' furlough." The two stepped out, and eight others followed. Custer and these men went up the road about a quarter of a mile, the battery all the while firing upon them from the right. They passed the line of the firing and went into a thicket, where the trees were so close together the men could not pass through. As it was getting dark Custer said: "Boys, try to get back the best way you can. We cannot get through here." The thicket was in range of the enemy's fire, and it was here that Lieutenant Walter was shot.

Fiala was trying to get through the thicket. When he succeeded he came upon several wagons with unhitched

Forbes.

CAVALRY SKIRMISHING.

teams, and two cannon. As he looked around he saw a Confederate coming through the bushes. He held him up and took him prisoner. At a little distance another man on foot came out. He took this man prisoner also. It was now between eight and nine o'clock and quite dark. With his two prisoners he took the road toward his own lines. A little distance farther on two mounted men came out in front of him. He thought it was no time to lose courage now. He hailed them and made them surrender. One had a sabre and a revolver. These Fiala took, and made his prisoners move on, one by one, until he reached the picket. Here he ordered the mounted men to dismount. One of them remarked: "Say, Yank, don't you take us for a set of fools?" He laughed and replied: "No, I think you are sure of your head to-night, anyhow." As he delivered them to the officer of the picket the latter said: "You did not capture these four men all alone?" He replied that he did, and the four prisoners gave him credit for as much as it was worth. The officer asked: "Sergeant, to what regiment do you belong?" "To the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry." "It is all right. Go, join your troop."

With the rest of the men of the company Fiala went on picket. About midnight he heard the slow approach of men. He halted them and called for the countersign. It was the advance of the infantry. A whole brigade marched as noiselessly as possible past the post, and lay down on the ground with their guns at their shoulders. Toward daybreak the pickets were drawn in and returned to the regiment.

Just before the regiment was mustered out Fiala received a lieutenant's commission. He and Lieutenant Walter were fast friends from the start. After the latter was shot, as Fiala related it: "I gave him my last blanket. He died an hour after being shot. The last words I heard him

speak were—'Let us capture a flag and get thirty day's furlough.' He received a furlough that lasted forever."

Lieutenant Walter was for a long time sergeant-major. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, sturdy man, a good soldier, and a reliable man.

He was the last officer of volunteer cavalry killed in the Virginia army, as Lieutenant Hidden was the first, not in the Army of the Potomac, as stated in Chapter IX., but the first in the campaign of 1862, in front of Washington.

At daybreak of the 9th, the Confederate leaders, Lee, Gordon and Longstreet, as they looked toward Lynchburg, saw in their front only a thin line of dismounted cavalry. Gordon was to break through this line. His soldiers were weary and foot sore with long and rapid marching, and weak with hunger. Yet they moved forward with the same readiness and determination that in better times they had shown on a hundred fields. They saw the line of dismounted cavalry fall back as they advanced.

But by an almost unprecedented all-night march the Army of the James had arrived at Appomattox Station. They, too, were foot sore and weary, but they saw the end of their marching and fighting. The thin line of dismounted cavalry was ordered to fall back slowly, contesting the ground with Gordon's line, until the infantry could move into position. Then the dismounted cavalry were withdrawn to the right, as a curtain before a stage, and Gordon saw before him a solid, heavy line of infantry with muskets and gleaming bayonets. The cavalry bugles sounded the call to remount. The men were on their horses, with gathered reins and sabres in hand, ready to break in a sweeping charge on the Confederate flank.

Gordon's line halted. Those men could never break through that dense firm line of Union infantry. An officer rode out in front of the enemy's line, with a piece of white

cloth raised on the point of his sword. A Union officer meeting him said, "We have no authority to receive a flag of truce, unless it means surrender." "It means surrender."

Scouts had reached Appomattox before the advance of the Union army. The fences had been down, and the scouts had for days been riding all through the Confederate army. When the truce was announced one of these was passing General Gordon on the way to his own lines. The general stopped him. "Don't you know you are liable to be shot if found in the other army while there is a flag of truce between the lines?" Colonel Moore of Sheridan's staff said: "He is one of our men." Gordon asked, "Then why is he in Confederate uniform?" The colonel replied: "Oh, we have to get along with any kind of clothing we can get, these times." The scout went on to where Sheridan was. The general berated him soundly for being seen there, and ordered him back out of sight.

While the two great generals were in conference in the McLean house, the antagonistic armies met on friendly terms. The Union soldiers shared the contents of their haversacks with their half-starved antagonists.

Arrangements were made for turning over all arms and public property to authorities designated to receive them. The terms of the conqueror were liberal. All were free to go to their homes on parole. The officers were to retain their side arms, private horses and baggage. Enlisted men could take home their private horses for their spring ploughing. These generous terms were appreciated, and the victors showed the utmost consideration. Grant permitted no firing of cannon in honor of the victory.

But some South Carolina cavalry came to the place appointed for dismounting and giving up their arms. It was with ill grace they came. They still showed something of the spirit of rebellion. Their manner provoked the para-

phrase of the usual form of the order for dismounting, "At-ten-shun! Pr-e-p-a-a-a-re to git off yer critters;—Git!" Upon declaring that *they* were not subdued they were met with the invitation to "come out one side into the open and I'll subdue you, or you will me." The invitation was not accepted.

Lee published an order to the men of his army commending them for their faithful performance of duty, but without a suggestion that they might have been mistaken in their course, or, that they had anything to regret except their failure to break up the Union. And he might have said a word acknowledging the liberal terms that had been granted, and advising loyalty to the old government.

All the details of the surrender having been attended to, the veterans of the army of Northern Virginia started for their homes. In parts of companies, in squads of a dozen, by threes and twos and singly, they set out on their weary tramping. In most cases it was a sad return to their former homes. Their homes had been broken up, their families scattered, the land laid waste.

The victorious legions took up their line of march to Petersburg and Richmond. The army of Sherman had been following that of Johnston up through the Carolinas. The cavalry was ordered to march to Sherman's aid. But Johnston had signified his willingness to surrender on the same terms that had been granted to Lee, and the cavalry returned.

The 14th, the regiment was south of Petersburg. This had been appointed as a day of special ceremony in Fort Sumter. It was the anniversary of the day on which Major Anderson had relinquished the fort, saluted his flag and sailed to the North, where he made his report to the government. Now, Major General Anderson raised the same flag that he had hauled down four years before. Henry Ward

Beecher, at the invitation of the President, gave a masterful discourse reviewing the events of the last four years, so full of momentous consequences.

Colonel McReynolds, on retiring from the service, had opened a law office in Washington. His son, Lieutenant B. Frank McReynolds, who had been discharged the previous January, was also in Washington, and on the evening of this same 14th of April was a witness of the tragedy of that night.

He writes: "I was in Ford's Theater the night President Lincoln was shot, and was the first to inform Secretary Usher, of the cabinet, of the sad occurrence.

Lieutenant Warren and wife had bought tickets with the view of being near the presidential party. They invited me to go with them. So I had a good opportunity of seeing the tragedy which unfortunately was too real.

Well do I remember seeing Booth in the President's box; hearing the shot; the scream of the other occupants of the box; seeing Booth as he jumped; the flashing of the polished blade of steel as he crossed the stage, and the big form of Lawyer Stewart as he quickly followed.

Tragic events quickly followed one another in those days. When I look back it seems like a dream."

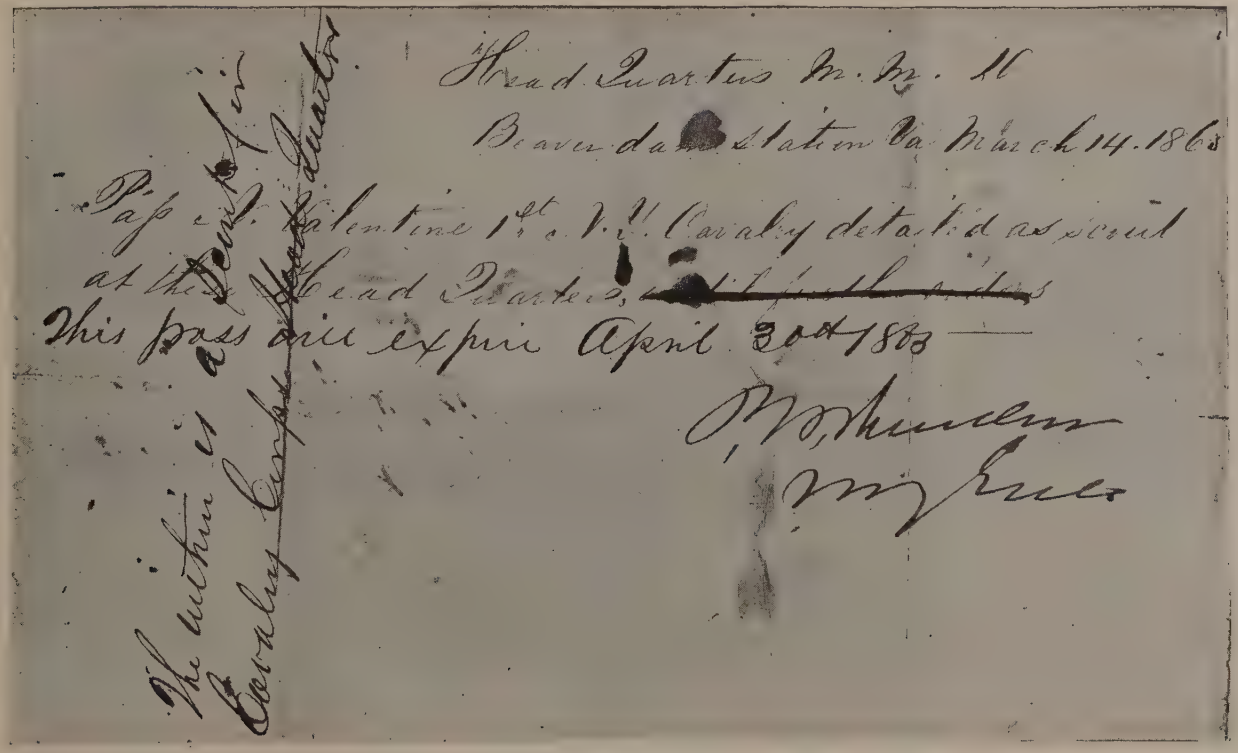
There had been some remarkable coincidences connected with this war. The first blood was shed at Baltimore, on the anniversary of Lexington, eighty-six years before. The surrender of Lee's army was on Palm Sunday, the day that commemorated the triumphal entry of the Savior into Jerusalem. On the evening of Good Friday, that commemorated the crucifixion, President Lincoln was shot. He died on the morning of the 15th, four years from the day on which he issued his first call for seventy-five thousand men.

The effect of the news of the death of the President

cannot be described. All through the camps there was unwonted silence. A few brief expressions of sadness over the loss to the nation in the untimely death of the great, kind-hearted man, and little more was said. Tears were seen on the bronzed faces of stalwart soldiers, who could ride into the presence of death without a tremor. It was the saddest day in camp that the soldiers had ever known. It was as if a pall had been let down upon them.

At evening dress parade bands played dirges that never seemed so sad before. Chaplains and others spoke to people that gathered at dress parade and Sunday services, but all inadequately. But there was consolation in the thought that he had lived to see the end of the armed rebellion.

"Even a dream is from the Ruler of Heaven," sang Homer. A dream had been sent to Lincoln just previous to each of the most important events of the war. The same dream, more impressive than ever before, came to him the night before his assassination. There is restfulness in the thought that it came as a premonition—a sign—the seal of Heaven's approval upon his finished work.



Head Quarters M. M. M.

Beaver dam Station Va March 14. 1863

Pass Jno. Valentine 1st N.Y. Cavalry detailed as scout at the Head Quarters, ~~until further orders~~

This pass will expire April 30th 1863

P. W. Sheridan

Maj Genl

The within is a Scout for Cavalry Corps Head Quarters

VALENTINE'S ORDER.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ANNANDALE.

IMMEDIATELY after the surrender General Custer published the following address to his division:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION,
APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.

Soldiers of the Third Cavalry Division:

With profound gratitude toward the God of battles, by whose blessings our enemies have been humbled and our arms rendered triumphant, your commanding general avails himself of this, his first opportunity, to express to you his admiration of the heroic manner in which you have passed through the series of battles which to-day resulted in the surrender of the enemy's entire army.

The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. Your prowess has won for you even the respect and admiration of your enemies. During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy, in open battle, one hundred and eleven pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle flags, and upwards of ten thousand prisoners of war, including seven general officers. Within the past ten days, and included in the above, you have captured forty-six pieces of field artillery and thirty-seven battle flags. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and have never been defeated; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you. The near approach of peace renders it improbable that you will again be called upon to undergo the fatigues of the toilsome march or the exposure of the battlefield; but should the assistance of keen blades, wielded by your sturdy arms, be required to hasten the coming of that glorious peace for which we have been so long contend-

ing, the general commanding is proudly confident that, in the future as in the past, every demand will meet with a hearty and willing response.

Let us hope that our work is done, and that, blessed with the comforts of peace, we may be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of home and friends. For our comrades who have fallen let us ever cherish a grateful remembrance. To the wounded, and to those who languish in Southern prisons, let our heartfelt sympathy be tendered.

And now, speaking for myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins—when those deeds of daring, which have rendered the name and fame of the Third Cavalry Division imperishable, are inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history, I only ask that my name may be written as that of the commander of the Third Cavalry Division.

G. A. CUSTER,
Brevet Major-General Commanding.

Official:

L. W. BARNHART,
Captain and Assistant Adjutant General.

After a few days' rest at Petersburg the division marched to Richmond. The city was relieved from the long siege. There was better order with less restraint than since the war began. People felt secure, and free from fear of an alarm. Even those who had been most bitter against the Union army, and especially against the colored troops, felt safe under their protection. The late Confederate generals returned to their homes in the city. General Gordon had left his wife confined to her bed, seriously ill. His intense anxiety on her account was relieved when, returning, he found her home protected by Union guards who were gentlemen, and who courteously saluted him as he entered his own gate. In the following years in high official positions he was loyal to the Union.

After a few days' march the division reached the vicinity of Alexandria. The largest part of the First regiment had been under Custer all the way to Appomattox, had had

a hand in the last fight, and had looked on at Lee's surrender. The detachment under Martindale had come from Winchester. A few who had been in Remount Camp in Pleasant Valley were in camp at Falls Church. The scattered parts were within visiting distance of one another. Those who had been released from prisons, after a rest in hospitals or their homes, for weeks little better than skeletons, had become able and anxious to be with their comrades in camp, and as they came they were heartily welcomed.

Many who had been on detached service were relieved from such duty and joined the regiment. George G. Peavey had been peculiarly adapted for orderly and scouting duty. During the Peninsular campaign while the regiment was with McClellan, he had been kept as a special orderly for McDowell. And during the last campaign he had been chief of scouts for General Seward at Martinsburg.

It may be a matter of interest to recall the once familiar forms of orders given to those detailed on special duty,

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,
MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Oct. 7th, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDER,
No. 10.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Extract.

VI. The following named enlisted men are hereby detailed for duty at these Hd. Qrs., and will at once report for duty: Sergt. Geo. G. Peavey, Co. B, 1st N. Y. Cav., "as scout."

By order of
Brig. Gen. SEWARD,
E. C. WATKINS,
A. A. G.

Official Copy.
CHAS. FASDECK,
Lt. and A. D. C.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION,
DEPARTMENT OF WEST VIRGINIA.

MARTINSBURG, VA., April 24th, 1865.

Guards, Pickets, and Patrols:

Pass Sergeant Geo. G. Peavey, Chief of Scouts, on all roads at all hours, until further order.

By Order of
COL. R. E. COOK,
C. C. ILSLEY,
A. A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION,
DEPARTMENT OF WEST VIRGINIA.

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., April 14th, 1865.

ORDERS.

Sergeant Peavey, Chief of Scouts at these headquarters, will proceed to Haynsville and Sick Mills, and inform Mr. Partrige and John French, merchants, that if they sell any goods to farmers south of Martinsburg, on any other days except Mondays and Thursdays, their stock will be confiscated. Orders governing trade are to be observed by them the same as those of Martinsburg.

By Order of
COL. R. E. COOK,
C. C. ILSLEY,
A. A. A. G.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE,

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., October 22d, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS,
No. 101. * * * * * * * * * * * *

4.....Hospital Steward JOHN H. GARRISON, 1st N. Y. (Lincoln) Cavalry, with twenty (20) nurses will report to Surg. FRED'K ELLIOTT, 1st N. Y. (Lincoln) Cavalry, to proceed to Baltimore with train of sick and wounded. Having performed this duty, he will return with the nurses and report to this office for further orders.

The Q. M. Dept. will furnish the necessary transportation.

WILLIAM HAYS,
Surgeon U. S. Vols.,
Act'g Medical Director,
Dept. of West Va.

Hosp. Steward J. H. Garrison,
First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY, M., M. D.,
May 20th, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDERS,
No. 33.

Hospital Steward John Garrison is hereby ordered to report to Act'g Staff Surgeon, FRED'K ELLIOT, in Winchester, Va., without delay.

The Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation. By command of

MAJ. GEN. MERRITT,
G. W. GORDON,
Capt. and A. A. A. G.

Maj. Rupell, please give order to return with me.
F. ELLIOT.

George G. Peavey had always proved himself one of the pluckiest fellows in the regiment. He was never in better spirits than when he was watching his chance to get a shot at a rebel. But in time it came to pass that he encountered a young rebel as plucky as himself, one Susan Van Vachten, whose pleasant home was "down on the Shenandoah." They had watched the signs of the times, and when the South gave up Richmond these two antagonists came to the same conclusion that Ewell and his generals came to at Sailor's creek—that there was no use in trying to hold out any longer. And on this same 6th of April, they sealed a sacred and lasting truce. Peavey became a prosperous master printer, interested and active in the association and the Grand Army of the Republic. He was chosen as one of the Guard of Honor at the bier of General Grant when the remains of the dead Chieftan lay in state in the Capitol at Albany, and in the City Hall, New York.

Around his pleasant home in Brooklyn there were no "guards, pickets and patrols" to keep away any old comrade. A heartier greeting was never given than was always extended by this gallant "Chief of scouts" and his amiable

family to any old fellow of the regiment who might happen around.

Without warning, on the 10th of June, 1901, he was stricken with death. At his funeral four prominent organizations attested their appreciation of his worth. But none could bear witness to his manly character more sincerely than his comrades of the First cavalry.

His father, George W. Peavey, from whom the son had inherited the spirit of a soldier, for his faithful service, was rewarded with a commission in the Fifty-seventh U. S. C. T. He was a man of unusual vigor, sincere and intense in his convictions.

Another who had been discharged the year before to become a captain in the 115th U. S. C. T. was Charles P. Ives of Co. H, a capital young fellow and an active soldier, who was one of the unflinching few that followed Lieutenant Hidden when that officer rode to his death at Sangster's station.

Few men in the regiment had placed upon them the necessity of doing more important service than John H. Garrison, in looking after the welfare of the thousands of wounded. A hearty, genuine fellow with cheerful presence and an abundance of good nature in reserve; he was helpful to the unfortunate who came under his care. In civil life he became prominent on the cotton exchange.

Anthony Fiala had been well taught in the best schools of his native Bohemia. After his efficient service he returned to his occupation as a skilled worker in diamonds. He, too, was one of the "Guard of Honor" at the bier of General Grant. A genial, companionable man, fortunate in all his relations, at his death, January 25, 1897, he was sincerely lamented. A son that inherits his martial spirit, served through the recent war with Spain, published an

become largely interested in irrigating the plains of Southern California. Valentine is a prosperous commission merchant at 262 Washington St., New York. Clark Stanton became connected with the pension bureau, and Charles N. Warren held a position in the government printing office at Washington. Rork became manager of the Chickering piano establishment, in Boston. Joseph Poulitzer became proprietor of the New York World newspaper. John F. Kent found a home in Minnesota. Charles P. Henry became a respected and trusted resident of Milwaukee, the only man of the regiment in the state except the writer.

One whose work has been and will be especially valuable to the student and writer of history is Henry C. Koch, a leading architect of Milwaukee. He was with Sheridan as topographical engineer, from 1862 till after the close of the war. The most of the maps of Sheridan's battlefields, to which it has been necessary to refer often, were made by Comrade Koch.

In 1898 the writer was entertained for several days by Comrade Besley and his pleasant family, at Ashgrove, near Falls Church. The two rode around the wide semicircle of the outer fortifications, from Fort Buffalo on the north to Fort Lyon on the south. Some of the works had remained unchanged except by rain and frost. Some were covered with bushes and young trees. Camp Kearney was a goat pasture. The old headquarters house was going to ruin. The walls were standing, but the windows were gone and the doors were broken down. The basement where the officers' mess had feasted, was now the stable of the four-footed creatures of the pasture field.

The fields of the reviews under McClellan had been reclaimed from the effects of war. Some of the old waste places were the sites of pleasant and thrifty villages. Lincolnia was the modern post-office name of Annandale.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MUSTERED OUT.

ORDERS were received to make out rolls of officers and men, and reports of property, preparatory to being mustered out. The scattered service of the regiment had rendered it impossible to keep all records absolutely correct. As nearly as can now be ascertained, the officers at this date were as follows:

ROSTER OF OFFICERS.

Colonel—A W. ADAMS.
Lieutenant Colonel—J. C. BATTERSBY.
Majors—E. H. BAILEY.
F. G. MARTINDALE.
FRANCIS PASSEGGER.
Surgeon—ABRAM WELCH.
Assistant Surgeon—T. D. POWELL.
Adjutant—WM. H. BEACH.
Quartermaster—JOHN NEWTH.
Commissary—HORACE B. ADAMS.
Chaplain—WM. W. MCNAIR.

COMPANY A.
Captain—Wm. Alexander.
First Lieut.—Augustus Delaney.
Second Lieut.—Valentine Mack.

COMPANY B.
Captain—A. Chalmers Hinton.
First Lieut.—Robert E. Clarke.
Second Lieut.—Albert A. Foye.

COMPANY C.
Captain—Samuel Stevens.
First Lieut.—Lemuel Evans.

COMPANY D.
Captain—Franklin McConnaughy.

COMPANY E.
Captain—Frederick Daber.
Second Lieut.—Louis Kneif.

COMPANY F.
Captain—John J. O'Brien.
Second Lieut.—Charles Weber.

COMPANY G.
Second Lieut.—Edw. A. New.

COMPANY H.
First Lieut.—V. F. Farnsworth.
Second Lieut.—S. I. Barber.

COMPANY I.
Captain—J. D. Kryniski.

COMPANY K.
Captain—Edwin F. Savacool.
Second Lieut.—John R. Norton.

COMPANY L.
First Lieut.—Milton Cafferty.
Second Lieut.—E. Schneider.

COMPANY M.
First Lieut.—Fred E. Hotchkiss.
Second Lieut.—Edward Lake.

Some of the companies were below the minimum necessaryto entitle them to their full quota of officers. Promotions were made to fill all vacancies. Commissions did not in all cases reach those who had been recommended for promotion until after the regiment was discharged. To an inquiry addressed to the war department relative to the standing of these men, the following reply was given under date of September 23, 1901:

"Under the provisions of the act of Congress approved February 24, 1897, such men are held and considered by this Department to have been mustered into the service of the United States in the grades to which they were commissioned, to take effect from the date from which they were to rank."

In the roll of the regiment these men are reported according to this decision of the war department.

There were necessary frequent visits to the offices in Washington on errands of many kinds. On one of these visits, June 3rd, a call was made at the Armory Square Hospital to see Captain Savacool. He had died the previous night. After he was wounded at Sailor's creek he was taken to the hospital at City Point. Here General Sheridan frequently called to see him, and encouraged him with the prospect of the bright career before him when he should recover from his wound. But it was a grievous wound.

The fatal bullet had reached a spot where it could not be reached. Surgical skill could not save him. His remains were taken to his home at Marshall, Mich., where the people paid special honors to his memory. At a later date the officers adopted the resolutions following, which, with a brief sketch of his career, were published in the leading papers of his state:

CAPTAIN EDWIN F. SAVACOOL.

Captain Edwin F. Savacool enlisted as a private in the first one hundred cavalry that left this state, and was transferred to the New York Lincoln Cavalry. He was promoted to a lieutenancy in 1864 for his daring conduct in capturing the notorious Blackford, and for other daring deeds was soon promoted to a captaincy. He brought into camp, in two years and five months, single-handed, seventy-two prisoners. Within five months he had five horses shot under him. On the day before he was wounded the horse which he rode received seven balls. He was shot during the severe fight at Sailor's Creek, where Ewell was taken, while he was capturing a battle flag.

The regiment to which he belonged was itself one of the most distinguished for its gallantry and valor. At Sailor's Creek, his brigade captured seven pieces of artillery, one thousand five hundred prisoners, fourteen battle flags, (one of which he took himself when he received his death wound) seven major-generals, also one hundred wagons. As related by one present, "with a degree of impetuosity seldom equaled, and a bravery equal to that of the Spartan Band, this brigade charged and carried the enemy's works, defended by two lines of infantry. In the great charges of the war, but few, if any have been more brilliant." To have belonged to such a brigade was sufficient glory, but to have been honored by it, as Captain Savacool was, is to reach the height of all ambition.

At a meeting of the officers of the regiment, in camp near Annandale, Va., June 25th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1st. That it has been with feelings of the deepest sorrow that we have learned of the death of our comrade and brother officer, Captain Edwin F. Savacool.

2d. That during his connection with this regiment since its first organization, in 1861, whether as private, sergeant, lieutenant, or captain, he has always done his whole duty as a soldier; having, while a sergeant, and detailed for the dangerous and most important service of a scout, captured, in person, more than seventy prisoners; that as an

officer, he was always foremost in every action, inspiring his men with an enthusiasm to follow where it was possible for soldiers to go, and having, in a desperate charge, captured a rebel battle flag, which he was waving in boyish glee, just as he received his mortal wound.

3d. That in his simplicity, manliness and straightforwardness; in his discreet but fearless bravery, that won for him the admiration even of his enemies; in his large heart with an intense hatred of the rebellion, yet so full of generous impulses and fervent love of country, we recognize the character of a true hero and patriot.

4th. That in his death the Republic has lost one of its bravest defenders and truest citizens, who fell a martyr to the cause of Freedom, just at the coming of the righteous peace for which he had so long and so bravely fought.

5th. That while we tender to the relatives of the heroic dead our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, we rejoice with them that he lived to see the complete triumph of the cause to which he had not in vain given his life.

6th. That these resolutions be published in the New York Herald and Michigan papers, and a copy be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased.

F. G. MARTINDALE,
Major 1st N. Y. Cavalry, Chairman.

WM. H. BEACH,
1st Lieut. Co. F, Adjt., Secretary.

June 4th, General Grant published these General Orders to all the armies.

Soldiers of the Army of the United States:

By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, and your magnificent fighting, bravery and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamation forever abolishing slavery, the cause and pretext of the Rebellion, and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis, on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and right in all time to come. In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families, and volunteered in her defence. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and, with the gratitude

of your countrymen, and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen and posterity, the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless legacy with their blood. The graves of these, a grateful nation bedews with tears. It honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

June 5, camp was moved to Cloud's Mills, two miles nearer Alexandria. There were reports to the effect that the regiment was to be sent to Kentucky, possibly on the way to Mexico, to compel the emperor of the French to cease interfering with the affairs of that country—to maintain the Monroe Doctrine.

The 7th, the regiment moved by way of Bailey's Cross Roads to the vicinity of Long Bridge, and encamped on the plain below the hill. Renewed acquaintance with localities well known in the winter of '61-'62. The 8th, crossed over to Washington, then back to Fort Albany, and marched again to Annandale, where orders were finally received for the muster-out of the regiment. It took time to complete the rolls and bring the records up to date.

The 23rd and 24th, the adjutant was enabled to make the completed returns of the regiment to the proper department, and receive his certificates of non-indebtedness—a mighty relief after having worked almost day and night to get the reports correctly made. Horses and all public property were to be turned over to the quartermaster department.

The last night in camp was celebrated with bonfires and exultant demonstrations.

Orders for transportation were obtained, and on the morning of Monday, June 26, the regiment broke camp, marched to the nearest railroad station, and were soon leav-

ing the sacred soil of redeemed Virginia. Delayed in Washington by having to unload, march to the other depot, and load on another train. It was almost dark when we finally moved out of Washington. Again in the night we had to change cars, and march through Baltimore. Again, the 27th, we had to march through Philadelphia, stopping to eat an abundant dinner at the Union Refreshment Rooms. At night we arrived at New York.

The following is from the New York Times of the 29th:

The First New York (Lincoln Cavalry arrived yesterday morning, and proceeded to the State Agency Rooms, Eighth Regiment Armory, where a splendid dinner was prepared for the command by Colonel Colyer, the New York State Agent. The regiment being expected on Tuesday night, liberal provision was made for the reception at the Agency. The ladies had prepared an elegant dinner for them, loading the tables with fruits and flowers, and Colonel Colyer had Robertson's band of thirty pieces waiting at the Battery at five o'clock. But this gallant regiment—one of the pets of New York—did not arrive, owing to some delay in the trains. A regiment of cavalry was also in waiting to escort the command from the Battery, but that part of the programme was omitted when the regiment did finally arrive.

Marching up Broadway, the Lincoln Cavalry was received with heartiness by those witnessing their progress up town, and the veteran organization was noticed and recognized as their fame merited.

After enjoying a substantial dinner provided by the State Agency, and a bountiful supply of ripe fruit, Colonel Colyer, on behalf of Governor Fenton, who had so desired, in a neat and telling speech, set forth the earnest wishes of the Governor of New York to render to all returning regiments of New York a fitting reception. In response to the speech of Colonel Colyer, Colonel A. W. Adams, commanding the Lincoln Cavalry, replied as follows:

SPEECH OF COLONEL ADAMS.

HONORED SIR: As Colonel commanding the First Regiment of New York Cavalry, now about to leave the national service, I feel oppressed with a sense of gratitude for the flattering reception we have received upon reaching "home, sweet home," after four years of arduous service in sustaining the institutions of our beloved country. Permit me, honored sir, to say for myself, and the brave officers and men whom it has been my privilege and honor to command, that this is the "day of days" of our weary pilgrimage, and that it will ever be to us

the "greenest spot in memory's waste." Not the less do we prize this generous reception because it is given in the name and by authority of His Excellency, Reuben E. Fenton, our honored and patriotic Governor—the true friend of the soldier and the Union. Your kindness will be enbalmed in our hearts, and consecrated in our affections.

The commendation, the hearty greeting of friends at home, with "well done, good and faithful servants," is not only cheering to the soldier's heart, but we receive them as ample compensation for all the sufferings and trials through which we have passed. It will, I trust, be no departure from modesty—one of the cardinal qualities of the true soldier—to say that the First New York Cavalry was the first regiment of that arm of the public service that voluntarily came to the rescue of our imperiled institutions, upon the breaking out of the rebellion. We asked no "bounties," we demanded no sordid gain, but made a free offering of our services, our lives, and our honor in support of the supremacy and majesty of the starry flag of the republic.

I cannot, in detail, recapitulate the services of this regiment, but the impartial historian will record that it met the foe in many of the bloodiest conflicts of the war, as that (pointing to the old regimental colors) honored, dearly prized, mutilated and tattered flag will testify —and that it was always prompt in the discharge of every duty, in the camp, on the march, on picket and on "fields of crimson gore." Many of the gallant officers, and hundreds of the brave men of this regiment have fallen victims to their devotion and valor, and sleep sweetly, I trust, in their honored graves, upon Southern soil. We ask of the friends of the American Union, to drop a tear to their memory.

The war is happily at an end. The supremacy of the government has been maintained, and as a nation we are about to enter upon a new career of honor, prosperity and glory! Gratitude should be engraven upon our "heart of hearts," to the *giver of all good* for His distinguished mercies in vouchsafing to us the preservation—*unimpaired*—of our free institutions. Myself, and my brother officers and men, about to sever our connection, as soldiers, with the National Government will soon resume our peaceful avocations. We return not among you with wealth; but, I trust, not without honor. In the language of the Scottish bard:

For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honor!

The surviving officers and men of the First Regiment of New York Cavalry are not politicians; but they love our free institutions and they have not been wholly unobservant of, or indifferent to, the deep duplicity of Great Britain, and the designs and intrigues of the Em-

peror of the French, during our late struggle with rebellion. We labor under the conviction, sir, that the doctrine of the fifth President of the United States, the illustrious JAMES MONROE, in regard to crowned heads ruling on any portion of our continent, is wise, statesmanlike and patriotic; and should our government ever call upon the sons of the land to maintain this doctrine, I hazard nothing in saying that the officers and men of this veteran regiment would as cheerfully and promptly respond to such a call as they did to the reverberating report from the first gun fired at Sumter in 1861.

Fortunately for the country, all have implicit confidence in the wisdom, patriotism, valor and determination of ANDREW JOHNSON, the successor of the martyred and lamented LINCOLN.

To him and to his patriotic Cabinet—a galaxy of heroes and statesmen—may be safely intrusted these important questions, involving the honor and *looking to the great future* of our incomparable republic. In conclusion, sir, permit me, on behalf of my command, and for myself, to express the hope that the Empire State, the home of this regiment, may continue to be distinguished for her patriotism, her devotion to the National Government, as evidenced by her magnanimous supply of men and money, her commercial and mechanical prosperity, and for the individual happiness of her sons and daughters.

To you, my comrades-in-arms (turning to his regiment), with whom I have so long served through perils, hardships and sufferings, wishing you all health, prosperity and happiness, I offer a soldier's adieu—a soldier's "farewell".

The regiment returned to the Battery during the afternoon and took steamer for Hart's Island, where they will be mustered out and paid off.

On the march down Broadway General Stahel paid the regiment the distinguished compliment of walking at the head of the column. Though we had missed the reception that had been prepared, yet there were hearty demonstrations all along Broadway to the Battery.

Hart's Island was at the upper end of East River, at the widening out of Long Island Sound. Here there were comfortable barracks in readiness. The next day, in order that the barracks might be left free for other regiments that might come by night, good wall tents were distributed, and the men once more pitched camp.

The afternoon of Sunday, July 2, Chaplain McNair

preached his last sermon from the words, "Quit you like men." The 4th, the colonel and several delegated officers took the colors to Albany, where they were received by the proper custodians, to be furled and deposited in the capitol.

The 6th, there was a meeting of the officers and many meetings of the men, for the exchange of expressions of friendly comradeship. It had not been the experience among the officers generally, that an assumed and unbending dignity was necessary for the exercise of needful authority. The enlisted men were of such character that in civil professions and business pursuits most of them soon won success.

The many comrades who had given their lives in the defiles of the mountains, on hot battle plains or in southern prisons, were not forgotten. On many a field the smoke of battle had hardly cleared away before the ground was filled with hospital tents, where men and women were ministering to the wounded and dying. They deserve to be remembered.

In the last of this writing acknowledgments are due to President Kayser and the other officers and many members of the association, and to Mr. Philander Reed, always a friend to the regiment and the association.

And here a brief sketch of the writer may be permitted:

A native of Seneca Falls, N. Y., the son of Elam and Hannah Edwards Beach, pioneers from Connecticut. Both grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolution. One was at Bunker Hill, the other at Saratoga. Graduated at Hamilton College, in 1860: a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. Has been principal of the high schools of Dubuque, Iowa, and Beloit, Wis. In 1884 was made principal of the high school and superintendent of schools, at Madison, Wis. In 1891 he was appointed head of the department of history and civics in the high school of Milwaukee. In 1867 he married Sarah M. Peterson, of a Revolutionary ancestry,

the sister of four brothers in the Union army, one of whom was Charles R. Peterson of Co. B.

In the writing of these records special acknowledgments are due to Christian T. Williamson of Co. F. His father, though not a native American, was an intelligent observer of affairs in this country. At the time of Lafayette's last visit to this country he was proprietor of a large livery stable in New York, and he drove the carriage in which the distinguished guest rode in the great procession. Afterward Mr. Williamson removed to Fairview, N. J. The home was on historic ground. In 1859, Christian T. Williamson entered Rutgers College. He was a student of history and understood the full meaning of the conflict that had been forced upon the country. Before he had completed his second year in college the war began. April 22, 1861, he enlisted in the Second New Jersey state militia for three months. He was discharged July 31. August 21 he enlisted in Company F, Lincoln cavalry.

In the service he was more concerned about doing his duty than in securing promotion. He would hurry to the front when there was fighting, even when his officers were disposed to be cautious. He was thoroughly respected throughout the regiment.

In falling back from Berryville, June 13, 1863, while fighting with the Confederate advance, his horse was killed, and he was shot in the right arm near the shoulder, and was taken prisoner. He was paroled and exchanged. He reenlisted. September 5, 1864, he was again wounded near Winchester. November 12, he was in the ranks again, and in the charge at Nineveh. He was mustered out as commissary sergeant.

He went west and was engaged in the building of the Union Pacific railroad, as mechanical engineer and sub-contractor. When the road was completed he became a wholesale grocer in Omaha. Then he returned to the East and

was appointed to a position in the New York Custom House. For his efficiency he was advanced to the highest position in his grade.

He was always greatly interested in the meetings of the association and did more than any other man in securing facts for this history. His hearing had been affected by the shock of cannonading, and the last few years he was afflicted with a painful infirmity.

On the occasion of a visit with him and his family less than a year since, in all his sufferings, he had lost none of his interest in the reminiscences of his regiment. He died November 7, 1901, and the following Sabbath, covered by the flag that he had defended, he was borne by comrades to his last resting place at the foot of the western side of the Palisades, "the hillside for his pall"—a model soldier and citizen.

July 7, the regiment was paid and the men separated to go to their homes. The tents they had occupied were left standing for other regiments. Records and property were to be turned over to Lieutenant Dolan, appointed receiving officer. The writer, delayed by some unfinished work on the adjutant's desk, stayed yet one night alone in the deserted camp. Late in the evening, when his work was done, he strolled down the vacant company streets and along the shore of the "sounding sea." The long lines of white tents were empty and silent. There came the faint, far-away hum of the city; the waves were rolling up among the boulders on the beach. Under a full moon half-way up the east, the surface of the Sound was flashing with light. Various craft under full sail were moving before a freshening breeze. There was no dread of a night alarm. No bugle sounding "Boots and saddles", would call us to another day of battle. All the wide foreground was a scene of peace, bright with promise; in contrast with it was the receding background of four years of war, crowded with the most momentous events of history.

First Regiment of Cavalry

(Veteran).

LINCOLN CAVALRY; FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

From *New York in the War of the Rebellion, 1861 to 1865*, compiled by Frederick Phisterer, late Captain U. S. Army, 1890; now Act'g Adj. Gen., Albany, N. Y., July, 1901.

This regiment was organized by Col. Carl Schurz, succeeded by Col. Andrew T. McReynolds, under special authority from the President, in New York City, and was mustered into the United States service between July 16th and August 31st, 1861, for a service of three years.

Companies A, B, D, E, G, H, I, L and M were recruited principally in New York City, four of them being composed of Germans, Hungarians and Poles; Company C, Boyd's Company C Cavalry, Pa. Vols., at Philadelphia; F, at Syracuse; and K, Michigan Company, at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The regiment left the State by detachments; Company C, the first in the field, leaving July 21st, 1861; by September 10th, 1861, the regiment was all in the field; it served at and near Washington, D. C., from July, 1861; in Franklin's and Heintzelman's Divisions, A. P., from Oct. 4th, 1861; in 1st Division, 1st Corps, A. P., from March 24th, 1862; with the 6th Corps, A. P., from May, 1862; in 1st Cavalry Brigade, A. P., from July 8th, 1862; in 4th Brigade, Cavalry

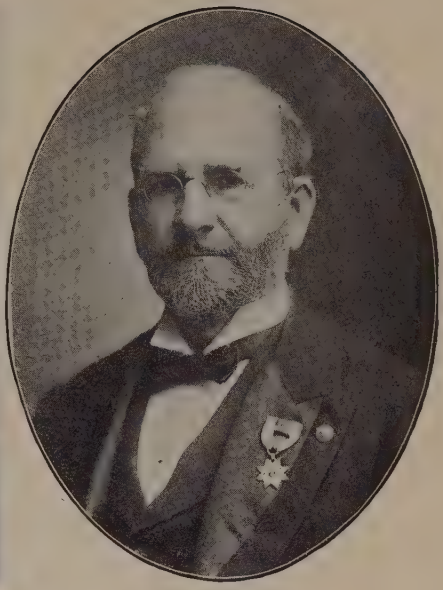
Division, A. P., from September, 1862; in Averill's Cavalry Division, 8th Corps, Middle Dept., from October, 1862; with the forces for the defense of the Upper Potomac, 8th Corps, Middle Dept., from November, 1862; in the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 8th Corps, from March, 1863; in the Dept. of the Susquehanna, from June, 1863; in the Dept. of W. Va., from August, 1863; in the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, Cavalry, Army of W. Va., from November, 1863; in the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, Army W. Va., from August 27, 1864; in the Army of the Shenandoah, from October, 1864, and in the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, Cavalry, Army of the Shenandoah, from December, 1864, and with the Army of the Potomac, from March, 1865.

At the expiration of its term of service, those entitled thereto were discharged, and the regiment, composed of veterans and recruits, continued in the service until June 27th, 1865, when, commanded by Col. Alonzo W. Adams, it was mustered out at Alexandria, Va.

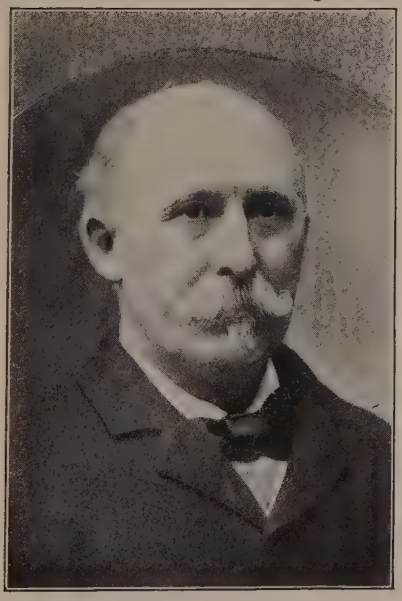
During its service the regiment lost by death, killed in action, 3 officers, 22 enlisted men; died of wounds received in action, 2 officers, 21 enlisted men; died of disease and other causes, 2 officers, 118 enlisted men; total, 7 officers and 161 enlisted men; aggregate, 168; of whom 44 enlisted men died in the hands of the enemy.

The regiment, or portions of it, took part in the following engagements, etc.:

CHRISTIAN T. WILLIAMSON.



WM. H. BEACH.



CLARK STANTON.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

Place.	Date.	Killed.		Wounded.				Missing.		Aggregate.
				Died.		Recov'd.				
		Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	
	1861									
Pohick Church, Va.	Aug. 18	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
Accotink Creek, Va.	Nov. 12	..	..	..	1	..	3	1	5	10
Fairfax Court House, Va.	Nov. 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Annandale, Va.	Dec. 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Falls Church, Va.	Dec. 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
	1862									
Lee's House, Va.	Jan. 29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sangster's Station, Va.	March 9	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Westpoint, Va.	May 7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Mechanicsville, Va.	May 22	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	1	3
Hanover Court House, Va.	May 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Seven Day's Battles, Va.	June 25-July 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Oak Grove, Va.	June 25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mechanicsville, Va.	June 26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gaines' Mills, Va.	June 27	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	3
Garnett's Farm, Va.	June 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Garnett's and Golding's Farms, Va.	June 28	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Savage Station, Va.	June 29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
White Oak Swamp Bridge, Va.	June 30	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Glendale, Va.	June 30	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Malvern Cliff, Va.	June 30	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Malvern Hill, Va.	July 1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Crew's Farm and Carter's Hill, Va.	July 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Gum Run Swamp, Va.	July 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Place.	Date.	Killed.		Wounded.				Missing.		Aggregate.
				Died.		Recov'd.				
		Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	
Long Bridge Road, Va.	July 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Harrison's Landing, Va.	July 30	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Seneca Creek, Va.	September 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Hyattstown, Md.	September 9-10	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	2
Frederick City, Md.	September 12	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	2	3
Antietam, Md.	September 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williamsport, Md.	September 19-20	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2
Near Shepherdstown, Va.	September 20	..	..	..	1	..	2	..	..	3
Blue Gap, W. Va.	September 29	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	5	6
Near Hanging Rock, W. Va.	October 2	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	4	6
Cacapon Bridge, W. Va.	October 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near North River Mills, Va.	October 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cacapon Bridge, W. Va.	October 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
White's Ford, Va.	October 10	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Hanging Rock, W. Va.	October 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
South Branch, Va.	October 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Springfield, W. Va.	October 27	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
North River Mills, Va.	October 29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
French's Store, Va.	October 29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Occoquan Ferry, Va.	November 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Pughtown, Va.	November 5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lockard's Gap, Va.	November 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Paw Paw Furnace, Va.	November 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
South Fork of Potomac, Va.	November 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
Romney's Bridge, Va.	November 10	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	1	3

Near Springfield, Va.	November 15	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	1	3
Near Winchester, Va.	November 22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Darkesville, Va.	December 11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bunker Hill, Va.	December 12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charlestown, Va.	December 25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
	1863									
Woodstock, Va.	January 7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Newtown, Va.	January 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Devil's Hole, Va.	January 26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Millwood, Va.	February 6	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1
Near Winchester, Va.	February 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodstock, Va.	February 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Strasburg, Kearnst'n, Va.	February 26	..	..	..	1	..	2	1	13	17
Snicker's Ferry, Va.	April 13	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
Berry's Ferry, Va.	April 13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
White Post, Fort Royal, Va.	April 13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Paris, Va.	April 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mansfield, Va.	April 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Millwood, Va.	April 21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moorefield, Va.	April 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Hampshire Co., W. Va.	May 5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Upperville, Va.	May 6-7	..	1	..	2	2	2	..	..	7
Berry's Ferry, Va.	May 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Upperville, Va.	May 13	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2
Middleburg, Va.	May 13	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Berry's Ferry, Va.	May 16	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	1	3
Upperville, Va.	May 28	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Berryville, Va.	June 5	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	1	3
Piedmont, Va.	June 8	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	2	3
Near White Post, Va.	June 13	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	2
Near Millwood, Va.	June 13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Opequon, Va.	June 13	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	7	8
Bunker Hill, Va.	June 13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martinsburg, Va.	June 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4

Place.	Date.	Killed.		Wounded.				Missing.		Aggregate.
				Died.		Recov'd.				
		Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	
Winchester, Va.	June 14-15	..	2	..	3	..	3	2	53	63
Williamsport, Md.	June 15	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1
Hancock, Md.	June 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Green Castle, Pa.	June 22	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	2
Near Shippensburg, Pa.	June 23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Harper's Ferry, W. Va.	June 23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Cashtown, Pa.	June 25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carlisle, Pa.	June 25-26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harper's Ferry, W. Va.	June 26-27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Kingston, Pa.	June 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keedysville, Md.	June 29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hancock, Md.	June 29	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Near McConnellsburgh, Pa.	June 29	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	2
Near Kingston, Pa.	June 29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Arendtsvills, Pa.	June 30	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Fayetteville, Pa.	July 1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Near Carlisle, Pa.	July 1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near McConnellsburgh, Pa.	July 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Bendersville and Quakerville, Pa.	July 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Falling Waters, Md.	July 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cranstown, Pa.	July 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frederick City, Md.	July 4	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	2
Cunningham's Cross Roads, Pa.	July 5	..	1	..	1	..	2	..	..	4
Near Green Castle, Pa.	July 5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Waynesboro, Pa.	July 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Waterloo, Pa.	July 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Antietam Creek, Md.	July 8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williamsport, Md.	July 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
Sharpsburg, Md.	July 12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martinsburg, Va.	July 23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bull Run Mountains, Va.	August 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Winchester, Va.	August 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Berryville, Va.	August 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Smithfield, Va.	August 21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Berryville, Va.	August 22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
Middletown, Va.	September 5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Winchester, Va.	September 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smithfield, Va.	September 15	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	2
Strasburg, Va.	September 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Back Creek Valley, Va.	October 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hedgesville, Va.	October 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Berryville, Va.	October 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Charlestown, Va.	October 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
Summit Point, Va.	October 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winchester, Va.	October 31	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Newtown, Va.	November 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodstock and Edinburg, Va.	November 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mt. Jackson, Va.	November 16	..	2	..	..	..	1	..	4	7
Mt. Jackson, Va.	December 12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mt. Jackson, Va.	December 20	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	8	9
	1864									
Newtown and Woodstock, Va.	January 23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mechanicsburg Gap, Va.	February 2	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Moorefield, Va.	February 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charlestown, W. Va.	February 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cabletown, Va.	March 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winchester, Va.	April 19-20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
New Market, Va.	April 24	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7
Near Berryville, Va.	May 6	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	2

Place.	Date.	Killed.		Wounded.				Missing.		Aggregate.
				Died.		Recov'd.				
		Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	
Upperville, Va.	May 7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Millwood, Va.	May 9	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	3
Brock's Gap, Va.	May 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Luray Gap, Fort Royal, Va.	May 13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
New Market, Va.	May 13-14	..	1	..	..	..	5	1	92	99
Burnt Bridge, Va.	May 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
New Market, Va.	May 26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodstock, Va.	May 31	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Harrisonburg, Va.	June 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Piedmont, Va.	June 5	1	..	..	1	1	19	..	4	26
Staunton, Va.	June 8	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Waynesboro, Va.	June 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Buchanan, Va.	June 14	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2
New London, Va.	June 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Diamond Hill, Va.	June 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lynchburg, Va.	June 18-19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Liberty, Va.	June 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buford's Gap, Va.	June 20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Salem, Va.	June 21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Leetown, Va.	June 26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Big Sewell Mountain, Va.	June 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charlestown, Va.	June 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martinsburg, Va.	July 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Harper's Ferry, W. Va.	July 4-8	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Williamsport, Md.	July 5	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Frederick City, Md.	July 8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
Ashby's Gap, Va.	July 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1

White's Ford, Va.	July 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lovett's Mills, Va.	July 15	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	3	4
Purcellsville, Va.	July 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snicker's Gap, Va.	July 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ashby's Gap, Va.	July 18-19	..	1	..	1	..	2	..	..	4
Kearnstown, Va.	July 23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winchester, Va.	July 24-25	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	2
Gerrardtown, Va.	July 25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Martinsburg, Va.	July 25	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3
Bloomer's Gap, Va.	July 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Moorefield, Va.	August 7	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	2
Strasburg, Va.	August 14-15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Martinsburg, Va.	August 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charlestown, Va.	August 21	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	2
Falling Water, Va.	August 24	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Halltown, Va.	August 26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martinsburg, Va.	August 27	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Williamsport, Va.	August 28	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Darkesville, Va.	September 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Near Bunker Hill, Va.	September 2	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Darkesville, Va.	September 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stephenson's Depot, Va.	September 5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stephenson's Depot, Va.	September 7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Darkesville, Va.	September 12-13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burnt Factory, Va.	September 17	..	..	..	1	..	2	..	..	3
Martinsburg, Va.	September 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Opequon, Va.	September 19	..	..	..	3	..	1	..	..	4
Strasburg, Va.	September 21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fisher's Hill, Va.	September 22	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2
Timberville, Va.	September 24	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown's Gap, Va.	September 26	..	..	..	..	2	2	1	1	6
Luray Valley, Va.	October 2-3	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	3	4
Rapidan River, Va.	October 5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Big Springs, Va.	October 7	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Milford, Va.	October 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
White Post, Va.	October 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Place.	Date.	Killed.		Wounded.				Missing.		Aggregate.
				Died.		Recov'd.				
		Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	Officers.	En. Men.	
Cedar Creek, Va.	October 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Nineveh, Va.	November 12	1	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	3
Rude's Hill, Va	November 22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dicksville, Va.	December 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
Liberty Mills, Va	December 21	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	3
Jack's Shop, Va.	December 22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Near Ashby's Gap, Va	December 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
	1865									
Mt. Crawford, Va.	February 28	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Waynesboro, Va.	March 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Augusta Court House, Va.	March 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haydensville, Va.	March 12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Beaver Dam Station, Va.	March 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7
White House Landing, Va.	March 26	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2
Appomattox Camp'n, Va.	March 28-April 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dinwiddie Court House	March 30-31	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Five Forks	April 1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fall of Petersburg	April 2	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	1	14
Whipponoc Creek	April 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jetersville	April 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sailor's Creek	April 6	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Appomattox Station	April 8	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Appomattox Court House	April 9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Loss on picket and minor affairs, by bushwackers, and on marches	....	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	15	17
Total loss	....	3	22	2	21	9	102	8	324	491

Men of the Regiment.

OMITTING DESERTERS.

Abel, John—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Corporal
Adair, James—H Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap at Berryville May 10 Corporal
Adam, Heinrich—E Mar 7 64—Nov 7 64
Adams, Alonzo—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 First Lieutenant Major Lieut Colonel Colonel Brev Brig General
Adams, Edward J—May 9 64
Adams, Horace B—E Jan 20 65—June 27 65 Second Lieut First Lieut and Commissary
Adams, John—Feb 26 64 Det in Q M Dept Hart's Island
Adams, John—C Nov 17 64
Adams, Julius—H and L Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Adams, Lorenzo—Aug 21 61
Adams, Peter—Dec 30 61
Adelmann, Philip—L July 1 61—Aug 22 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Adlum, Thomas—M Aug 31 62—June 10 62
Affleck, John—M Aug 29 61—Aug 28 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Ahlborn, George—L Sept 12 61—June 27 65 Wounded and Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Akenhart, Thomas—E Dec 23 63—June 7 65
Albitze, Herman—I Feb 19 64—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Florence Nov 17 64
Albrandt, George—L Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Strasburg Feb 26 63
Albrecht, Henry—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65
Albreder, Francis—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Aldrich, Asahel—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Allensbacher, Neponnick—G July 20 61—July 30 62
Alexander, William—A Oct 11 61—June 27 65 Sergt Sergt-major Second Lieut First Lieut and Q M Captain
Althaus, Ulrich—Dec 30 64 Tr to Sixth N Y Cav
Anderson, Charles—K Feb 22 64—June 27 65 Medal of Honor from Sec of War
Anderson, John—K Aug 12 61—May 14 62
Anderson, Joseph H—H Aug 16 61—Aug 18 64
Anderson, Robert—Dec 30 64 Tr to 112 N Y V
Anderson, Wm D—K Aug 12 61—Nov 10 62 Cap on Chickahominy May 22 62
Angervine, Wm H—H Aug 25 61—June 27 65
Anker, Peter—G Mar 2 64—June 27 65

Anson, James R—K Feb 23 64—Cap May 13 64 Died in prison at Andersonville Sept 14 64
Anson, Lorenzo—Dec 23 64 Tr to 93 N Y V
Antes, Henry P—M Aug 31 61—Sept 5 62
Appell, John—K Aug 12 61
Armsby, Emory—F July 24 61—Tr Lieut to 15 N Y Cav
Armstronge, William—B Aug 21 61—Oct 1 61
Arnd, Frederick—L
Arnest, Henry—E Aug 22 61—Apr 15 63 Tr to Inv C
Arrenberg, Otto—G Mar 14 64—June 27 65
Arthur, James—D July 16 61—Jan 6 62
Atherton, Nelson—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 First Sergt Q M Sergt
Austin, Charles—M Aug 31 61—June 27 65
Averill, Geo—K Aug 12 61—Jan 7 62
Averill, Paul—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64 Cap at Williamsport July 10 63
Avery, Daniel—F Dec 28 63—June 27 65

Babcock, Henry H—B July 19 61—Oct 1 61
Bachmann, Joseph—G July 20 61—Aug 15 61 Sergt
Bagley, Peter—M Sept 9 61—Mar 6 62
Baier, Antoine—E Apr 5 64—June 27 65
Bailey, Charles H—M Sept 7 61—Oct 22 61
Bailey, Ezra H—A July 30 61—June 27 65 First Lieut and Q M Captain Major Br. Lieut Col
Baker, Charles—B July 14 64—July 65
Baker, Laurenze—F July 24 61—Aug 8 64
Baldwin, J Beecher—K Dec 16 63 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Florence Jan 9 65
Baldwin, Joseph G—M July 30 61—June 27 65
Ball, Robert—H Aug 25 61—July 15 62
Ball, Valentine—B Sept 30 64—June 6 65
Bange, Herman—E Mar 11 64—June 27 65
Barber, Samuel I—M Aug 28 61—June 27 65 Q M Sergt Second Lieut
Barker, John H—A July 30 61—Sept 27 62 First Sergt Second Lieut
Barker, William—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Barlon, John A—D July 16 61—Cap at Berryville May 9 64 Supposed to have died in prison at Florence Mar 17 65
Barrones, George B—B Aug 21 61—Feb 24 62
Barry, Edmund—B Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap Gaines' Cross Roads Oct 12 64
Barton, Charles A—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Wounded
Barton, George T—B July 19 61—Oct 1 61
Barton, Josiah S—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Bashold, Augustus—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Tr to Sixth N Y V
Battersby, Jenyns C—Sept 13 61—June 27 65 First Lieut and Adjt Captain Major Lieut Colonel Br Colonel
Baugham, John—F Aug 21 61—Aug 22 64
Baxter, Henry S—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65 Sergt Color Bearer Non-Com Staff
Beach, William H—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Sergt First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Adjutant
Beakes, George M—Oct 3 61—Oct 8 63 Ass't Surgeon
Beattie, James Sr—Mar 10 64—Mar 7 65
Beatty, James Jr—Apr 1 64—May 7 65
Beck, Charles—B July 19 61—Sept 1 62 Deserted
Beck, Herman—L Aug 22 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Andersonville Sept 20 64
Beckendorf, Christophus—L Aug 22 61—Drowned Feb 16 64

Becker, Charles—I Dec 18 64—June 27 65
Behan, Alexander D—F July 24 61—Nov 17 62 Q M Sergt
Beholt, August—L Aug 29 64—June 27 65
Bell, Alonzo—Sept 14 64 First N Y V Cav
Bell, Jerome—B July 19 61—Aug 20 64 Cap at Berryville Oct 18 63
Bell, William—A July 30 61—Dec 27 61
Belskany, E P DeC—L Nov 21 64—June 27 65
Beltz, Louis—L Apr 30 64—June 27 65
Bennack, Henry—unassigned Mar 15 65 Tr Co F 39 N Y V
Bennett, David A—F July 24 61—June 5 63 Captain
Bennett, John—D July 16 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Benson, John—E Sept 7 64—June 6 65
Bentley, James W—K Aug 12 61—promoted 2nd Lieut 2nd Mich Cav Dec 5 62
Berckheimer, Wilhelm—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap Winchester June 15 63
Berger, Peter—Unassigned Nov 28 64—assigned Dec 1 64 68th N Y V
Bertram, Herman—E July 20 61—Mar 5 62
Besley, Bartholomew—B Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Wounded Cap at New Market May 13 64 Corporal
Beets, J E unassigned Sept 14 64—assigned Oct 11 64 to 1st N Y V
Bicken, Joseph—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Bingham, George W—A July 30 61—Oct 15 62
Bird, Charles S—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Birney, Michael—Unassigned Sept 15 64 assigned 2nd N Y C (Harris Light)
Bischof, Rupert—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap Winchester June 15 63
Bishop, William H—M Aug 21 61—Sept 17 62
Black, Daniel—C July 19 61 Killed in action Nov 16 63 Mount Jackson Va
Black, James—D Jan 12 64—June 27 65
Blau, Albert—G July 20 61—Dec 19 62
Blei, Jacob—I Aug 12 64—June 27 65 Wounded Apr 3 65
Blodget, Rufus A—F July 24 61—June 27 65 tr Co K May 22 63 Cap Berryville Aug 22 63
Blum, Anderson—A Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Bock, Claus—E Mar 23 64—June 27 65
Bocock, John T—D Feb 20 64 Cap New Market May 13 65 Recap Mar 16 65
Bogert, John—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Bohle, Friedrich—I Aug 1 61—Aug 23 64
Bohlmann, Henry—L Oct 1 64—June 12 65
Boland, Charles—D Apr 7 64—June 27 65
Bolte, Augustus—L Feb 27 64—June 27 65
Bolton, Albert—G Sept 19 64—June 6 65
Bond, William—H Aug 25 61—June 22 65
Borgmeyer, Frederick—A Aug 25 65—Died Sept 16 63
Borman, Adolph—L Apr 5 64—June 27 65
Borner, Christian—G Apr 12 64—June 27 65
Bossert, Henry L—C Aug 21 61—Mar 21 62
Bouchet, Pierre—Unassigned Dec 30 64—assigned Jan 11 65 6th N Y C
Boudinot, Frank B—D July 16 61—Nov 2 61
Boughton, Henry C—H Sept 7 64—June 6 65
Bowman, George—Hospital Steward Sept 13 61—Sept 27 63
Boyd, Joseph—A July 30 61—Aug 22 64
Boyd, William—A July 30 61—Aug 22 64
Boyd, William H—C July 19 61 Captain Major Apr 3 63 tr Col 21st Pa C

Boyd, William H Jr—C July 19 61 Sergt—Oct 2 63 Lieut 21st Pa C
Boywood, Julius—I Aug 61 Cap New Market May 13 64 Sergt Died Andersonville Sept 20 64
Bradley, Augustus—D July 16 61 tr H Oct 61 tr D Jan 1 62—Aug 16 64
Bradley, George W—D July 16 61—May 31 62
Brady, Thomas—H Jan 30 64—June 27 65
Braistead, William B—M Aug 29 61—Mar 5 62
Brakel, Michael—L Apr 7 64—June 27, 65
Brann, John—E Mar 5 64—June 27 65
Brennan, Peter—B Mar 15 64—June 27 65
Britain, Bennett—B Aug 25 61—Aug 20 64 Cap Sept 14 62
Broadwell, Homer—D July 16 61—June 27 65
Brockhausen, Henry—L Mar 29, 62—June 27, 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Bockover, Peter—B July 19 61—Aug 26 63 Absent sick Eighth N Y Cav Died in Lincoln General Hospital, Washington
Brodbecker, John—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65
Bromfield, William—A Feb 1 64—June 27 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Brommelmeyer, Henry—I Feb 23 64—June 27 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Brooks, F. S—H died Oct 20 64
Brooks, Marion H—F Aug 27 64—June 6 65
Brott, Anthony—K Aug 29 61—Cap June 14 63 Died May 19 64 Andersonville
Brown, Alonzo—Unassigned Sept 26 64—assigned Oct 11 61 N Y V C
Brown, Berlin—F Aug 21 61—Dec 18 61
Brown, Burlin—F Mar 29 64—Dec 23 64
Brown, George—A Sept 20 64—June 6 65
Brown, Henry F—I Feb 20 64—June 27 65
Brown, John—K Aug 12 61—July 21 62
Brown Stephen Jr—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64
Brown, William—C July 19 61 tr Sept 9 63 to Co E 16th V R C
Brown, William J—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Bruce, Abram—B July 19 61—Jan 27 65 Cap Dispatch Station June 26 62 Wagon master
Brunner, Ludwig—E July 20 61—June 27 65
Bryan, William—I Jan 5 64 Cap New Market May 13 64—Died Sept 3 64 at Andersonville.
Bryne, John—F July 24 61—Nov 16 62
Buchholtz, Gustav W—I Mar 31 64—May 13 65
Buck, Gottfried—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Wounded and cap Whiteport June 12 63
Buck, Jacob—G Sept 12 64—June 6 65
Buck, John B—D July 16 61—died Annapolis Jan 12 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Buck, John P—L Mar 2 64—June 27 65
Buckledge, Charles—E Jan 19 64 tr Jan 27 65 to 243 Co 1st Bat V R C
Bullard, Charles H—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Bulte, Henry—M Sept 2 61—May 27 62
Burd, John R—B Nov 19 61—June 27 65 Cap Hampshire Co Nov 13 62 Cap New Market May 64
Burgess, Adam S—C Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap Martinsburg July 24, 64
Burke, Edward—D July 16 61—Feb 14 62
Burke, John—F Oct 7 64—died Jan 29 65
Burke, Phillip—D Aug 21 61—died Sept 20 63
Burke, Thomas—M Oct 12 64—June 27 65

Burleigh, LeMoyne—H Oct 21 64—June 27 65 Second Lieut
Burr, Elias—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Busch, Michael—I Feb 27 64—June 27 65 Cap at Harrisonburg June 5 64
Busch, Philip—G Aug 28 61—Aug 23 64
Bushell, Arthur—B Sept 2 64—June 6 65
Buss, Henry—M July 28. 61—June 27, 65 Cap at Winchester June 13 63 Wounded at Piedmont June 5 64 First Sergt
Bussing, Edwin A—M July 28 61—Aug 28 64
Butler, John—A July 30 61—Jan 13 63
Byatt, Alfred—B July 19 61—Dec 15 62 Cap at Blue Gap Oct 2 62
Byrne, John—May 7 64—May 10 65 Det Hart's Island

Cadler, Michael—B Sept 22 64—June 6 65
Cafferty, Milton—C July 19 61—June 27 65 First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Wounded and Cap at Greencastle Pa Cap at Port Republic Sept 27 64
Calhoine, W I—C July 19 61—Aug 2 62
Callighan, James—K Feb 8 64—June 27 65
Cameron, Harman—H Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Cameron, John—H Aug 5 61—Cap at Mt Jackson Dec 20 63 Died in prison at Andersonville July 4 64
Campbell, Cleveland J—C Oct 28 61—Oct 24 62 Second Lieut
Campbell, Frederick—Dec 28 63—Feb 8 64 19th N Y Cav
Campbell, John—B July 19 61—Oct 1 61
Cannon, John—H Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Capler, Jacob—H Aug 5 61—June 24 63
Carlton, Samuel—B Aug 25 61—Dec 27 61
Carman, Thomas—B Nov 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Romney Oct 2 62 Cap and escaped July 64
Carmon, Warren—H Sept 7 64—June 6 65 Awarded a medal of honor
Carr, James—F July 18 61—June 27 65
Carrig, Cornelius—F July 24 61—June 9 63
Carroll, James—B Aug 21 61—July 10 62
Carroll, Thomas—A July 30 61—Dec 23 61
Carroll, William—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Q M Sergt
Case, Perry—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Cap May 13 64
Casey, John—B Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Casey, Thomas—B July 19 61—June 27 65
Cavanagh, John—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Chamberlain, Joseph E—F Feb 17 64—June 27 65
Chandler, Amos B—C Sept 8 64—June 6 65
Chelins, William—I Aug 1 61 Cap June 26 63 Cap May 13 64 Died in prison at Florence Nov 10 64
Chlum, Ludwig—G July 20 61—June 27 65—Sergt Wounded at Five Forks Apr 3 65
Christiasson, Paul—G Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64 Corp Cap at Strasburg May 8 63
Christy, Gamaliel R—D July 16 61—Feb 14 62
Church, Frank—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Sergt Wounded at Petersburg Apr 6 65
Clancey, Patrick—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Clark, Charles D—F July 24 61—Sergt
Clark, John—F July 24 61—Aug 8 64
Clark, Nathaniel B—B July 19 61—Oct 1 61
Clark, Robert E—H Aug 21 61—June 27 65 First Sergt First Lieut
Clark, William—H Aug 3 64—June 27 65
Clark, Wm H—F July 24 61—Dec 5 62 Sergt
Clarke, Charles—D July 16 61—June 27 65

Clarke, Charles C—A July 30 61—June 27 65
Clarke, Joseph A—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Clausen, Aug F—I Aug 1 61—Aug 16 64
Clavin, James—H Aug 16 61—Aug 18 64
Clavin, Michael—A Dec 30 63—June 27 65
Cleary, Dennis—B Feb 26 64—June 27 65
Cleary, John—B July 19 61—Cap Oct 2 62 at Blue Gap Cap at New Market May 13 64 Sergt Died in prison at Florence Feb 17 65
Clement, John—A Aug 21 61—Aug 22 64 Cap at Frederick Sept 13 62 Cap at Greencastle July 5 63
Clement, Louis E—D July 16 61—June 27 65 Bugler Cap at H F June 25 63
Clifford, Charles E—B Dec 22 63
Clinton, Hugh—D Feb 9 64—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester Apr 24 64
Clough, William—A Mar 17 64—June 27 65
Cochrane, James—A July 30 61
Coenen, Emil—G July 20 61—Aug 17 61 Second Lieut
Colar, Joseph—L Oct 25 64—June 27 65
Cole, Edward—B Sept 20 64—June 6 65
Cole, John—H Aug 5 61—May 28 62
Cole, John H—F Aug 16 61—Hospital steward
Cole, Sidney—Dec 3 63—Feb 8 64 19th N Y Cav
Cole, Wm D—F Jan 22 64—Aug 10 65
Coleman, John M—Mar 22 64—Apr 19 64 U S Navy
Coligan, John—H Aug 21 61—July 15 62
Collende, Wm—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Corp
Collier, Michael—B July 19 61—June 27 65
Collins, Elbert S—K Aug 12 61—Nov 12 61
Collins, George W—Dec 23 63—Apr 7 64 First N Y V Cav
Collins, Samuel—D July 16 61—Feb 7 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Collins, William—D Aug 16 61—Died Jan 4 62
Collins, William—Dec 21 63—Feb 8 64 19th N Y Cav
Conder, Henry C—M Feb 25 64—June 27 65
Conger, Harvey—B Jan 13 64—June 27 65
Conklin, John—A Sept 8 64—June 6 65
Connell, George—D Oct 1 64—June 6 65
Connell, Thomas—C July 19 61—Apr 7 63 Q M Sergt
Connelly, Michael—M Mar 26 64—Dec 28 64 Tr to 100th N Y V
Conrad, F—Died in prison at Andersonville Sept 29 64
Conroy, John—L Aug 2 64—June 27 65
Consaun, Wm H—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Coventz, Frederick—E July 20 61—Feb 14 62
Cook, Francis W—D Mar 18 64—June 27 65
Cook, Martin—B July 19 61—Nov 8 61
Cook, Richard—D July 16 61—Feb 22 62
Cook, William—M Sept 5 61—Feb 22 62
Coppinger, James—D Apr 3 64—June 27 65
Corbin, Charles A—B July 19 61—Nov 7 61
Corbin, Michael—A Feb 2 64—June 27 65 Wounded July 15 64
Corey, Henry—F Sept 18 63—May 22 65 Cap Feb 20 64 Andersonville prison
Corsa, William—A July 8 64—June 27 65
Cosgrove, John—A July 30 61—Dec 64 100th N Y V
Courts, Fayette S—B Aug 25 61—July 18 64
Cowan, Robert R—D Aug 21 61—Supposed to have been killed in action at New Market May 13 64
Cowell, John—A July 30 61—Oct 14 61

Cox, John—H Aug 5 61—June 30 62
Coyle, Thomas—A July 30 61
Cramer, John—B July 19 61—Feb 24 62 Corp
Crawford, Michael—H Aug 16 61—July 14 65 Cap at Frederick July 8 64
Creery, John—M Aug 28 61—Feb 22 62
Creque, Kenrie B—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Crim, John L—F Feb 23 64—June 27 65
Cris, John—B Aug 16 61—Dec 27 61
Crossman, Edward J—F July 24 61—Nov 18 61
Cummings, John—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Cummings, Thomas H—M Sept 6 61—Mar 27 62
Cummins, George W—K Aug 12 61—May 22 62 Killed in action at Mechanicsville.
Cunningham, Manton—A Sept 5 64—June 6 65

Daber, Frederick—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Daggett, Henry—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Dailey, Daniel—B Nov 19 61—June 27 65
Dailey, John J—B Aug 21 61—Dec 8 62
Dailey, Lawrence—B Mar 29 64—June 27 65
Daly, Hugh—B Sept 14 64—June 6 65 Cap at Beaver Dam Mar 16 65
Dangler, James H—B Feb 29 64—Mar 16 65 Wounded at Fisher's Hill Sept 22 64
Davis, Arthur H—B Feb 29 64—June 27 65
Davis, Austin—C July 19 61—Aug 31 62 Tr 36th Mass V
Davis, Charles C July 19 61—Killed in action June 5 63 at Berryville
Davison, David I—C July 19 61—Feb 11 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Day, Richard—D Mar 24 64—July 7 65
Day, Theodore—D Mar 24 64—June 27 65
Dayton, Benj F—D Mar 1 64—June 27 65
Dean, Sanford B—D July 16 61—June 27 65 Sergt Second Lieut
Dean, Henry—E Mar 10 64—June 27 65
Debney, Robert—B Aug 26 64—June 6 65
Decker, Almon—B July 19 61—Sept 6 65 Sergt
Dedrick, Jacob—A Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Dehn, Wilhelm—G July 20 61—Apr 19 62
De Kamp, John S—D Aug 21 61—Mar 12 63 Second Lieut 14th N Y Cav
De Lacy, George W—C Aug 26 61—June 27 65 Com Sergt
Delainey, William—B Nov 19 61—May 24 62
Delaney, Augustus—D July 16 61—June 27 65 Q M Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Delaney, John—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64
Dellehant, James—D Aug 25 61—Aug 30 64
Demarest, James B—A July 30 61—Aug 22 64
Denise, Benj F—B July 19 61—Dec 31 61
Denison, Oren D—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Denton, William—B July 19 61—Died from wounds received in action Nov 13 61 Bugler
Dever, William—C July 19 61—Cap Nov 9 65 Altoona
Devlin, John—M Dec 23 63—June 6 65
DeWent, John A—A Aug 21 61—Died Feb 1 62
DeWitt, Michael—H Oct 25 64—June 27 65
Diamond, John—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 First Sergt
Diamond, John G—M Sept 9 61—May 63

Dickerson, Enos A O—B Aug 21 61—Cap Oct 2 64 Died in prison at Salisbury N C Nov 7 64
Dietrick, Henry—L Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Deitsch, Jacob—G July 20 61—Cap at Strasburg Feb 26 63 Cap Aug 5 64 Died in prison at Salisbury Jan 31 65
Dineen, Edward—Apr 13 65—May 7 65 Hart's Island
Dirker, Henry—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64
Disbrow, David—H Aug 5 61—Nov 7 64 Second Lieut First Lieut
Disosway, William W—B July 19 61—Aug 13 62 Sergt Second Lieut First N Y Mounted Rifles
Dobrowsky, Henry—L Aug 22 61—Dec 20 62
Dodge, James—M Mar 1 64—Shot at Edinburg Oct 6 64 Died Oct 16 64
Doherty, Bernard—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Martinsburg July 3 64 Sergt
Dolohenty, Patrick—H Apr 16 64—June 27 65
Domesril, James—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64
Domkath, August—G Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64 First Sergt
Donehower, Thomas H—C July 19 61—Dec 21 62 Cap at Savage's station June 29 62
Donnelly, Stephen—H Aug 7 61—June 27 65
Donovan, Timothy—H Aug 21 61—Nov 26 62
Doran, Michael C—M Nov 19 64—June 27 65
Dorman, Richard G—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Sergt Q M Sergt
Douglas, George C—June 14 63—Dec 27 64 Ass't Surgeon
Dounaly, Patrick—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Gaines' Cross Roads Oct 64
Dow, Willis—D June 16 64—Sick in hospital
Dowling, Wm M—H Aug 21 61—Died from injury Oct 17 61
Doyle, Matthew—D Aug 21 61—Nov 21 62
Drake, Charles H—D Dec 15 63—Cap at New Market May 13 64
Dreisbach, Joshua—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Altoona Nov 9 62
Drew, Wm N—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Drewlow, William—L Sept 12 61—Oct 5 61
Driver, George W—H Aug 23 61—June 27 65 Com Sergt
Druhe, Louis—D Mar 15 62—Died Feb 8 64 at Halltown
Dubach, Andrew—G Jan 11 64—June 27 65
Dudley, John L—Dec 29 63—Feb 8 64 19th N Y Cav
Duell, Reuben G—K Aug 29 61—Dec 20 62
Duffing, Ludwig—G May 27 64—June 6 65
Duffy, James A—D July 16 61—Res July 21 62 First Lieut
Dufur, David—M Sept 21 64—June 6 65
Dugan, Hugh—Feb 26 64—Died Apr 9 64 in hospital
Dunn, James—D Sept 21 64—June 6 65
Dunn, Michael I—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Corp
Dunning, James—D July 16 61—June 27 65 Q M Sergt
Durham, Andrew F—K Feb 27 64—June 27 65
Durham, Marcus—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64 Com Sergt
Durr, Charles—I Aug 1 61—May 21 62
Durr, Frederick—I Feb 7 62—June 27 65
Dwinell, Myron—Sept 5 64—Oct 12 64 First N Y V Cav
Dyas, Richard A—M Sept 9 61—Aug 28 64
Dycher, Matthew D—M Apr 1 64 Shot by provost guard

Earle, John J—H Apr 23 64—June 27 65
Eastley, Thomas C—D July 16 61—Sept 16 62 Vet Sur Cap at Manassas Aug 62
Eaton, Frederick—A July 30 61—Feb 21 63
Eaton, Orval B—G Sept 18 63—June 19 65

Ebling, Henry—L Feb 27 64—June 27 65 Sergt
Edsall, Burton—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Ehle, August—I Aug 1 61—June 30 63
Ehrhardt, Joseph—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64 Corp
Eichenlaub, John J H—G May 2 64—June 27 65 Corp
Eickmann, John—G July 20 61—Feb 14 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Eiring, Henry —L Aug 22 61—June 27 65
Eisentraut, John—I Aug 10 61—Dec 20 62
Eldred, Edw W—K Aug 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester Apr 24 64
Eldredge, George—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Cap at Romney Oct 2 62 Corp
Elener, Charles—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Elliott, Frederick—July 20 61—Nov 15 64 Major and Surgeon Continued in service as civilian Medical Director
Elliott, Frederick—H Aug 5 61—Feb 16 63
Elliott, Samuel G—A Feb 3 64—June 27 65
Elliott, William J—C Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 63
Ellis, Roland—C July 19 61—Sept 63 killed accidentally in target practice at Martinsburg First Sergt
Elting, Oscar—A July 30 61—Aug 22 66 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Emmel, William—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Middletown Feb 23 63
Emmons, Charles—H Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Cap at White Oak Swamp July 1 62
Endicott, Isaac—M Sept 5 61—June 27 62
England, William—A Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Ennis, John—B July 19 61—Res Aug 21 62 First Lieut
Epner, Christian—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Erwen, Jacob—C July 19 61—Killed in action Aug 18 61 at Pohick Church
Evans, Charles—H Feb 22 64—June 27 65
Evans, John W—F Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Evans, Lemuel—B July 19 61—June 27 65 First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Evarts, Charles B—K Feb 15 64—Jan 23 65
Evaton, William—H Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Sergt

Failing, John—M Sept 21 64—June 6 65
Fanning, Wesley—M Feb 13 64—June 27 65
Farley, William—B July 19 61—June 27 65
Farmer, Thomas—A Aug 16 61—Jan 17 65 Cap at Mt Jackson Nov 18 63
Farmilton, William—B Aug 21 61—Nov 8 61
Farnsworth, Vernon T—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65 First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Farrell, Michael—M Aug 28 61—Aug 28 64 Corp
Farster, Herman—E July 20 61—Apr 2 63
Farster, Otto H—E July 20 61—Cap at Mt Jackson Dec 20 63 Died in prison at Andersonville June 25 64
Fearson, Joseph—F Sept 27 64
Featherson, Thomas—D Aug 21 61—Aug 20 64
Feenighty, John—F Aug 16 61—Died Nov 29 61
Feeser, George—L Apr 1 64—June 27 65
Felton, Paul—H Aug 16 61—Dec 21 62 Sergt Regt'l Com Sergt
Fennimore, Samuel—C Aug 21 61—Aug 8 62
Fenton, Frederick G—M Sept 4 61—June 27 65 Com Sergt

Ferber, Philip—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64 Bugler
Ferguson, John—D July 16 61—Oct 17 64
Finster, Edward—L Aug 22 61—Feb 27 63 Com Sergt
Fiala, Anthony—E Aug 2 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt First Lieut
Fischer, Charles—A Sept 17 64—June 6 65
Fischer, John—Dec 30 64—Jan 11 65 Sixth N Y Cav
Fish, Benj F—F July 24 61—June 25 63 Cap at Savage's station June 62
Fischer, Charles C—C July 19 61—Feb 8 63 Cap at White Oak Swamp July 1 62
Fischer, John—D July 16 61—Aug 18 64
Fisher, Mayberry A—C July 19 61—Dec 21 62
Fitterer, Ludwig—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Fitzgerald, Hugh—M Sept 7 61—June 27 65 Q M Sergt
Fitzgerald, James—A Sept 8 64—June 7 65
Fitzgerald, Patrick—M Aug 29, 1861—Oct 17 1864
Fitzpatrick, John—A Aug 16 61—Aug 22 64
Fitzpatrick, John—B Sept 17 64—June 27 65
Flannery, Jerry—B Sept 14 64—June 6 65
Flannigan, Matthew—B Aug 30 64—June 27 65
Fleming, Arthur—K Dec 30 63—Mar 18 64
Fliege, Edward—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Flynn, James—B July 19 61—Dec 17 61
Foley, Owen—D Aug 21 61—Died Nov 5 63
Fonrobert, William—E Aug 1 64—June 27 65
Foote, Hum B—A July 30 61—Died Oct 16 61
Forkey, Russell P—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap Nov 12 61 Corp Sergt
Fosha, Isaac L—Dec 29 63—Feb 8 64 First Dragoons
Fowler, Robert—Dec 13 64—Dec 21 64 10th N Y Cav
Fox, Martin—Feb 27 64—June 24 64
Fox, Ransom—K Aug 29 61—Aug 16 64
Foye, Albert A—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut
Francke, Friedrich—G July 20 61—Dec 7 64 100th N Y V Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Frederick, Henry—G Aug 18 64—June 27 65
Freeman, John—A July 30 61—Died of gun shot wound Oct 18 63
Freeman, Lewis—A Feb 8 64—June 6 65
Frese, Charles—I Aug 1 61—Oct 23 62
Frick, John—April 18 64—May 4 64 15th N Y Cav
Fritz, Franklin—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Corp
Fuchs, Eugene—G July 20 61—Dec 19 62
Fulkerson, Smith—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64
Fullery, Emery—A July 30 61—Mar 25 64
Funk, Wm H—C July 19 61—Dec 21 62

Gaddis, James—F Aug 16 61—Killed on picket near Springfield Oct 22 62
Gaffney, Barney—A Jan 21 64—June 27 65
Gallagher, James—F Aug 16 61—Mar 20 64
Gallinger, Max—Nov 23 64—Dec 1 64 68th N Y V
Gander, Henry—L Aug 5 64—June 27 65
Gardner, Augustus—D July 16 61—Oct 29 61
Gardner, Leon—Apr 21 64
Garland, Silas—B Mar 30 64—June 17 65 Wounded and captured at Martinsburg July 25 64 Recap in Confederate hospital
Garrayham, Peter—M Sept 9 61—Killed Sept 9 64
Garrison, John H—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Hospital Steward

Garrity, Michael—D Aug 16 61—Jan 31 65 Cap May 13 64
Garbin, John—M Oct 12 64—Died Feb 5 65
Gatkins, Baytey—M Aug 31 61—July 21 62
Gaugh, Augustus—F Aug 16 61—Died Apr 1 62
Geelan, Charles—A Aug 25 61—Cap New Market May 13 64
Gehrig, Caesar—I Aug 22 61—June 18 63
Gehring, George—M Aug 22 61—June 27 65—Cap Shenandoah Valley June 64
Geiger, Henry—G July 20 61—Died Nov 29 64 Florence Cap Upperville Nov 10 62
Geil, Wilhelm—E Apr 5 64—June 27 65
Geis, Andreas—L Aug 22 61—Feb 15 62
Geitz, William—D Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Bugler
Gentz, George—L Aug 22 61—Died Dec 21 61
Gentz, Paul—I Aug 1 61—Aug 1 64 Sergt
George, Charles R—A Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Gerai, Frederick—E July 20 61—Apr 15 63
Ghaday, John D—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64
Giggie, Ira—M Sept 3 61—May 10 62
Gilbert, Henry—K Aug 12 61—Feb 25 62
Gilbert, John M—K Dec 17 61—June 27 65 Cap Winchester Apr 24 64
Gilbert, Roswell—K Aug 12 61—Dec 3 62
Giles, Edward—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Corp
Gill, James—D July 16 61—June 29 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Gillespie, Patrick—C Sept 11 61—June 23 62
Gillespie, Wm F—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Gilligan, Patrick—M Sept 2 61—June 27 65
Gilmore, Robert—C July 19 61—June 7 62
Gleason, John—H Aug 16 61—Feb 24 62
Gleeson, James I—B July 30 61—Wounded at Upperville Died May 7 63
Gleich, William—E July 20 61—Cap May 13 64 Died June 6 64 at Andersonville.
Glossop, Charles—C July 19 61—Wounded May 7 63 Died July 13 63
Gluesing, Henry—L August 22 61—Aug 22 64
Goddard, Otis M—F July 24 61—Aug 8 64 Cap Springfield Oct 62
Goin, John—F Feb 22 64—June 27 65 Corp
Goitz, Lorenze—L Oct 28 64—June 27 65
Golden, James—B July 19 61—Feb 24 62 Sergt
Golding, Stephen—C Aug 21 61—Mar 1 63
Goodall, Maximillian—E Oct 17 64—June 27 65
Gorman, John—M Sept 9 61—June 27 65
Gosling, Francis—E no date—Oct 9 63
Goublemann, Edward J—D Feb 27 62—June 27 65 Sergt Second Lieut
Goublemann, Henry J—D Feb 27 62—June 27 65 Sergt
Gougenhan, Albert—L Mar 9 64—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Grabb, Johan—I July 9 64—June 27 65
Gram, Charles—L Aug 22 61—June 27 63
Grampp, Edward—I Mar 14 64—May 31 65
Granger, Henry W—K Aug 12 61—Dec 19 62 First Lieut Res to become Major Seventh Mich Cav
Grant, William—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Graves, M S Edward—K Feb 7 64—June 27 65
Gray, William A—B Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Gray, William F—C July 19 61—Dec 21 62 Sergt
Grayston, Edwin—C Apr 4 64—June 28 65
Green, George S—B Apr 11 64—June 27 65 Cap July 9 64 at Monocacy Bridge

Grief, Peter—L Aug 22 61—Dec 20 62
Grenyer, Edward—C July 19 61—Sept 62
Gribbe, Henry—E July 20 61—Jan 28 63
Grimme, Ludwig—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Grohman, Paul—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Groves, James—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Cedar Creek Aug 1 64 Sergt
Grovestien, Townsend—B Aug 21 61—Cap June 15 63 Killed by accident Mar 23 64
Grushlin, August—I Aug 10 64—June 27 65 Cap at Haydensville Mar 12 65
Grunnigan, Anthony—D Aug 21 61—Cap at Winchester June 63
Gulde, John—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64

Hass, Edward—E Apr 1 64—Died July 28 64
Hass, John—L Apr 5 64 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Andersonville Oct 12 64
Hacker, Edward W—B Mar 1 64—June 27 65
Hagan, James—F Mar 28 64—June 27 65
Haggens, Charles A—B July 19 61—June 29 65 Cap at Romney Oct 2 62 Corp
Haggerty, John—B July 19 61—Aug 20 64 Com Sergt
Haid, Charles W—A Dec 30 63—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Florence Jan 9 65
Hait, Luther—H Aug 5 61—Captured at Mt Jackson Dec 23 63 Died in prison at Andersonville Aug 4 64
Hall, Hillsgas—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Hall, Theodore—A Mar 2 64—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died at Annapolis Jan 6 65
Hall, William D—C Aug 21 61—Second Lieut Res June 5 65
Hallet, Marshall—A Sept 26 64—June 6 65
Hallighan, William—D Feb 8 64—June 27 65 Cap May 9 64
Hallowell, Charles K—C Aug 26 61—July 27 62
Hamburger, John—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Hamilton, Hiram B—K Aug 12 61—Sept 13 62
Hamlin, Henry—D Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Hamlin, John K—K Aug 12 61—Dec 29 62 Second Lieut Seventh Mich Cav
Hammond, George W—Apr 1 64—Sept 17 64
Hamoricier, Charles—I Aug 1 61—Died Oct 6 61 First Lieut
Hanna, Francis—M Aug 29 61—Feb 15 62
Hansen, John—I Aug 1 61—Feb 14 62 Bugler
Hansen, Lars—I Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Sergt
Hanson, Wm H—C July 19 61—Res Dec 26 62 First Lieut
Hardeland, Henry—L Aug 22 61—July 18 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Hardy, Patrick—A Aug 29 64—June 27 65
Harkins, Daniel H—D July 16 64—Oct 6 64 Captain Major
Harris, William—H Oct 26 64—June 27 65
Harris, William J—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Harrison, Andrew J—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Cap at Williamsport July 10 63 Sergt
Hart, Edgar—F Apr 1 64—June 27 65
Hartigan, John J—B Sept 14 64—June 6 65 Cap at Beaver Dam Mar 15 65
Hartmann, Friedrich—I Aug 1 61—Feb 14 62
Hartog, Henry—L Apr 1 62—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63

Hartung, Daniel J—G Feb 1 62—June 27 65
Hartz, Philip—L Aug 22 61—Feb 14 62
Harvey, John V—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 63 Sergt
Hasselbacher, John—L Feb 29 64—June 27 65
Hatrich, Henry—L Dec 31 63—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Hatfield, William—F Apr 28 64—June 27 65
Hatton, Thomas—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Hauff, William—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65
Haurand, August—G July 20 61—Nov 28 62 Captain Major
Hauser, Charles—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Hauser, Charles—E Apr 13 64—June 27 65
Hauser, Herman—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64 Sergt
Hawkins, Jeremiah C—Sept 30 64 Commissioned in First U S C Cav
Hayle, Thomas—H Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 14 63
Haynes, William—D July 16 61—Killed in skirmish at Berryville May 6 64
Haywood, Lucius M—A July 30 61—Oct 2 61
Healy, Thomas—B Sept 5 64—Aug 5 65
Heath, Wm H H—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64
Heathe, Washington—H Dec 8 64—June 27 65
Heft, Daniel—G July 30 61—June 27 65 Com Sergt
Heidenhain, Henry—I Aug 1 61—Apr 14 62
Heigie, John—H Aug 11 61—Dec 20 62
Heil, Stephen—I Aug 16 64—Died Feb 25 65
Heimann, Augustus—L Aug 22 61—Mar 30 63 Wounded at Harrison's Landing July 63
Heine, Frederic—I Aug 19 64—June 27 65
Heinemann, Charles—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Heinrich, William—L Aug 22 61—Apr 15 63 Cap at Newtown Feb 26 63
Helberg, James—F May 14 64—June 27 65 Cap at White House Mar 26 65
Helff, Conrad—I Aug 1 61—Cap at New Market May 13 Died in prison at Andersonville Oct 24 64
Hemholz, Lewis—E Jan 22 64—June 2 65
Henckelden, Christian—I Sept 29 64—July 19 65
Henderson, Robert—C Sept 2 64—June 27 65
Hendrich, Friedrich—G July 20 61—Mar 12 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 First Lieut Captain
Hennessey, Thomas—M Sept 6 61—Aug 28 64
Hennessy, Edward—M Aug 31 61—June 27 65 Veterinary Surgeon
Henry, Charles P—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65
Henry, James—D Mar 19 61—June 27 65
Henrys, William—M Aug 16 61—Dec 21 61
Hepke, Frederick H—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Herbert, George H—H Aug 16 61—Feb 28 62 Second Lieut
Herold, Henry—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65
Herre, John—G Mar 2 64—June 27 65
Herrick, Sidney L—Sept 13 61—Sept 29 61 Ass't Surgeon
Herrmann, Franz—E Aug 2 61—June 27 65
Herrmann, John—I Aug 1 61—July 5 62
Hertzog, Robert H O—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 First Lieut Captain Cap at Winchester
Herzfeld, Moritz—I Aug 1 61—Mar 8 62

Hess, Eugene—G Oct 12 64—June 27 65
Hessel, Henry—E July 20 61—Aug 18 64 Cap on picket at Kernstown Feb 26 63
Heuser, Conrad—L Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64
Heyer, William—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Com Sergt
Heyne, Charles—I Jan 21 64—June 27 65
Hickey, James—M Sept 7 61—May 30 65 Wounded and Cap June 5 64
Hickey, John A—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Hickey, Thomas—F Aug 16 61—Feb 16 62
Hickey, Thomas F—M Mar 23 64—June 27 65 Cap in Luray Valley Oct 2 64
Hicks, Charles—Sept 13 64—May 7 65
Hidden, Henry B—H Aug 5 61—Killed Mar 9 62 in action at Sangster's Station First Lieut
Higgins, Edward—M Sept 13 64—June 6 65
Higgins, Henry—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Loudon July 16 64
Higgins, John—A July 30 61—Cap in Luray Valley Oct 2 64 Supposed to have died in prison at Andersonville
Higgins, Robert E—B Nov 19 61—Mar 10 62
Hill, Lewis—Aug 25 64—Oct 11 65
Hill, Samuel—A July 30 61—June 27 65
Hill, William—B July 19 61—July 18 64 Cap at Winchester Apr 24 64 Q M Sergt
Hill, William—K Aug 12 61—Dec 3 62
Hillenbrandt, Charles—L Aug 22 61—May 28 62
Hilsdorf, Conrad—I Aug 3 61—June 27 64
Hines, Francis—C July 19 61—Oct 24 62
Himmler, Franz—E Mar 22 64—June 27 65
Hind, John R—D July 16 61—Captured at White Oak Swamp July 1 62
Hinkledy, Christian—Sept 29 64—July 19 65
Hinton, A Chalmers—A July 30 61—June 27 65 First Sergt Regt'l Q M Sergt Sergt-Major Second Lieut First Lieut Captain Br Major
Hinze, Ferdinand—I Feb 19 64—June 27 65
Hinze, Heinrich—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65
Hirlinger, John—G Aug 22 61—June 27 63 Cap June 62
Hirsch, Philip—G Aug 12 61—Mar 18 64
Hitchens, Thomas A—C Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Wounded in action at Winchester July 24 64 Corp
Hobart, Benj F—C July 19 61—Aug 18 64 Corporal
Hockermeyer, John—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Dispatch Station June 27 62 Cap at Dicksville Dec 9 64
Hoagland, John Henry—F July 18 61—Killed in action Nov 16 63 at Mt Jackson Corp
Hoffman, Adam—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Hoffman, George S—F Aug 21 61—Sept 3 62 Wounded in action near Gaines' Mills June 27 62 Cap near James river June 30 62
Hoffman, William—G Mar 8 62—Mar 18 64 Captured
Hofmann, Friederich—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Bugler
Hogan, John—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Hogan, John P—A Apr 10 62—Feb 25 63 Cap at James river July 2 62
Holden, Henry T—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65 Regt'l Q M Sergt
Holland, James—D Dec 18 63—June 27 65
Hollenbeck, Jacob—A Aug 21 61—Oct 10 61
Holmes, Henry—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64 Wounded in action Feb 26 63 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Holmes, William W—F Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Corp
Holt, Henry—A Aug 16 61—Aug 15 64 Wounded in action July 18 64

Hombaum, Charles—L Aug 22 61—Sept 20 62
Hommaine, Joseph—I Aug 1 61—Oct 28 63 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Tr to V R C
Honnelly, Michael—M Sept 2 61—Apr 2 63
Hood, Francis—C Sept 2 64—June 6 65
Hope, Henry T—Dec 30 64—Jan 11 65 Sixth N Y Cav
Hope, Joseph—K Aug 12 61—Nov 12 61
Hope, Lucius S—M Sept 6 61—Aug 16 62
Hopkins, George R—A July 30 61—July 14 62
Hopp, Adam—G Sept 26 64—June 6 65
Horn, John—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65
Horn, Joseph—M Sept 3 61—June 27 65
Hornfisher, Joseph—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Hornkamp, Wilhelm—E Sept 17 64—June 6 65
Horrocks, Robert—A Jan 19 64—June 27 65
Horton, Daniel—M Sept 3 61—Feb 22 62
Hossemlopp, Philip—I Feb 22 64—June 27 65 Corp
Hotchkiss, Frederick E—B Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Sergt Sergeant-major Second Lieut First Lieut
Howard, James—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65
Howell, Abram B—A Sept 12 61—June 9 64 Corp
Howell, Henry B—A Sept 12 61—Died Jan 11 62
Howes, John—M Nov 17 64—June 27 65
Howison, William—D Aug 21 61—Aug 24 64
Hoyt, Edward—H Aug 5 61—Mar 22 63
Huber, August—Apr 26 64—Nov 16 65 San Francisco
Huber, Casper—I Aug 17 64—June 27 65
Hudson, Charles—H Dec 10 64—June 25 65
Hudson, James A—H Aug 5 61—Aug 18 64 Corp
Hughes, John—M Feb 25 64—Died July 16 64
Hughes, Michael—M Feb 19 64—June 27 65
Huhn, Williams—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Q M Sergt
Hulse, George C—M Aug 3 61—Jan 13 63
Humann, Adam—I Aug 1 61—Aug 16 64
Hummel, Henry—L Sept 30 64—June 5 65
Humphrey, John D—Dec 21 63—Jan 20 64 First N Y V C
Humphries, William C—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Hunsbarger, Isaac H—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester Apr 24 64
Hunt, Charles—B Aug 9 64—June 27 65
Hunt, Marcus—Mar 3 64—May 7 65 Hart's Island
Hurche, Herman—E July 20 61—June 17 65 Wounded in action near Port Republic Sept 27 64 Corp Sergt Mower General Hospital
Huril, Henry—M Apr 26 64—June 21 65 Cap in Luray Valley Oct 2 64
Hurley, John C—M Mar 16 64—June 27 65
Hurst, Alexander—A Jan 19 64—June 27 65
Hyler, James—K Feb 25 64—June 27 65

Irving, Joseph—A Aug 16 61—Aug 22 64
Isaacs, Joseph—Feb 27 64—Mar 24 64
Ives, Charles P—H Aug 5 61—Sept 18 64 Sergt Captain U S C T

Jackson, Harry—B July 15 64—Cap Dec 22 64 Not since heard from
Jackson, John—C Apr 6 64—June 27 65
Jackson, Levi G—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64 Corp
Jacobs, John G—B July 19 61—Mar 10 62

Jacobs, Lemuel—G Feb 2 64—June 27 65
James, Thomas—C Aug 26 61—Killed in action at Bunker Hill Sept 3 64 Corp
Janowiez, Wladislow—L Aug 20 64—June 5 65
Jarvis, William H—A Feb 29 64—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Jenkins, Michael—B Mar 8 64—June 27 65
Jenks, James—F Apr 2 64—June 27 65
Johnson, Charles—D Sept 20 64—June 6 65
Johnson, Ensign A—B Sept 1 61—Aug 8 62 Cap at the Accotink Nov 12 61 Prisoner in Richmond.
Johnson, Henry R—F July 24 61—Died Oct 23 62
Johnson, John H—K Dec 30 63—June 27 65
Johnson, Lafayette F—K Aug 12, 61—Dec 13 62 First Lieut Ninth Mich Cav
Johnson, Thomas—D Apr 25 64—June 27 65
Johnson, Thomas—F Aug 16 61—Jan 13 62
Jones, Abram—A July 30 61—Sept 30 64 Captain Twice wounded Twice captured and escaped
Jones, Henry—A Jan 5 64—Cap at Cedar Creek Oct 19 64 Died Mar 28 65
Jones, James N—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Jones, Joab—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Jones, Simon H—F July 24 61—Feb 8 64
Jones, William—M Mar 17 64—June 27 65

Kainer, Leonhardt—L Aug 22 61—Nov 10 64
Kaiser, John—I Aug 1 61—Mar 5 65 Cap at Martinsburg Dec 9 64
Kaler, Peter—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Kalish, Herman—D July 16 61—Jan 30 63
Kane, John—M Sept 3 61—June 27 65
Kantorowitz, Samuel—K Nov 1 61—July 20 64
Karney, Martin—H Aug 21 61—Aug 18 64 Cap at Winchester June 13 63
Karr, Patrick—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Kass, Ernest—B Mar 19 64—June 27 65
Kast, Philip—L Aug 22 61—Feb 22 62
Katzrung, Thomas—I Aug 22 61—Sept 18 63 Cap at Winchester June 13 63
Kaufmann, John—I Aug 1 61—Drowned at Harrison's Landing July 31 62
Kaufmann, John—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65
Kayser, Charles—I Aug 10 64—June 27 64
Kearney, Miles—M Sept 10 61—June 27 65 Corp
Keefer, Edward L—D Mar 18 64—June 27 65
Keeler, Alexander—K Jan 21 64—Nov 29 64 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Florence
Keeler, Jacob—L Mar 7 64—June 27 65
Keiffer, Joseph—E Oct 16 64—June 27 65
Keisler, Charles R—A July 30 61—Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Par Died Apr 27 64
Keller, Alexander—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Kellogg, Emerson—D Aug 21 61—Nov 2 61
Kelly, James—A Dis to accept commission as Second Lieut
Kelly, John—F Aug 16 61—Died of wounds Aug 18 63
Kelly, Rush—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Kelly, Timothy—C July 19 61—Sept 10 63
Kelly, William—M Sept 4 61—Aug 24 65
Kellogg, John W—K Aug 12 61—Killed in action at Piedmont June 8 63

Kempel, Casper—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Corp
Kendel, Jacob—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Kenn, Christopher—C Aug 22 64—June 6 65
Kennedy, Ransome—M Sept 7 64—June 6 65
Kennedy, Robert—M Feb 19 64—June 29 65 at Philadelphia
Kenney, Thomas—M Aug 29 61—June 27 65
Kent, John F—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64 Corp Sergt
Kent, William—A July 30 61—Dec 18 62 Regt'l Com Sergt reduced to ranks
Kennon, Thomas M— Feb 26 64—May 7 65 Hart's Island
Kerr, John Morris—B Feb 19 62—Nov 30 62 Battalion Sergt-Major
Kerrigan, Rogers—D Aug 16 61—Feb 3 65 Cap at New Market Nov 18 63
Kerton, Levi—F Aug 21 61—Apr 13 63
Kessel, Stephen—I Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Keyes, James F—B Apr 29 64—June 27 65 Cap at White House Landing Mar 26 65
Kidd, John—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Kieffer, John—I July 20 64—June 27 65
Kieule, Michael—I Aug 1 61—Apr 62
Killion, Peter—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65
Kimberly, Dennis A—B Aug 16 61—Nov 8 61
Kimmings, George W—F Apr 30 64—June 27 65
Kingsland, Wm W—B July 19 61—Jan 23 63 First Sergt Battalion Sergeant Major
King, John—C Mar 25 64—Died Nov 18 64
King, Owen—M Sept 15 64—June 6 65
King, Walter I—H Aug 16 61—Oct 5 61
Kingsbury, Henry E—K Mar 11 64—June 27 65
Kingsland, Geo W—A July 30 61—Aug 18 63
Kinnir, Alfred W—F Aug 16 61—July 28 62
Kinyon, Jonas—F July 24 61—Dec 2 61
Kirchhoff, David—L Aug 22 61—Apr 1 64
Kirchner, George—E Mar 1 64—June 27 65
Klamann, Henry—G Nov 23 64—June 27 65
Kleber, Edward—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65
Klees, August—I August 1 61—June 27 65
Klein, Henry—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64
Kleinschmidt, Charles—M Sept 6 61—Died Sept 24 63
Klingel, Charles—I Aug 22 61—June 1 63
Knapp, Frank—B Apr 14 64—June 27 65 Taken prisoner while in hospital at Martinsburg Aug 31 64
Knapp, Jacob—D Dec 28 63—July 17 65 Armory Surgical Hospital Washington
Kneif, Ludwig E—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Sergt First Sergt Second Lieut
Knerr, Jacob—I Aug 22 61—Died Dec 10 64 on Hospital transport Cap at Mt Jackson May 13 64
Kniebusch, Herman—L Aug 22 61—Jan 12 63 Corp
Knight, Edwin—K Aug 12 61—Dec 29 62 Lieut Seventh Mich Cav
Knip, Hyronimus—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Knittel, Louis—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Knoll, Charles—E July 30 61—July 19 64
Knopf, Edward—E July 20 61—Nov 29 61
Knowles, Emerick—C Aug 26 61—Sept 18 63 Lieut in 21st Pa Cav
Knowles, Oliver B—C July 19 61—Corp Sergt First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Dis to accept promotion in 21st Pa Cav Major Lieut Col Br Brig Gen

Koch, Anton—E July 20 61—Oct 10 62 Chief Bugler
Kock, Ludwig—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Kernstown Feb 26 63
Kohler, August—E July 20 61—June 23 63 Tr to V R C
Kolbeck, Charles—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64
Koenig, Gottfried—I Aug 22 61—June 15 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Koopman, Carston—B Aug 21 61—Cap Died in prison at Florence Oct 21 64
Korter, Christian—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64
Kraft, Frederick—I Mar 21 64—June 27 65
Krathawie, Frank—L Oct 31 64—June 27 65
Kraus, Herrmann—G July 20 61—June 27 65
Krause, Charles—L Apr 4 64—June 27 65
Krause, David M—C July 19 61—Aug 19 62 Sergt
Krauss, Henry—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64
Kretzinger, John—G July 20 61—Aug 22 64
Kretzner, Stephen—G July 20 61—Died Dec 14 61
Krieg, Ernest—L Aug 22 61—July 5 65 Cap at Savage's Station June 30 62 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Kriete, John—L Aug 22 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Andersonville Nov 21 64
Kroettinger, Michael—A Nov 29 64—June 27 65
Krone, Christian—L Sept 12 61—Apr 24 63 First Sergt
Kroming, Wm I—A Dec 28 63—Cap May 13 64 at New Market
Kruger, August—I Feb 24 64—June 27 65
Krumback, Christopher—M Aug 28 61—May 24 63 Bugler
Krynizki, Joseph D—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Kuppinger, Christian—E July 20 61—May 19 62

Lachman, Moritz—E Sept 6 64—July 8 65
Lake, Edward—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Sergt First Sergt Second Lieut
Lallas, Peter—B Aug 11 64—June 27 65 Cap at Beaver Dam station March 15 65
Lamoury, David—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Corp
Lancaster, Washington—C July 19 61—Apr 13 62
Landan, Frederick—A Sept 6, 64—June 6 65
Lane, Ernest—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Corp
Lane, Henry—D Jan 13 64—June 27 65
Lange, Helmuth—L Aug 22 61—May 12 62
Langenbalim, Sylvester—G July 20, 61—Sept 1 62
Lansing, Edward—A July 30 61—Dec 5 63 First Sergt
Large, Thomas—M Sept 4 61—Jan 1 64 Cap Frederick Sept 13 62
Lasham, Albert—Sept 26 64 Tr Oct 11 64 to First N Y V C
Latkowsky, Charles—L Aug 22 61—Feb 15 65
Lauer, Cornelius—G July 20 61—Sept 6 62
Lautenschlager, August—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Lauter, Anton—E July 20 61—Aug 7 62
Lauterbach, George—I July 30 64—June 27 65
La Valley, Peter—M Sept 7 64—June 6 65
Laverty, William K—D July 16 61—April 24 63 Wounded Winchester Feb 10 63 First Lieut
Lawrence, Dittle—E June 27 64—Died Feb 18 65
Lawrence, John—D Aug 21 61—Feb 15 62
Lawton, Richard E—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Lax, Frank B—H Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Lea, Andrew—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Bugler
Lear, Charles—E Jan 4 65—June 27 65
Leavitt, Thomas R—A July 30 61—Aug 22 64—First Lieut Capt

Leber, John—I Aug 1 61
Ledward, Robert—M Sept 14 61—June 27 65 Corp
Lee, Richard H—B July 19 61—Jan 27 62 Second Lieut First Lieut
Leffert, Henry—I Aug 1 61—Jan 24 65 Cap Woodstock Feb 15 63 Cap New Market May 13 64
Legab, Alexander—I Aug 1 61—Dec 20 62
Lehde, Christian—L Sept 12 61—Aug 22 64
Leigle, Christian—L Feb 20 64—June 27 65 Corp
Leisnitzer, Henry—L March 14 64—June 27 65 C Sergt
Lengerke, Alex—E July 20 61—June 7 63 First Lieut
Lent, Lewis—A Mar 15 64—June 27 65
Leonard, Wm—H Feb 26 64—June 27 65
Leopold, John—B Dec 21 63—June 27 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Letterle, Frederick—H Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Leutzinger, Fridolin—I Aug 1 61—May 29 62
Lewis, Eugene—H Aug 5 61—May 19 65 First Lieut Captain
Lewis, Jefferson—H Aug 5 61—Feb 13 63
Lewis, John—I Sept 10 64—June 6 65
Lewis, Morgan—C July 19 61—Aug 18 64
Lewis, Preston—A Dec 23 63—June 27 65
Lickman, Gunther—I Aug 1 61—May 12 62
Lindsey, Alen—K Aug 12 61—Died Aug 19 62 in hospital
Lindsey, James—M Sept 6 61—June 27 65
Liscarbo, Thomas—D Aug 21 61—Feb 1 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Lloyd, John—E Feb 1 64—July 27 65
Locke, Christian—E April 5 64—June 15 65
Loehr, Adolph—L Aug 22 61—April 1 64 First Lieut Adjutant
Loewingring, Milius—I Feb 8 62—Died July 26 64 of wounds
Longshore, Edwin—Dec 28 63 Tr Mar 8 64 to 19th N Y Cav
Loomis, Doddridge—F July 24, 61—June 27 65
Lord, Thomas J—M Sept 9 61—Sept 19 62 Captain
Lorey, George—H Mar 8 64—June 27 65
Lowenhaupt, Wilhelm—G July 20 61—May 8 62
Lubinsky, Wm—L Jan 13 64—June 27 65
Luders, Ferdinand—G July 20 61—Jan 24 65 Cap Strasburg Nov 26 62 Cap Woodstock Feb 26 63 Cap New Market May 13 64
Ludke, Albert—I Aug 1 61—May 11 63
Ludke, Fred—L Sept 28 64—June 5 65
Ludwig, Heinrich—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Ludwig, Martin—L Mar 14 64—June 27 65
Ludwig, Paul—G Oct 13 64—June 27 65
Lukas, Philip—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64
Luney, Richard—A Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Lumis, George W—H Aug 5 61—Oct 5 61
Lumphrey, Oliver—C July 19 61—July 24 65 Wounded at Whipponic Creek Apr 3 65 Corp Sergt Sergt Major First Lieut
Lung, Antony—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65
Lust, Adolphus—H Oct 21 64—June 27 65
Lutes, John D—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Occoquan ferry Nov 2 62 Corp
Lyna, James A—D July 16 61—Feb 7 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Lynch, James—H Aug 16 61—June 10 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Lynch, Jeremiah—H Apr 12 64—June 27 65
Lynch, John—M Feb 18 64—Died of fever July 30 64
Lynchlin, Franz—E Feb 19 64—Cap at New Market Died in prison at Andersonville Aug 16 64

Maahs, August—I Aug 1 61—Dec 20 62
Mack, Valentine—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Sergt First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut
Mackey, Robert—C July 19 61—Dec 15 62
MacWilliams, John—A Aug 21 61—Aug 22 64 Corp
Madden, Martin—A Feb 1 64—June 23 65 Cap at Bloomer's Gap July 27 64
Maguckin, Andrew—C July 19 61—Cap scouting Mt Jackson Nov 16 63 Died in Andersonville Aug 4 64 Corp Sergt
Maher, John—B Sept 7 64—June 6 65
Mahon, Samuel—M Aug 31 61—Dis Mar 27 62 G C M
Mahon, Thomas—H Aug 16 61—Apr 13 63
Mahoney, Florence—B Sept 2 64—June 6 65
Maier, Albert—I Aug 5 64—June 27 65
Malmquish, Gustav—I Aug 22 61—Dec 23 64 Cap at Smithfield
Malone, Thomas—H Feb 16 64—June 27 65 Cap at Port Republic Sept 26 64
Maloney, John—M Feb 18 64—June 27 65
Mandorff, Fred W—G Mar 2 64—June 27 65
Manhattan, Michael—F July 24 61—Wounded and Cap May 63
Manion, Kierman—H Feb 27 64—June 27 65
Mankedik, George—D Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Cap at Greenville June 10 64
Mann, Christian J—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Com Sergt
Mann, Nehemiah—A July 30 61—Nov 27 62 Super Second Lieut
Mansfield, John M—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Manuel, Charles—C July 19 61 Tr Sept 14 63 to V R C
Manuel, Ernst—G July 20 61—June 27 65
Mara, Wm—M Apr 9 64—Tr Dec 28 64 to 100th N Y V
Maran, Owen—M Sept 13 64—June 6 65
Marder, Jules—E July 20 61—Nov 1 63 Hospital at Martinsburg
Marian, Michael—A Aug 25 61—Oct 31 62
Markmann, Henry—L Aug 27 61—Killed in action at Woodstock May 31 64
Marlow, Charles—H Aug 30 64—June 27 65
Marple, Samuel—C July 19 61—July 14 62
Marshall, Michael—I Aug 1 61—Missing Sept 28 62 at New Creek
Marston, Henry C—A Mar 21 64—May 20 65
Marston, John H—H Mar 24 62—Apr 4 63
Martin, Friedrich—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64
Martin, John—Dec 31 61—June 10 65
Martin, John H—F Aug 30 64—June 6 65
Martin, Thomas B—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Martin, Thomas J—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65
Martin, Wilson—K Aug 12 61—Died Dec 2 62 in Hospital
Martindale, Franklin G—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Second Lieut First Lieut Captain Major
Mason, George—M Sept 6 61—June 27 65 Wounded at Piedmont June 5 64 Sergt
Mason, Heron—K Aug 12 61—Dec 27 62
Massey, James—D Dec 19 63—June 27 65
Masters, Michael—D Aug 21 61—Jan 19 65 Cap July 15 64 at Harper's Ferry
Maston, John—F Aug 30 64—June 6 65
Matterne, Albert—G Mar 18 62—July 63 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Matzen, John—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Maxlow, Samuel H—B Mar 10 64—June 27 65 Cap at Beaver Dam Mar 15 65 Corp
May, Christopher—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Sergt

May, Henry—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Staunton May 64
May, Peter—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Wounded in action at Opequon Creek June 13 63 Cap at Bunker Hill Oct 12 64
Mayo, John—A Dec 30 63—Oct 20 64 Des
McCabe, John—M Aug 16 61—Died June 14 65
McCann, Robert—A Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Sergt
McCarthy, David—D Dec 2 63—June 27 65
McCarthy, Garrett—B Oct 7 64—June 27 65
McCarthy, John—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Wounded in action Bugler
McCarthy, Michael—Dec 29 64—Tr Jan 11 65 to Sixth N Y Cav
McCarthy, Thomas—M Aug 31 61—Aug 28 64 Cap Feb 28 63
McCarty, John—Dec 27 64—Tr Dec 30 64 to 93rd N Y V
McCauley, John—M Aug 31 61—June 27 65
McClellan, John W—C July 19 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Par Died Mar 29 65
McCollum, Emmit—K Mar 24 64—June 27 65
McComb, Frederick—I Feb 27 64—June 27 65 Cap at Frederick July 8 64
McConnaughy, Franklin—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Sergt Sergt Major First Lieut Captain
McCormack, Richard—M Sept 6 64—June 6 65
McCormick, Joseph—F July 24 61—Dec 4 61
McCort, Elias—M Sept 21 64—June 6 65
McCrae, John—F Aug 15 64—June 6 65
McCrae, John—F July 24 61—May 27 62 Blacksmith
McCue, John—B Aug 21 61—Sept 5 62
McDermott, John—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64
McDermott, Peter—M Aug 31 61—Oct 22 61
McDonald, Duncan—F Aug 1 64—June 27 65
McEwin, Daniel—D July 16 61—Mar 31 63 Sergt
McFee, John—B Sept 1 64—June 6 65
McGrath, John—D July 16 61—Aug 6 64 Corp
McGuiness, Michael—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Corp
McGuire, Martin H—H Aug 16 61—Apr 11 62
McIntyre, George—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Q M Sergt
McKenna, George R—H Aug 5 61—Dis May 26 62 G C M
McKenzie, Thomas—H Apr 18 64—Killed on picket Oct 3 64 Luray
McKinley, John S—B Aug 5 61—June 27 65 Corp First Sergt Co H
McLaughlin, Hugh—C July 19 61—Killed in action at Ashby's Gap July 19 64
McLaughlin, Hugh—D Feb 19 64—June 27 65
McManus, John—D July 16 61—Aug 17 64
McMillan, Alexander—A Aug 25 61—Killed in action at Cunningham's Cross Roads July 5 63
McMillan, John—K Aug 12 61—Mar 14 63
McNair, Wm W—Feb 27 65—June 27 65 Chaplain
McNamara, John—D Mar 19 64—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
McNaughton, Dugald—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Corp
McNaughton, John—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64 Cap at Berryville Aug 22 63
McNeil, James F—H Aug 21 61—Cap at Berryville Oct 17 63 Par Died at Oswego Sept 5 64
McNitt, Wm—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Sergt
McQuade, Felix—A Sept 16 64—June 6 65
McReynolds, Andrew T—June 15 61—June 16 64 Colonel
McReynolds, B Frank—H Sept 18 62—Jan 2 65 Second Lieut First Lieut and Regt'l Com
McSorley, Hugh—A July 30 61—Aug 18 64
Mead, Charles—F July 24 61—Aug 18 62

Mead, John M—K Aug 12 61—Nov 12 61
Mears, Leonard—C July 19 61—Jan 18 62
Meeker, Benj—C Sept 2 64—May 7 65
Melville, Thomas H—M Sept 4 61—May 27 63
Melvin, James—H Aug 5 61
Mempel, August—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt
Menz, Herman—L Feb 27 64—June 12 65 Wounded and Cap at Piedmont June 5 64
Menzel, Ernest—L Aug 22 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Par Died at Annapolis Dec 28 64
Menzer, Hermann—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Corp First Sergt
Merritt, Andrew J—B July 19 61 June 27 65 Regt Wagon Master
Merry, Patrick—B Mar 22 64—June 27 65
Messick, Eugene—D July 16 61—June 7 62 Bugler
Meyer, Friederick—L Apr 16 64—June 27 65
Meyer, Gribbe H—E July 20 61—Jan 28 63
Meyer, Henry—L Aug 1 64—June 5 65
Meyer, John—I Aug 31 64—June 6 65
Meyer, Joseph—E Oct 18 65—Nov 64 per G O
Meyer, Paul—G Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64 Sergt
Meyersohn, Frank G—D July 16 61—Aug 31 63
Meyres, Mathew—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Michaels, Robert J—A July 30 61—Apr 14 65 Hospital Wounded in action Sept 64
Mickle, Philo D Jr—D July 16 61—Res May 25 63 Sergt Second Lieut
Miller, Andrew H—M Sept 9 61—May 24 62
Miller, Francis W—Feb 2 64—Died Apr 16 64
Miller, Frank E—B Dec 22 63—June 27 65 Corporal
Miller, George—M Aug 5 61—Feb 6 62
Miller, Henry—D Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Prisoner at Andersonville
Miller, Jacob—G Died in General Hospital at Martinsburg Apr 12 64
Miller, Lewis—B Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap Nov 12 61
Miller, Wm—M Sept 4 61—May 27 62
Miller, Wm E—A July 30 61—Oct 2 61
Millrose, Orlando—B Nov 19 61—May 22 62
Mills, Charles—I Aug 1 61—May 27 62
Mills, George W—K Aug 12 61—Nov 1 62 Corp Sergt
Miner, George H—M Feb 18 64—Killed in action at Winchester Apr 64
Mitchel, Eldridge L—B July 19 61—June 27 65
Mitchel, Robert W—C Sept 9 64—May 6 65
Mitchell, Henry—D Aug 25 61—Jan 21 62
Mitchell, Benj—M Feb 25 64—Died Mar 19 64
Mitz, George—I Aug 22 61—Died Dec 9 61
Mold, Christian—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64
Molyneaux, Edward—C Sept 2 64—May 7 65
Monen, Pierre—I Mar 22 64—June 27 65
Monson, Frank A—B Aug 16 61—Aug 8 62 Lieut in Fifth N Y Cav
Mooney, Hiram C—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Moore, Francis—H Mar 22 64—Died Nov 22 64
Moore, Henry—A Dec 28 63—Died in Hospital Mar 17 65
Moore, Lawrence W—A Sept 5 64—June 6 65
Moore, Thomas—A July 30 61—June 27 65
Moore, Wm F—H Aug 16 61—July 11 62
Moorehead, David L—F July 24 61—Mar 1 62
Moorehouse, John H—D July 16 61—June 27 65
Moorehouse, Simon—F July 24 61—Mar 1 62

Moran, Peter—M Aug 29 61—Died Sept 2 62
Moratz, August—E Aug 27 64—June 6 65
Morgan, Warren—F Jan 1 64—Aug 5 65
Moringer, Joseph—L Aug 22 61—Feb 15 62 Bugler
Morris, Wm—C Aug 28 61—June 27 65 Sergt First Sergt.
Morrison, Lindsay—F Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Morse, Christopher—M Aug 28 61—Feb 10 62
Moser, Jacob—G July 20 61—Jan 5 63
Muder, Max—L Mar 9 64—June 27 65
Muehlbacher, Francis—L Aug 22 61—Dec 1 62 Corp
Mueller, Ernest—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Mueller, Herman—L Sept 12 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Par Died at Annapolis Apr 7 65
Mulcahy, Thomas—H Apr 16 64—June 27 65
Muller, Anton—E July 20 61—June 27 65
Muller, August—I Feb 25 64—June 27 65
Muller, Fridolin—I Feb 24 64—Cap New Market May 13 64 Died Oct 2 64 Andersonville
Muller, Heinrich—G July 20 61—Oct 16 61
Muller, Henry—E July 20 61—July 13 62
Muller, John—E Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap New Market May 13 64
Mulley, David—B July 19 61—Oct 1 61
Mulligan, Francis—H Aug 16 61—Oct 5 61
Mulligan Wm—H Aug 16 61—Killed in action June 8 64
Munger, Harmon H—K Aug 29 61—Dec 20 62
Munn, David—D July 16 61—June 27 65
Munsch, Bartholomaus—I Aug 1 61—Aug 16 64
Muralt, Carl—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64 Cap Winchester June 15 63
Murphy, James—D Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Murphy, John R—H Aug 5 61—Aug 18 64
Murphy Thomas—B Aug 16 61—May 28 62
Murphy, Timothy—M Sept 6 61—June 27 65
Murray, Francis—M Nov 10 64—June 27 65
Murray, Martin—H Aug 16 61—May 13 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Murray, Patrick—D Aug 21 61—Mar 20 64
Murray, Thomas—M Aug 16 61—Aug 28 63 Cap Woodstock Feb 20 63
Murtha, Patrick—K Dec 30 63—July 6 65
Muther, Randolph I—D July 16 61—Aug 22 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Myer, Adolph—E July 20 61—Aug 13 63 Bugler
Myer, John—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Myers, DeWitt R—D Feb 23 64—June 27 65
Myers, Edward—C July 19 61—June 7 65 Corp
Myers, Henry—C July 19 61—Apr 13 62

Nack, Otto—L Sept 1 64—June 5 65
Nagle, Charles—E Dec 16 64—June 27 65
Nagle, Wilson—D Dec 21 61—Died Aug 11 62
Nash, James—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Corp
Naumann, Francis—Apr 18 64—Drowned at sea Mar 31 65 by burning of U S Steamer General Lyon
Navinski, Simon—I Aug 1 61—Apr 21 62
Nealy, Wm—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Neill, Arthur—C Jan 20 64—June 27 65
Nelson, Pliny F—B Sept 1 61—Wounded in action Sept 17 Died Sept 19 Saddler
Nelson, Roreback—Feb 2 64—Det in Hospital at Hart's Island
Nenumacher, Joseph—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Corp

Nerling, Peter—L Mar 31 64—June 27 65 Corp
Nevins, Henry N—K Aug 12 61—Dec 31 62 Q M Sergt Regtl Com Sergt Lieut in Seventh Mich Cav Major in 15th N Y Cav
Nevins, Wm S—K Aug 12 61—Dec 25 61 Sergt Q M Sergt Lieut in First Mich Eng & Mech
New, Edwin A—A Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt Regtl Q M Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut
Newhoff, Frederick—F July 21 64—May 7 65
Newman, Robert—H Aug 5 61—Nov 8 61
Newport, Thomas—K Dec 18 63—June 27 65
Newth, John—C July 19 61—June 27 65 First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut
Nichols, Wm H—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Nisser, Henry—I Aug 1 61—Died Dec 13 62 from wound received on picket
Nims, Frederick A—M Aug 22 61—Sept 30 64 Second Lieut First Lieut
Noble, Erastus W—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Nolte, Augustus—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Wounded at Piedmont June 5 64 Cap in Hospital at Staunton Corp
Noone, Thomas—B Feb 12 64—Accidentally shot at Bunker Hill Sept 4 64
North, Augustus—F July 24 61—Feb 16 62
Norton, Anson N—K Aug 12 61—Res Sept 20 62 Captain
Norton, John R—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Regtl Com Sergt Second Lieut Awarded medal of Honor by Sec of War
Nugent, John—A Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Nussey, Henry—H Aug 10 61—Jan 3 63

Obhoff, Peter—L Aug 22 61—Killed July 9 63
O'Brien, John J—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Cap Nov 12 61 Corp Sergt First Sergt Co F Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
O'Brien, Michael—A Aug 16 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in prison at Andersonville Sept 28 64
O'Brien, Nicholas—H May 22 64—June 27 65
O'Brien, Patrick—D Feb 20 64—June 27 65
O'Brien, Peter—A Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Awarded Medal of Honor by Sec of War
O'Brien, Thomas—D Aug 21 61—Feb 3 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
O'Brien, Wm—A Aug 16 61—Aug 22 64 Cap at Mt Jackson Nov 18 63
O'Brien, Wm—D Aug 26 63—June 27 65
O'Connell, Michael—K Jan 6 64—June 27 65
O'Connell, Michael—A Mar 26 64—Tr to Co M
O'Connor, James J—D Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Corp
Odell, Dyckman—H Aug 5 61—July 29 62 Q M Sergt Co A
O'Donnell, Patrick—D July 16 61—June 27 65
Ogden, John H—H Nov 29 64—June 27 65
Ogle, Charles H—A July 30 61—Nov 24 62 Captain Major
Olbert, Henry—G July 20 61—Killed in action near White Post June 12 63 Corp Sergt
Olin, Wm W—F Aug 27 64—June 6 65
Ollussen, Gustave—I Aug 19 64—June 27 65
O'Neil, Michael—H Aug 25 61—Dec 20 62
O'Neil, Patrick—M Sept 2 61— June 27 65 Corp
O'Neil, Paul—D Aug 25 61—Mar 21 65 Cap at New Market May 12 64
O'Neill, Eugene—H Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Onishenzen, Charles—L Apr 25 64—June 27 65
Ooly, John—G July 20 61—June 21 62

Ordway, Albert H—A Sept 26 64—June 6 65
Orthmann, Ludwig—G July 20 61—Sept 1 62
Ostrander, Thomas B—C July 19 61—Feb 25 65 Corp Sergt Com Sergt Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Otto, August—E Jan 25 64—June 27 65 Bugler
Otto, Edward—E July 20 61—Jan 1 63
Otto, Frederick—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Otto, Gustav—L Aug 22 61—Apr 1 63 Captain
Otto, Hefly—E Oct 16 64—Apr 5 65 Cap at Warrenton
Owens, Henry—D Jan 1 64—Sept 2 65
Owens, Terrance—B Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Corp Cap at Moorefield Apr 28 63

Pankrats, Phister—G Aug 6 64—June 27 65
Park, Richard—A Aug 21 64—June 13 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Parker, Benj—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Parker, Wm—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt
Parks, Wm S—H Aug 5 61—June 27 62
Parlin, Edward H—B July 19 61—Dec 30 62 Cap in Hospital Talleysville June 30 62
Passegger, Franz—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 First Lieut Captain Major Br Lieut Col Br Col Wounded at Fisher's Hill
Patterson, Samuel B—M Sept 2 61—Aug 16 62 Q M Sergt
Patterton, James—M Aug 29 61—Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Paul, Ira—F Aug 30 64—June 6 65
Paul, Wm H—F Aug 15 64—June 6 65
Pearl, Thomas E—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Wounded at Martinsburg July 25 64 Bugler
Peavey, George G—B Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Wounded near Springfield Oct 62 Wounded near White Post May 9 64 Sergt Chief of Scouts
Peavey, George W—B July 19 61—June 14 65 Regtl Q M Sergt Second Lieut 57 U S C T
Peck, Charles—M Aug 31 61—June 15 63 Missing in action
Peers, Hiram—B Nov 19 61—June 27 65 Cap at Woodstock Dec 25 62 Corp
Perkowitz, Leon—G July 20 61—Oct 16 61
Perry, Wm—F July 24 61—Oct 14 61
Peterson, Carl—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64
Peterson, Charles—I Aug 1 61—Mar 20 64 Cap at Winchester June 13 63
Peterson, Andreas—L Sept 12 61—Aug 22 64
Peterson, Charles R—B Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Wounded at Hancock June 16 63 Cap at New Market May 13 64 In prison at Andersonville and Florence Corp Sergt
Peto, Daniel—H Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Peto, Joseph—H Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Pettis, Frederick—D July 16 61—Oct 4 61 50 N Y Eng
Pettit, Alfred D—A July 30 61—Aug 22 64
Pfaiffer, Nicholas—L Apr 1 64—Hospital Nurse at Annapolis
Phifer, Michael—C July 19 61—Mar 18 64 Corp Sergt
Phifer, Peter—I Feb 13 62—June 13 63
Phillips, George—D July 16 61—July 16 62
Phillips, Judson S—K Aug 29 61—Apr 3 62 Des
Phillips,, Wm H H—D July 16 61—Nov 2 61
Pilegard, Rudolph—E July 20 61—June 27 65
Pineus, Joseph—E July 20 61—Sept 4 62 Hospital
Pinsel, Charles—Oct 25 64—May 7 65 Hart's Island

Pitman, George—C Aug 26 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt
Place, Arthur A—K Mar 28 64—June 27 65
Platt, Eben G—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Bugler
Platt, Wm—B Sept 2 64—June 6 65
Plattner, Jacob—G Sept 18 64—June 6 65
Poindexter, George S—F Aug 21 61—Nov 4 64 First Sergt Second Lieut
Pomeroy, Jerome B—K Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Cap Mar 22 65 and escaped Apr 8 65
Poole, David L—K Feb 6 64—June 27 65 Second Lieut
Pope, Christian C—A Apr 1 64—June 27 65
Porter, Patrick H—M Aug 28 61—June 27 65 Sergt Cap at Piedmont June 5 64
Porteus, James—B Nov 19 61—May 24 62 at Gen Hospital Washington
Porteus, Wm P—B Aug 21 61—Oct 27 62
Posner, Charles—A July 30 61—Dec 27 62
Post, Richard A—C July 19 61—Aug 25 63
Potter, James—H Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Blacksmith
Poulitzer, Joseph—L Sept 30 64—June 5 65
Power, Samuel C—C July 19 61—June 27 65 Farrier
Powell, Thomas D—Jan 1 65—June 27 65 Asst Surgeon
Powers, James F—D Aug 25 61—Mar 15 65 Cap in Loudon Co July 15 64
Praefcke, Curt—I Aug 1 61—Feb 24 62
Pranden, George—D July 16 61—Feb 15 62
Prange, John—I Aug 1 61—June 13 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Corp Sergt
Prendergast, Richard G—M July 28 61—Killed in action at Nineveh Nov 12 64 First Lieut Captain
Price, Wm H—B Sept 22 64—June 6 65 Cap Mar 15 65 at Beaver Dam
Princell, Charles—Oct 24 64—May 7 65
Pross, Philip—E Aug 22 61—Killed in action June 15 63 Opequon Creek
Provost, Joseph—A Aug 16 61—Nov 10 64
Putmoe, Moses—C Sept 15 64—June 27 65

Quinn, Daniel—M Sept 7 64—June 6 65
Quinn, John—C July 19 61—Tr Sept 10 63 to H Sixteenth (Ninth) V R C
Quinn, John—B July 19 61—June 27 65
Quinn, Patrick—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Quinn, Timothy—Jan 2 63—Jan 4 65 Major

Raczkiwicz, John C—H Aug 5 61—Aug 22 64 Bugler Chief Trumpeter
Rahn, John—E Feb 27 64—June 27 65 Cap at Gordonsville Dec 64
Rainsch, Franz—F Feb 18 62—Apr 14 62
Rainsberger, Joseph D—C Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Corp
Randall, Clark—Dec 31 63 Tr Feb 8 64 to 19th N Y Cav
Rathman, Ernest—E July 20 61—Dec 27 62 Vet Surgeon
Rautsom, Charles—I Sept 3 64—June 6 65
Rawcliff, Thomas—B Sept 17 64—June 6 65
Redmen, Charles—H Aug 5 61—Sept 25 62
Reed, Wm—B Mar 29 64—June 27 65 Cap Beaver Dam Mar 15 65
Reichhard, Francis—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64 Cap June 27 62
Reid, James—K Aug 12 61—Cap Berryville Aug 19 63 Died Mar 30 64 Hospital
Reider, Gustave—E Jan 15 64—June 27 65 Prisoner at Andersonville May 13 64
Reiling, Herman—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Reilly, Alex—M Aug 28 61—Killed Dec 25 61

Reily, Cornelius—H Aug 16 61—Jan 65 Cap Winchester June 15 63
Reincke, Francis—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64 Corp
Reincke, Friedrich—I Aug 1 61—Apr 23 62
Reinhard, John—I Aug 1 61—Cap May 13 61 at New Market
Reinicke, Herman—I Aug 1 61—May 29 62
Relyae, Elisha B—C Sept 4 61—June 27 62
Remers, John—I Aug 1 61—Feb 15 62
Resch, Frederick—E Aug 22 64—May 22 65 Died Oct 9 65 at Hospital
Reyan, Wm—M Jan 5 64—Jan 21 65
Reynolds, Clark—B Sept 22 64—June 6 65
Reynolds, Clark B—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Reynolds, Edward—H Aug 5 61—Aug 4 64
Rhor, Gotlieb—H Sept 7 64—June 6 65
Richter, Friedrich—G July 20 61—Oct 25 61
Rickenberg, John—I Aug 22 61—Apr 17 63
Rickholdt, Bernhardt—L Aug 22 61—June 15 63
Ricklin, Joseph—G July 20 61—Dec 27 62
Riecks, Frederick—L Aug 18 64—June 27 65
Riegel, Richard—L Dec 9 63—June 13 65 Sergt
Righly, Charles—Sept 13 61—Mar 1 62 Chaplain
Rihl, Wm H—C July 19 61—Killed in action at Greencastle June 22 63 Corp
Rineke, Wm—G Aug 22 61—June 20 63
Ring, Charles—Sept 22 64 Tr Oct 2 64 to 12th N Y Cav
Ritchie, James—A Aug 16 61—Oct 11 62
Roach, James—B Aug 31 64—June 6 65 Cap at Jericho Crossing Mar 14 65
Roberts, Ephraim—H Aug 5 61—Jan 11 62
Robertson, George—A July 30 61—Wounded at Sharpsburg Sept 20 62 Died Oct 12 62 Corp Sergt
Robinson, Charles—A Aug 25 61—Died Dec 20 62 Hospital
Robinson, Oscair—B Aug 25 61—Mar 10 62
Robinson, Philo C—A July 30 61—June 27 65
Robinson, Uriah—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Rodemann, John—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Rodman, Benjamin—F Mar 22 64—June 27 65
Roehrer, John—M Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Hospital Steward Cap at Mansfield Apr 17 63
Roehrs, Frederick—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64 Com Sergt
Roehrson, Edward—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Rohe, Casper—I Feb 8 62—Nov 26 64 Corp Sergt
Roney, Robert W—F Mar 29 64—June 27 65
Root, James M—F July 24 61—Sept 13 62
Rorder, Gustave—E Feb 10 64—Oct 26 65
Rork, Samuel W—A July 30 61—June 30 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Sergt
Rosacrauts, Jacob—A Oct 1 64—June 6 65
Rosenberg, Max—June 15 61—Sept 2 61
Rosenberger, Felix—I Aug 5 64—June 27 65 Cap at Jericho Ford Mar 16 65
Rosenblatt, Matthew—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Ross, Andrew—M Sept 3 61—Cap June 5 64 at Piedmont Died in prison at Andersonville Sept 25 64
Rothomund, Joseph—I Aug 22 61—Sept 17 62
Rouse, Minna—A Sept 26 64—June 6 65
Roxborough, John—C July 23 64—June 27 65
Roxborough, Wm—C Aug 6 64—June 27 65
Ruh, Haver—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Corp

Ruhkopf, Ludwig—E July 20 61—Cap near Mt Jackson Dec 20 63 Died in prison at Andersonville Aug 3 64
Rumm, Wm—I Aug 1 61—July 31 62
Runnion, Robert—D July 16 61—June 27 65 Com Sergt
Runyon, Samuel—B July 19 61—Feb 24 62
Russell, John R—B Mar 5 64—June 27 65
Rutschmann, Francis—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Rutter, Thomas H—M Aug 28 61—Feb 24 62 Blacksmith
Ryan, Henry—M Sept 10 61—June 27 65
Ryan, James—F Cap at Winchester Apr 24 64
Ryan, Wm—M Dec 21 63—Feb 18 65 Hospital
Ryan, Wm H—M Sept 3 61—Oct 17 64 Corp

Sall, Louis—E Mar 22 64—Died May 4 65 Hospital
Sachs, Henry—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Farrier
Saling, Frederick—K Dec 1 63—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died Annapolis Dec 21 64
Salzbrunn, Oscar—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64
Sanders, George S—D July 16 61—Nov 2 61
Sanders, Henry—C Apr 20 64—June 27 65
Saunders, Luther B—D Aug 16 61—Nov 2 61
Saur, Andrew—K Mar 28 64—Died June 27 64
Savacool, Edwin F—K Aug 29 61—Wounded at Newtown Nov 63 Wounded at Sailor's Creek Apr 6 65 Died in Armory Square Hospital Washington June 2 65 Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Captain Br Major Awarded Medal of Honor by Sec of War
Sayle, James J—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Scalley, Wm—D Aug 21 61—Aug 25 64
Schaefer, Caspar—I Aug 1 61—Aug 16 64
Schaeffer, Charles—D Aug 16 61—Wounded at Piedmont June 5 64 Died in Hospital at Staunton July 21 64
Schaffer, Joseph—G May 20 64—Cap at Moorefield Aug 7 64 Died in Hospital Oct 13 64
Schaffner, Andrew—E Apr 15 64—June 27 65
Schaupp, Philip—E Aug 22 61—Feb 19 63
Schauzel, John—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Schefflin, Frederick—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester Apr 19 64
Scheitle, John—G Aug 22 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died in Andersonville Oct 4 64
Scheller, Charles—G Oct 15 64—June 27 65
Schessle, Charles—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Scheuer, Charles P—B July 19 61—Aug 20 64 Bugler
Schimpf, John—L Feb 29 64—June 27 65
Schinninger, Guido—L Apr 2 62—Aug 22 64
Schlicht, Louis—G July 20 61—Jan 16 63
Schmidlin, Joseph—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64 Cap at Berryville June 5 63
Schmidt, Adolph—I Aug 1 61—Sept 17 62 Sergt Q M Sergt Second Lieut
Schmidt, Francis F—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64 Com Sergt
Schmidt, George—I Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Schmidt, Henry—E Mar 30 64—June 27 65
Schmidt, Jacob—I Aug 22 61—Feb 16 62
Schmidt, John—I Aug 1 61—Killed in action near Greencastle July 5 63
Schmidt, John F—I Aug 1 61—Dec 20 62
Schmidt, Wm—E Aug 3 64—June 27 65
Schneider, Conrad—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64

Schneider, Emmerich—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 First Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut
Schneider, George—I Aug 1 61—Mar 20 64 Corp
Schneider, George—E Jan 18 64—June 27 65 Corp
Schneider, Herman—I Aug 15 64—June 27 65 Corp
Scholl, Wm—L Jan 18 64—June 13 65
Schorn, Ferdinand H—I Aug 1 61—Died Dec 20 61 Corp
Schorr, Christian—L Aug 22 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Schossback, Friederich—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Corp
Schriber, John W—K Mar 15 64—July 2 65 Frederick Md
Schroeder, Ant R—I Feb 5 62—Dec 4 62
Schroettissair, John M—H Aug 21 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died at Andersonville Oct 26 64
Schuler, Carl—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65
Schultz, Charles—Sept 22 64—May 7 65
Schultz, Ferdinand—H July 10 61—June 27 65 Cap at Kernstown Feb 26 63
Schultz, Carl—I Feb 10 62—June 10 63
Schultz, Herman—E July 20 61—Mar 18 64
Schultz, John H—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Schulz, Henry—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64 Cap near Mt Jackson Dec 20 63
Schulz, Julius—L Aug 22 61—Feb 3 62
Schumacher, Francis—E Apr 25 64—June 27 65
Schuster, Charles—L Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64 Corp
Schwartz, Leopold—L Aug 18 64—June 27 65
Schwarze, Charles—I Aug 1 61—Dec 27 61
Schwarzenberg, John—H Aug 16 61—Feb 15 62
Seaman, John—G Nov 25 64—June 27 65
See, Durlin P—B Mar 15 64—June 27 65 Corp
See, Henry—L Mar 10 64—June 9 65 Cap at New Market May 5 63
See, John—L Mar 10 64—June 27 65
See, Peter F—B Nov 19 61—Feb 24 62
Seery, James—B Mar 10 64—June 27 65
Seigel, Henry—F May 20 64—June 27 65 Cap at Newtown Feb 3 65
Serviere, Eugene—E July 26 61—June 27 65 Cap at New Market June 13 64
Shankland, James C—A July 30 61—Res July 21 62 Regt'l Q M Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut
Shannon, Michael—A July 30 61—June 25 62 Corp
Shears, Judson L—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Sheck, Louis—D Mar 1 64—June 27 65 Corp
Shepard, John—M Sept 12 64—June 6 65
Shepherd, Charles F—D July 16 61—Died of wounds rec'd at Carter Hill Nov 9 64 Bugler
Shepherd, John H—M Sept 8 64—June 2 65
Sheremer, Valentine—L Mar 29 64—Sick in Hospital
Shook, Henry A—A Aug 25 61—Nov 21 61
Showaker, Joseph—C Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Shultz, Robert—C July 19 61—Cap at Winchester June 14 63—June 27 65
Shultz, Theodore—I Jan 21 64—June 27 65
Sickles, Charles—M Sept 22 64—June 6 65
Simons, Lambert I—E July 20 61—Aug 27 64 First Lieut Captain
Simpson, John—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64
Skerry, Wm H—B July 16 61—June 27 65
Slee, John—A July 30 61—Jan 8 63
Sliter, Wm H—A—Jan 7 65

Slowe, Martin—A July 30 61—Feb 3 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Smith, Alexander—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Smith, Alexander—A Mar 16 64—June 27 65
Smith, Alfred—K Nov 63
Smith, Benj E—F Mar 28 64—June 27 65
Smith, George—A Aug 16 61—Aug 15 64 Accidentally wounded at Winchester Jan 63
Smith, Henry B—D Aug 21 61—May 20 62
Smith, J—Lost on U S steamer General Lyon Mar 31 64
Smith, Jacob—M Oct 1 64—June 27 65
Smith, James M—M July 25 64—July 24 65 McDougall G H New York
Smith, James W—K Aug 12 61—June 6 62
Smith, Joseph W—B July 19 61—July 6 65
Smith, Martin C—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64
Smith, Thomas—C Apr 18 64—June 22 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Smooth, Joseph—M Sept 6 61—June 27 65
Sniffin, Ward—H Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Sniffen, Warren—H Mar 21 64—June 27 65
Snyder, George W—C July 19 61—July 1 63
Snyder, John J—C Aug 26 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Soola, Francis—B Feb 10 62—Cap July 3 64 Died in Florence Feb 8 65
Souther, Henry L—F July 24 61—Nov 15 61
Spellman, Patrick J—H Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 14 63
Spielmann, John—L Aug 22 61—Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Died at Florence Feb 20 65 Corp
Spoor, Joseph—M Sept 3 61—Died Dec 11 61
Sprague, Samuel C—D July 16 61—Mar 8 63 First Lieut Adjt Dismissed
Stafford, Charles—F July 24 61—Feb 23 63
Stanton, Clark—B Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Wounded at Piedmont June 5 65 Wounded Sept 27 64 Corp Regt'l Q M Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Staring, Stephen S—F Aug 16 61—May 24 62
Stearns, Joseph K—H Aug 5 61—Res Feb 6 65 Captain Major
Stears, John Henry—F Mar 29 64—June 27 65
Stecher, Paul—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Steele, John G—K Feb 9 64—Aug 2 65
Steger, Frederich H—I Aug 1 61—Cap at Winchester June 13 63
Steinmann, Franz—G May 9 64—June 27 65
Stephens, Edward R—B July 19 61—Nov 1 61 Corp Lieut and Q M in another regiment
Stephens, John B—D Dec 30 63—June 27 65
Stephens, Leon—G July 20 61—June 27 65
Stephens, Peter—B Mar 17 64—May 15 65 Accidentally Wounded Cap at Staunton June 10 64
Stevens, John—G Sept 23 64—June 6 65
Stevens, Samuel—D Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap on picket at Kernstown Feb 26 63 Corp Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Stevenson, James H—C July 19 61—Nov 4 64 Second Lieut First Lieut Captain
Stewart, George—F Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Stickle, Luther—A Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Corp
Stiene, Henry—I Aug 1 61—Tr to 22nd V R C Feb 1 64 Cap at Savage's Station June 30 62
Stilson, John W—K Aug 29 61—Oct 1 61
Stinson, Samuel—M Aug 28 61—Feb 24 62
Stokes, Wm—C July 19 61—Aug 18 64 Corp

Stoll, George—L Mar 1 64—June 27 65
Stone, Austin T—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
Stone, George—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65 Corp
Stone, Henry H—E Sept 18 63—June 28 65 Corp Sergt Prisoner of War
Stone, John K—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Cap at Piedmont June 5 64 Escaped July 9 64 Corp
Storm, George E—B Sept 20 64—June 10 65
Stosch, Count Ferdinand—I Aug 1 61—Res Feb 25 63 Captain
Strechen, Henry—B July 19 61—Nov 29 61
Strong, Noah R—D Sept 1 64—Aug 10 65
Stroud, Edward—H Aug 5 61—Aug 22 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Stuart, Christian A—B Aug 21 61—Jan 3 62 Corp in another regiment Killed at Gettysburg
Stuart, John—B Feb 26 62—Apr 23 65 Cap near Berryville Oct 17 63 Cap Oct 64 and escaped
Stuckee, Jacob—L Oct 1 64—June 27 65
Stueckel, Ernest—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Stullhut, Ennis—D Aug 16 61—Aug 16 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Sulewski, Dommik—E July 20 61—Aug 11 62
Sullivan, Cornelius—A Aug 16 61—May 3 64
Sullivan, John—H Aug 9 61—June 27 65
Sullivan, Lawrence—M Aug 28 61—Apr 25 62
Sullivan, Michael—D Aug 16 61—June 30 62
Summerville, Thomas W—D July 16 61—Jan 28 63
Suthermeister, Gustav—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Greencastle July 3 63
Sutter, Michael—E Aug 1 61—Aug 15 63
Sutton, James H—K Aug 29 61—Aug 16 64
Suydam, Henry—A Aug 31 61—Jan 16 65 Cap at New Market Aug 13 64 Sergt Com Sergt Batt First Lieut
Swazze, Warren—B Aug 20 64—June 6 65
Sweet, Amos—F Aug 30 64—June 6 65
Sweet, Martin V—F July 18 61—Aug 22 64 Cap June 22 64 Sergt
Sweickhardt, Michael—A July 30 61—May 4 62
Switzer, Frank—H Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Cap Sept 12 64 Corp
Sworn, Theodore W—D Aug 16 61—Feb 15 62

Tacy, Wm D—C July 19 61—Aug 18 64
Tallicott, John—A July 30 61—June 27 65
Tallman, Edson—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Bugler
Taxter, Isaac—Jan 3 62—Jan 20 65 Vet Surg
Taylor, Ethan A—K Aug 12 61—Dec 28 64 Cap Mt Jackson Nov 16 63
Taylor, John G—K Feb 23 64—June 27 65
Taylor, Wm—A July 30 61—Oct 2 61
Teller, Richard M—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Corp
Temple, James A—F July 24 61—Dec 18 61
Thaler, Anton—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64
Thomas, C—B July 19 61—June 1 63 Sergt
Thomas, Ignatz—E July 20 61—Aug 16 64
Thomas, Richard P—F July 24 61—Sept 13 62 First Lieut Bt Adj
Thompson, Chris C—A Feb 22 64—June 27 65
Thompson, David—H Oct 11 64—June 6 65
Thompson, Franz—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64 Cap at Kermstown Feb 26 63
Thompson, George—H Aug 16 61—Cap May 13 64 Died Oct 20 64 at Millen Ga
Thompson, Wm I—C July 19 61—Aug 18 64 Corp
Thompson, Wm R—B Sept 23 64—June 6 64

Thomson, Clifford—B July 19 61—June 25 65 Regt Q M Sergt Second Lieut First Lieut Major on staff of General Pleasanton
Thurston, Daniel—K Aug 12 61—June 29 65 Corp Sergt Q M Sergt Reg Com Sergt
Tighe, James D—M Dec 3 64—June 27 65
Timm, Henry—I Aug 1 61—Aug 28 64
Tobin, John—D Aug 21 61—Oct 15 64 Corp
Todd, Henry B—B July 19 61—April 1 64 Cap at Accotink Nov 12 61 Capt
Tone, Peter—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64
Tonery, Joseph—A Sept 5 64—June 6 65 Sergt
Toomey, Thomas—M Aug 29 61—June 21 65 Corp Sergt
Topping, Henry—H Aug 5 61—Nov 14 62
Torbush, Henry—H Aug 5 61—Oct 5 61
Towers, Thomas—H Aug 16 61—Dec 20 62
Traches, John—A Dec 28 63—Dec 1 64
Tracy, Wm S—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Wounded in action Winchester
Traut, Wm—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Corp
Traher, John—M Sept 9 61—June 27 65 Corp
Trowbridge, Peter—B Aug 21 61—Aug 20 64 Cap at Accotink Nov 12 61
True, Edmond W—B July 19 61—July 30 62 Q M Sergt
Trump, Charles—C Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Corp
Tryon, Wm B—D Feb 27 64—Mar 3 65 Died at Hospital
Turner, Henry—A Aug 16 61—Aug 15 64
Turner, James—A Aug 16 61—Died Dec 7 61
Turner, James—M Mar 7 64—June 27 65

Ubert, Peter—I Aug 26 64—June 27 65
Ulings, Thomas—M Sept 2 61—Feb 24 62
Ulricksen, Axel—I Aug 22 61—Jan 3 62

Valentine, Napoleon—B Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Corp 1st Sergt 2d Lieut
Valentine, Wm—A July 30 61—June 27 65 Corp
Van Albert, Charles—A July 30 61—Nov 21 61 Corp
Van Brunt, George F—A Aug 25 61—Dec 26 62 Corp
Van Cleef, Robert—D Mar 20 64—Cap New Market May 13 64 Died Dec 10 64 Hospital
Van Lawn, Albert H—Jan 1 63—July 13 65 Sergt
Van Loon, Wm—C Aug 16 64—June 6 65
Van Saun, Albert H—A July 30 61—July 13 65 Corp Sergt 1st Lieut
Van Sickles, George W—A Aug 21 61—Cap Winchester June 15 63 Died Sept 7 64
Van Wort, Richard—A Aug 16 61—June 27 65
Veach, Barton—B Aug 22 64—June 6 65 Cap at Beaver Dam Mar 15 65
Vermilya, Isaac D—D July 16 61—Killed in action at Piedmont June 5 64 1st Sergt Bat Adj 1st Lieut
Verner, Charles—F Sept 30 64—June 6 65
Verrinder, Wm Jr—H Aug 21 61—Feb 25 65 Cap at Winchester June 13 63 Cap at Mt Jackson Dec 20 63
Verriger, Benjamin—M Dec 3 61—Died Dec 30 61
Vincent, John H—B Aug 16 61—Aug 20 64 Corp Sergt
Vittery, Alex—E Mar 10 64—June 27 65
Vogel, Frederick—E July 20 61—June 15 63
Vogel, George—F Aug 1 61—May 12 62
Vogt, John—L Aug 22 61—Aug 22 64
Volner, Carl—G July 20 61—Aug 23 64
Vollotton, Richard R W—A Mar 9 64—June 27 65

Von Lint, Wm—I Sept 1 64—June 6 65
Von Roeckritz, Benno—L Aug 22 61—Dec 5 62 2d Lieut 1st Lieut
Von Schickfuss, Frederick—E July 20 61—Apr 6 63 Capt Lieut Col
Voorhies, Alfred H—H Aug 5 61—Cap May 13 64 Died Aug 13 64 at Andersonville
Voorhies, Robert C—H Aug 5 61—Killed in action at Upperville May 6 63
Vosburg, Charles D—K Aug 12 61—Aug 16 64 Sergt
Vosburgh, Jacob—A Jan 2 64—Nov 12 64 2d Lieut

Wagner, Karl—L Aug 13 64—June 27 65
Wagner, Louis—E Feb 29 64—Tr Dec 23 64 to 100th N Y Vol
Wagner, Waldemar—E July 20 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Wainwright, Benjamin—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65
Wait, Ferdinand F—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Cap at Edinburg May 16 64 Sergt
Walker, Henry B—C Nov 14 64—June 27 65
Wall, Wm—K Aug 12 61—June 17 65 Cap at Williamsport July 10 63 Sergt
Wallace, Robert I—D July 16 61—Aug 16 64
Waller, George—E Dec 21 64—June 27 65
Walsh, James—H Aug 5 61—Cap May 13 64 at New Market Died at Andersonville
Walter, Adam—L Mar 31 64—Died Sept 22 64
Walter, Charles I—D July 16 61—Jan 20 62 Q M Sergt
Walter, Jos—G July 20 61—Died of wounds Apr 8 65 1st Sergt Sergt-Major 2d Lieut 1st Lieut
Walter, Peter—I Feb 29 64—June 27 65
Walton, Richard—H Jan 25 64—June 27 65
Walz, Christian—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Cap at Kernstown Feb 26 63 Q M Sergt
Ward, Hugh—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Ward, Wm—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Waring, Thomas C—B Aug 21 61—Aug 20 64
Warner, David A—A Feb 29 64—June 27 65
Warren, Chas N—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Warren, Morgan—F Aug 15 61—Aug 5 65
Warren, Porter—K Aug 29 61—Dec 20 62
Waters, Wm—A Aug 25 61—June 27 65 Corp
Watkins, Erwin C—K Aug 12 61—Oct 7 64 Sergt 2d Lieut 1st Lieut A A G
Watson, George—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Corp Sergt
Watts, James—A Oct 12 64—June 20 65
Wauch, Valentine—E Jan 21 64—June 27 65
Way, Caleb—C Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt
Webb, Edward C—A July 30 61—Nov 7 61
Webber, Stephen D—M Sept 4 61—Oct 22 61
Weber, Carl—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Sergt 2d Lieut
Weber, John—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Sergt Cap New Market May 13 64
Weber, John W—E Feb 28 64—Cap New Market May 13 64—Died Oct 5 64 at Andersonville
Weber, Louis—I Aug 1 61—Died Apr 6 64
Webster, John—K Mar 11 64—June 27 65
Weeks, Samuel M—B July 19 61—Dec 9 61 Sergt Lieut in another regiment
Wehler, Edward—C Sept 11 61—Died Feb 6 62

Wehn, Louis—G July 20 61—Died Feb 28 63
Weigant, Lorenz—I Aug 1 61—Cap at New Market May 13 64—Died Oct 28 64 at Florence
Weigel, Heinrich—G July 20 61—Dec 27 62
Weimer, Carl—Mar 29 64—Tr Dec 1 64 to 68th N Y Vol
Weishaupt, Jos—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64 Q M Sergt
Weiss, Augustus—L Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Weissbacker, Andrew—E July 20 61—Aug 21 64
Weisz, Frederick—E June 20 61—Nov 27 64 Cap at Winchester Feb 26 63 1st Sergt 2d Lieut
Welby, John—A Oct 13 64—June 27 65
Welch, Abram—Jan 26 65—June 27 65 Surgeon
Welch, Daniel—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65 Wounded July 18 64
Welch, James—F Oct 31 64—June 27 65
Welch, John—F July 24 61—June 27 65
Welch, Martin H—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt
Welton, Chancey—K Aug 12 61—Dec 1 62
Werle, Adam—L Sept 12 61—Feb 23 62
Wertche, Wm—L Sept 12 61—Sept 1 63
Wessinger, Chas—L Sept 12 61—Wounded in action at Piedmont Cap at Piedmont Died Sept 30 64 at Andersonville
Westbrook, Abraham—D July 16 61—June 26 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Com Sergt
Westrater, Wm—K July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at Berryville May 10 63
Wetzler, Heinrich—G July 20 61—June 27 65 Cap at Woodstock Feb 26 63 Wounded at New Market May 13 64
Wheeler, Montsier—K Aug 29 61—Jan 7 62
White, Albert C—K Aug 12 61—Nov 12 61
White, Andrew—K Jan 2 64—June 27 65
White, Frederick—L Feb 25 64—Sept 4 64 Cap at New Market May 13 64
White, Henry L—D Aug 21 61—Feb 3 62
White, Josiah—K Aug 12 61—June 27 65
White, Philip—D July 16 61—July 6 65
White, Safford—K Aug 12 61—Dec 24 62
Whitnall, Asa—F July 24 61—Feb 15 62
Whitney, Theodore—A Aug 21 61—May 30 65 Cap at Smithfield Aug 21 63
Wigman, Wilhelm—E Aug 16 64—June 27 65
Wilback, Abraham—C Dec 1 64—June 27 65
Wilber, Simon—F July 24 61—Nov 14 61
Wilder, Jos—K Aug 12 61—Feb 25 62
Wiley, John—M Feb 16 64—June 27 65
Wiley, Moses—C July 19 61—Mar 12 63
Williams, Chas—L Mar 18 64—June 28 65 Cap at New Market May 13 64 Escaped at Salisbury Apr 12 65
Williams, Elmer—K Jan 2 64—June 27 65
Williams, John—D Feb 23 64—June 27 65
Williams, John—I Aug 25 64—June 16 65
Williams, Jos H—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65 Corp
Williams, Morgan T—K Aug 29 61—June 27 65 Cap at Berryville Aug 22 63 Wounded July 18 64 Sergt
Williams, Thomas—D July 16 61—May 16 65 Second Lieut First Lieut Regt'l Adj
Williams, Thomas—F Aug 21 61—Oct 23 61
Williamson, Christian F—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Q M Sergt Twice wounded

Wilson, Chas—B July 19 61—Died Oct 22 61
Wilson, Henry C H—B July 19 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt 2d Lieut
Wilson, John R—A July 30 61—Died Mar 21 62 in Hospital
Wilson, Wm J—M Feb 25 64—June 27 65
Winans, Wm—B Aug 5 61—Aug 4 64 Cap at Charlestown Oct 17 63 Wounded in action July 25 64
Witmann, George—G Feb 5 64—June 27 65
Wittmeyer, Jacob—G July 20 61—Mar 18 64
Witz, Francis—I Aug 1 61—Aug 22 64
Wohlfarth, Dennis—G Feb 26 64—June 27 65 Wounded Apr 3 65 at Petersburg
Wolfring, Max J—E Mar 15 64—June 27 65 Corp
Wolter, Louis—L Aug 10 61—Dec 27 62
Wood, Collins—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63
Wood, George—H Aug 5 61—June 27 65 Cap at Winchester June 15 63 Cap at New Market May 13 64
Wood, Jos—A July 30 61—Feb 23 63
Wood, Neville—F July 24 61—Jan 8 62
Woodruff, Chas—F July 24 61—Died Nov 22 64 at Hospital 2d Lieut 1st Lieut Reg Adj
Woodward, Edwin B—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Sergt
Wooley, Edwin—M Dec 14 63—June 27 65
Wright, Dwight N—D Aug 16 61—June 27 65 Corp Sergt
Wright, Edward—F July 24 61—June 27 65 Corp
Wright, Samuel S—C July 19 61—June 27 65
Wright, Williston—B May 2 64—June 23 65 Cap at Frederick City July 8 64
Wuensch, Augustus—L Aug 22 61—May 10 63 Corp
Wyckoff, Jesse F—K Aug 12 61—Oct 17 64 Q M Sergt 2d Lieut 1st Lieut
Wyman, J F Jr—F Aug 21 61—June 27 65 Reg Q M Sergt
Wyneken, Frederick—L Mar 18 64—Oct 20 64 2d Lieut
Wyteenback, Henry—I Aug 1 61—June 27 65 Sergt

Xelowski, Henry—E July 20 61—May 28 62 2d Lieut 1st Sergt Bat Adj

Yocum, John—C Sept 2 64—May 7 65
Yorks, George—B Sept 14 64—June 6 65
Young, Chas—F July 24 61—Killed in action Apr 13 63 at Snicker's Ferry

Zickwolf, Conrad—G Aug 22 61—Aug 23 64
Zinn, Edward—E July 20 61—July 19 64
Zobile, Jacob—G Sept 22 64—June 6 65
Zumloh, Theodore—I July 30 64—June 27 65 Corp Q M Sergt

hC7/53

9E
456
B4
E

Date Due

SETON HALL UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PATERSON, N.J.
036916
C 03385